THE

ART

OF

POETRY

On a New PLAN:

Illuſtrated with a great Variety of

EXAMPLES from the beſt ENGLISH POETS;

AND OF

TRANSLATIONS from the ANCIENTS:

Together with ſuch

REFLECTIONS and critical REMARKS as may tend to form in our YOUTH an elegant TASTE, and render the Study of this Part of the BELLES LETTRES more rational and pleaſing.

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THE ART of POETRY.

CHAP. XVII.

Of ALLEGORICAL POETRY.

COULD *Truth* engage the affections of mankind in her native and ſimple dreſs, ſhe would require no ornament, or aid, from the imagination; but her delicate light, tho' lovely in itſelf, and dear to the moſt diſcerning, does not ſtrike the ſenſes of the multitude ſo as to ſecure their eſteem and attention: the poets therefore dreſſed her up in the manner in which they thought ſhe would appear the moſt amiable, and called in allegories and airy diſguiſes as her auxiliaries in the cauſe of virtue.

The human mind is ever enterpriſing, and in continual ſearch of ſomething new; which obtained, loſes of its

value by being known, and yields but little gratification. Whatever excites curioſity, will always delight, and whatever delights will ſecure to itſelf a portion of the mind, 'till we are urged to the purſuit of ſomething ſtill more new and more engaging: For it is a true, tho' an unfavourable obſervation, that the mind of man (ever rapacious and never ſatisfied) is always coveting what it never fully enjoys; as kings conquer nations they never mean to poſſeſs. Our pleaſures, therefore, are for the moſt part made up of expectation and novelty, and he who would inſtruct effectually muſt give us ſomething to hope, and ſomething to excite new and pleaſing ideas in the imagination. He muſt not only enlighten and improve the underſtanding, but addreſs ſuch images to the mind, as will keep it ſteady in the purſuit of truth. And this is the ſource, and indeed the buſineſs, not only of poetry, but of all the ſciences that depend upon fancy; and which, as we have already obſerved, the weakneſs of human nature has rendered neceſſary; for men are ſo ſeldom affected with the ſimple and invariable beauty of virtue, that it is of little conſequence to point out truth, unleſs we repreſent her in the moſt agreeeable form, and render her ſo endearing, that ſhe may not only ſecure their attention for a time, but, by her lovelineſs, call back the mind occaſionally to a retroſpection and new contemplation of her beauties. And this is often done by a ſeaſonable uſe of the *allegory*; through which, as through a delightful wilderneſs variegated with flowers, lawns, ſtreams and umbrageous trees, we are content to be led to truth, when we ſhould have little inclination to purſue the known and beaten track, that afforded us no ſuch entertainment.

The power which *allegorical poetry* has over the mind may be felt by reading the poets that have written in this manner; but eſpecially *Spenſer*, who had a bold and boundleſs fancy, and was a moſt admirable painter, or imager, of the virtues and vices. His deſcriptions are indeed rich and luxuriant; but, if I miſtake not, it is principally owing to his juſt and beautiful *allegories* (the creatures of his own fancy) that he has been deem'd the father of *Engliſh* poetry, and led more young minds into

the ſtudy of this bewitching art than any other poet. *Cowley*, *Milton*, and *Dryden*, are ſaid to have caught their firſt flame from him, and the laſt has been more frequent and full in the praiſe of *Spenſer* than of any other poet.* But enough has been ſaid on the excellency and uſe of the *allegory*; it is neceſſary now that we explain what we mean by *allegorical poetry*, and lay down ſuch rules as ought to be obſerved in theſe compoſitions.

An *allegory* is a fable, or ſtory, in which, under the diſguiſe of imaginary perſons or things, ſome real action, or inſtructive moral is conveyed to the mind. Every *allegory* therefore has two ſenſes, the one literal, and the other myſtical; the firſt has been aptly enough compared to a dream, or viſion, of which the laſt is the true meaning or interpretation.

From this definition of *allegorical poetry* the reader will perceive that it gives great latitude to genius, and affords ſuch a boundleſs ſcope for invention, that the poet is allowed to ſoar beyond all creation; to give life and action to virtues, vices, paſſions, diſeaſes, and natural and moral qualities; to raiſe floating iſlands, inchanted palaces, caſtles, *&c.* and to people them with the creatures of his own imagination.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name. SHAKESPEARE.

But whatever is thus raiſed by the magic of his mind muſt be viſionary and typical, and the myſtical ſenſe appear obvious to the reader, and inculcate ſome moral or uſeful leſſon in life; otherwiſe the whole will be deem'd rather the effects of a diſtemper'd brain, than the productions of real wit and genius. The poet, like *Jaſon*, may ſail to parts unexplored, but will meet with no applauſe if he returns without a golden fleece; for theſe romantic reveries would be unpardonable but for the myſtical meaning and moral that is thus artfully and

* See the *Dedication* to his Tranſlation of *Virgil*.

agreeably convey'd with them; and on which account only the *allegory* is indulged with a greater liberty than any other ſort of writing.

The ancients conſider'd this ſort of *allegory* as the moſt eſſential part of poetry, and undoubtedly it is; for the power of raiſing images of things not in being, giving them a ſort of life and action, and preſenting them, as it were, before the eyes, was thought to have ſomething in it like creation: but then in ſuch compoſitions they always expected to find a meaning couched under them of conſequence, and we may reaſonably conclude that the *allegories* of their poets would never have been handed down to us had they been deficient in this reſpect.

As the FABLE is the part immediately offer'd to the reader's conſideration, and intended as an agreeable vehicle to convey the moral, it ought to be bold, lively, and ſurpriſing, that it may excite curioſity and ſupport attention; for if the fable be ſpiritleſs and barren of invention, the attention will be diſingaged, and the moral, however uſeful and important in itſelf, will be little regarded.

There muſt likewiſe be a juſtneſs and propriety in the fable, that is, it muſt be cloſely connected with the ſubject on which it is employed; for notwithſtanding the boundleſs compaſs allowed the imagination in theſe writings, nothing abſurd, or uſeleſs, is to be introduced. — In epic poetry ſome things may, perhaps, be admitted for no other reaſon but to ſurprize, and to raiſe what is called the *wonderful*, which is as neceſſary to the epic as the *probable*; but in *allegories*, however wild and extravagant the fable and the perſons introduced, each muſt correſpond with the ſubject they are apply'd to, and, like the members of a well-written ſimile, bear a due proportion and relation to each other: for we are to conſider that the *allegory* is a ſort of extended or rather multiplied ſimile, and therefore like that, ſhould never loſe the ſubject it is intended to illuſtrate. Whence it will appear that genius and fancy are here inſufficient without the aid of taſte and judgment; theſe firſt indeed, may produce a multitude of ornaments, a wilderneſs of ſweets, but the laſt muſt be employed to accommodate

them to reaſon, and to arrange them ſo as to produce pleaſure and profit.

But it is not ſufficient that the fable be correſpondent with the ſubject, and have the properties above deſcribed; for it muſt alſo be conſiſtent with itſelf. The poet may invent what ſtory he pleaſes, and form any imaginary beings that his fancy ſhall ſuggeſt; but here, as in dramatic writings, when perſons are once introduced they muſt be ſupported to the end, and all ſpeak and act in character; for notwithſtanding the general licence here allow'd, ſome order muſt be obſerved, and however wild and extravagant the characters, they ſhould not be abſurd. To this let me add, that the whole muſt be clear and intelligible, for the "Fable, as Mr. *Hughes* obſerves, being deſign'd only to cloath and adorn the moral, but not to hide it, ſhould reſemble the draperies we admire in ſome of the ancient ſtatues, in which the folds are not too many nor too thick, but ſo judiciouſly ordered that the ſhape and beauty of the limbs may be ſeen through them." — But this will more obviouſly appear from the following examples, and from a peruſal of the beſt authors who have written in this manner.

As *Spenſer* has diſtinguiſhed himſelf by this method of writing in his Fairy Queen, ſome account of that work may be reaſonably expected; and we ſhall gratify the reader's curioſity.—But firſt we muſt obſerve, that one of the diſadvantages, and indeed the moſt material one which this piece has laboured under, is that of its having been conſidered as an epic poem; with which it bears little or no affinity, as will be ſeen when we come to conſider that ſpecies of writing.

It is plain that *Spenſer* never intended his poem ſhould appear in that light; for he has obſerved none of the rules, tho' he was certainly acquainted with them all; and to prevent any miſtake of this kind, which he knew would be detrimental to his work (as it certainly muſt, to be meaſured by a rule upon which it was never formed) he has particularly explained his deſign in a letter addreſſed to ſir *Walter Raleigh*, and prefixed to the poem; wherein he expreſsly calls his Fairy Queen a *continued allegory*, or

dark conceit; and makes ſome apology for that manner of writing, as will be ſeen in the following extract.

" Knowing how doubtfully all allegories may be " conſtrued, and this book of mine, which I have en- " tituled *the Fairy Queen*, being a *continued allegory*, or " *dark conceit*; I have thought good, as well for avoiding " of jealous opinions, and miſconſtructions, as alſo for " your better light in reading thereof, (being ſo by you " commanded) to diſcover unto you the general inten- " tion and meaning, which in the whole courſe thereof " I have faſhioned, without expreſſing of any particular " purpoſes or by-accidents therein occaſioned. The " general end therefore of all the book, is to faſhion a " gentleman or noble perſon in virtuous and gentle diſ- " cipline. Which for that I conceived ſhould be moſt " plauſible and pleaſing, being coloured with an hiſto- " rical fiction, the which the moſt part of men delight " to read; rather for variety of matter, than for profit " of the enſample: I choſe the hiſtory of king *Arthur* " as moſt fit for the excellency of his perſon; being made " famous by many mens former works, and alſo furtheſt " from the danger of envy, and ſuſpicion of preſent " time: in which I have followed all the antique poets " hiſtorical. Firſt, *Homer*, who in the perſons of *Aga-* " *memnon* and *Ulyſſes*, hath enſampled a good governor, " and a virtuous man; the one in his *Ilias*, the other in " his *Odyſſeis:* Then *Virgil*, whoſe like intention was to " do in the perſon of *Æneas:* After him, *Arioſto* com- " priſed them both in his *Orlando:* and lately *Taſſo* diſ- " ſever'd them again, and formed both parts in two per- " ſons; namely, that part which they, in philoſophy " call *Ethice*, or vertues of a private man, coloured in " his *Rinaldo*; the other named *Politice*, in his *Godfredo*. " By enſample of which excellent poets, I labour to " pourtraict in *Arthur*, before he was king, the image of " a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private moral " vertues, as *Ariſtotle* hath deviſed; the which is the " purpoſe of theſe firſt twelve books: which, if I find " to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to " frame the other part of politick vertues in his perſon, " after that he came to be king.

" To ſome, I know this method will ſeem diſplea-
" ſant; which had rather have good diſcipline delivered
" plainly in way of precepts, or ſermoned at large, as they
" uſe, than thus cloudily enwrapped in allegorical de-
" vices. But ſuch, me ſeem, ſhould be ſatisfied with the
" uſe of theſe days, ſeeing all things accounted by their
" ſhows, and nothing eſteemed of, that is not delightful
" and pleaſing to common ſenſe. For this cauſe is *Xe-*
" *nophon* preferred before *Plato*; for that the one, in the
" exquiſite depth of his judgment, formed a common-
" wealth, ſuch as it ſhould be; but the other, in the per-
" ſon of *Cyrus* and the *Perſians*, faſhioned a government
" ſuch as might beſt be: ſo much more profitable and
" gracious is doctrine by enſample, than by rule. So have
" I laboured to do, in the perſon of *Arthur*; whom, I
" conceive, after his long education by *Timon* (to whom
" he was, by *Merlin*, delivered to be brought up, ſo ſoon
" as he was born of the lady *Igrayne*) to have ſeen, in a
" dream or viſion, the *Fairy Queen*; with whoſe excellent
" beauty raviſhed, he awaking, reſolved to ſeek her out:
" and ſo being by *Merlin* armed, and by *Timon* thoroughly
" inſtructed, he went to ſeek her forth in *Fairy Land*.
" In that *Fairy Queen* I mean glory in my general in-
" tention; but in my particular, I conceive, the moſt
" excellent and glorious perſon of our ſovereign, the
" queen, and her kingdom in *Fairy Land*.

Thoſe therefore, who conſider this work as an epic poem, and are diſpleaſed with the author, do him great injuſtice; they might as well complain that a jack is not a clock; or cavil with an architect, who had built a beautiful houſe, for not having made it a church. The Fairy Queen is a fine poem, though not an epic poem; and it ſeems to me ſurpriſing how the critics, and eſpecially the duke of *Buckingham*, could conſider it in that light; yet that he did is plain from the following paſſage in his Eſſay on Poetry.

" *Muſt above* Cowley, *nay, and* Milton *too, prevail,*
" *Succeed where great* Torquato, *and our greater* Spenſer
" fail."

The extraordinary length of the poem; the author's various imitations of *Taſſo* and *Arioſto*, and the number of epic poems publiſhed in *Italy*, *Spain*, and *Portugal*, ſomewhat before *Spenſer* wrote his Fairy Queen, might indeed miſguide the ignorant reader, but could not, one would imagine, miſlead minds converſant with works of this nature, and fraught with critical knowledge.

We have no right therefore to try the Fairy Queen by the laws of epick poetry; but it is eaſy to perceive that a better plan might have been laid for a poem which was intended for the inſtruction of a young nobleman, though perhaps none could have been formed ſo ſuitable to *Spenſer's* genius; which was admirably adapted for imagery and deſcription, and particularly turned for allegorical compoſition, which would admit of all that richneſs of fancy, and force of imagination he ſo eminently poſſeſſed.

As he has formed his plan and divided it into twelve books, according to the number of virtues he intended to celebrate, and aſſigned to each an entire book, there is no uniformity of action. The books are independent of one another, and appear like ſo many diſtinct poems; for each has its peculiar knight, who is endowed with ſome moral virtue, and made the hero of that particular part of the work; ſo that there is no ſubordination of character; ſome of the perſons, indeed, appear in different books, and prince *Arthur*, who is characterized by his magnanimity, has a ſhare aſſigned him in every legend; but it is not conſiderable enough to connect the parts together, ſo as to preſerve an unity of action, or to conſtitute him the hero of the poem. And if what Mr. *Dryden* and others have aſſerted be true, namely, *that the original of every knight was living in the court of Queen Elizabeth, and that the poet, by an ingenious piece of flattery, attributed to each knight the virtue for which he was moſt conſpicuous*, he could not, prudently, have conſtructed his poem in any other manner, at leaſt he could not have formed it into an epic poem; for any preference that was given to one of the knights, would have abated the compliment intended for all the reſt, by placing them in a ſtate of ſubordination.—Had he made his patron ſir

Philip Sidney (who is the *prince Arthur* of the poem) a more exalted character, and accompliſhed one great and glorious action by his means, the reſt, probably, would have conſidered themſelves as adopted eſquires to this tranſcendent knight, and would not have thanked the poet for the honour he aſſigned them of bearing the buckler, or holding the ſtirrup to ſir *Philip*.

Spenſer has alſo been blamed for drawing his plan in fairy land, and making up his characters with imaginary beings much exceeding the ſize aſſigned to fairies in other poetical fictions; but in allegorical and emblematical writings, theſe freedoms may, I think, be taken without any violence to the underſtanding, and eſpecially if the moral is every where ſo obvious and enforced, that the judgment may keep pace with the imagination, and the heart be affected as well as the head. His mixing prince *Arthur*, who is a real hiſtorical character, with his fairies, ſeems indeed not very excuſable, and is the leſs ſo as he has omitted all the accounts of his behaviour, and his victories over the Saxons, which other fabulous writers have preſerved, and which might have been introduced here with propriety; but this objection may perhaps have as little foundation in nature and reaſon as the other; for he is conſidered as a minor, and performing the exerciſes only of a private gentleman in theſe ſix books; and as the other ſix are unfortunately loſt, no one can tell what they contained, and therefore no adequate judgment can be formed.

Thoſe who are diſſatisfied with the ſtories he has given us of enchantments, knights, giants, and extravagant adventures, ſhould alſo conſider that his poem was written at a time when the old *Gothick* chivalry had yet ſome footing in *England*; and might therefore fill a place in a work of this romantic and allegorical kind, without impropriety. Juſts and tournaments were in vogue in the reign of queen *Elizabeth*, at one of which ſir *Philip Sidney* is ſaid to have tilted. Trials by combat were alſo cuſtomary, at leaſt they were not aboliſhed; for our hiſtorians have given us an account of one in the ſame reign, which was to have determined the title of a large eſtate, and in which the liſts were marked out, judges ap-

pointed, and the whole ceremony conducted in the ridiculous manner in which these encounters are usually described in books of knight-errantry: And not long before this, the earl of *Surry*, who was a wit and a poet, took a romantic voyage to *Florence*, the place where his mistress was born, and there, agreeable to the laws of chivalry, published a challenge against people of all nations, in vindication of his ladies beauty; an action almost as absurd as *Don Quixot*'s engaging the windmills.

These things must in our days appear extremely ridiculous, and would be of no value in the Fairy Queen, if *Spenser* had not introduced them by way of allegory, and made use of the folly and extravagance of the times, to convey moral instructions to the mind; but as from such wild reveries he has drawn excellent lessons in life, and extracted gold as it were out of rubbish, he undoubtedly claims our excuse, if not our commendation. In short we are to look for the beauties of *Spenser*'s poem, not in the regularity and contrivance of its fable, a circumstance he has seemingly disregarded, but in the justness and moral tendency of his allegories, the sublimity of his thoughts, the variety and harmony of his numbers (which are great, notwithstanding the ill choice of his stanza) and in that exhaustless invention and richness of imagery or painting, with which every part of his work is replete.

We have mentioned the principal objections that have been brought against this poem, and in justice to the memory of the author, we ought to take particular notice of its beauties; but these are too numerous to be comprehended within the compass of our design. We must observe, however, that some of the books consider'd separately, are not deficient even in point of contrivance. In the first there is a regularity of design; for one principal action is carried on, and compleated in the last canto; where all the incidents and episodes have their proper effect; and we are more interested in behalf of St. *George*, or his knight of the *Red Cross*, from his not being made a perfect character; but incumbered with some of those frailties which we perceive in ourselves. This circumstance has likewise enabled the poet to introduce incidents

that could not otherwiſe have happened; ſome of which tend to obſtruct and embarraſs the main action, others facilitate and promote it.

His epiſodes are numerous and beautiful. That, in the fifth canto of the firſt book, wherein *Dueſſa* ſollicits the aid of *Night* to convey the wounded *Pagan* to the realms below, for *Æſculapius* to cure him, has been much admired, as indeed have moſt of his other epiſodes; for they have all ſo much merit, that it is difficult to ſingle out one which deſerves preference. The fawning addreſs of *Dueſſa* to *Night*, is well conceived, and abounds with that impious flattery, which naturally reſults from *falſehood*, who is the ſpeaker. The circumſtance of her not being known by *Night* in the habit of *Truth*, which ſhe had before aſſumed and forgot to throw off, is very fine; and both that, and *Night*'s calling her daughter when ſhe had diſcovered her miſtake, are truely emblematical.

The ſimile by which *Dueſſa*, while weeping over her enemy, is compared to a crocodile, is extremely beautiful, as alſo is the deſcription of *Night* which immediately follows it.

As when a weary traveller, that ſtrays
By muddy ſhore of broad ſeven-mouthed *Nile*,
Unweeting of the perilous wandring ways,
Doth meet a cruel crafty crocodile,
Which in falſe grief hiding his harmful guile,
Doth weep full ſore, and ſheddeth tender tears:
The fooliſh man, that pities all this while
His mournful plight, is ſwallow'd up unwares,
Forgetful of his own, that minds anothers cares.

So wept *Dueſſa* untill even-tide,
That ſhining lamps in *Jove*'s high houſe were light:
Then forth ſhe roſe, ne longer would abide.
But comes unto the place, where th' heathen knight
In ſlumb'ring ſwoon nigh void of vital ſpright,
Lay cover'd with inchanted cloud all day:
Whom when ſhe found, as ſhe him left in plight
To wail his woeful caſe ſhe would not ſtay,
But to the eaſtern coaſt of heaven makes ſpeedy way.

Where grieſly *Night*, with viſage deadly ſad,
That *Phœbus'* chearful face durſt never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forth-coming from her darkſome mew,
Where ſhe all day did hide her hated hew:
Before the door her iron chariot ſtood,
Already harneſſed for journy new;
And cole-black ſteeds yborn of helliſh brood,
That on their ruſty bits did champ, as they were wood.

The effect which the preſence of *Night* produced after ſhe had taken *Dueſſa* in her chariot, and arrived where the body of the Pagan lay, is thus wonderfully deſcribed.

And all the while ſhe ſtood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never ceaſe to bay,
As giving warning of th' unuſual ſound,
With which her iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark grieſly look them much diſmay.
The meſſenger of death, the ghaſtly owl,
With dreary ſhrieks did alſo her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howl,
At her abhorred face, ſo filthy and ſo foul.

But the images he draws when they are come to Pluto's domain, are yet more horrible.

——————— on every ſide them ſtood
The trembling ghoſts with ſad amazed mood,
Chattering their iron teeth, and ſtaring wide
With ſtony eyes; and all the helliſh brood
Of fiends infernal flock'd on every ſide,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the *Night* durſt ride.

Spenſer has been particularly happy in cloathing his images. *Error* is repreſented as a monſter, *Hypocriſy* a hermit, *Jealouſy* a ſavage, *Care* a ſmith, working amidſt a parcel of noiſy hammers, &c. Nor has he ſhewn leſs judgment in contraſting them, ſo as to diſtinguiſh their different qualities. In the fourth canto of the firſt book

he places the ſix counſellors of *Lucifera*, who were wizards, on ſix animals of different ſpecies to draw her coach; and has introduced them in the order in which thoſe vices produce and follow each other. *Idleneſs* is the firſt, whom he makes the nurſe of ſin, and places him on an aſs; *Gluttony* rides a filthy ſwine; *Lechery* a bearded goat; *Avarice* between two iron cheſts on a camel; *Envy*, on a ravenous wolf, ſits chawing a toad; and *Wrath*, with a fire-brand in his hand, is ſeated on a lion. The circumſtance of his making *Gluttony* her ſteward, and *Sloth* her chamberlain, has alſo its propriety.

And the deſcription of her houſe, and its ſituation on a ſandy hill, is truely emblematical.

A ſtately palace built of ſquared brick,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whoſe walls were high, but nothing ſtrong, nor thick,
And golden foil all over them diſplaid;
That pureſt ſky with brightneſs they diſmay'd:
High lifted up were many lofty towers,
And goodly galleries far over-laid,
Full of fair windows, and delightful bowers;
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And ſpake the praiſes of the workman's wit;
But full great pity, that ſo fair a mold
Did on ſo weak foundation ever ſit;
For on a ſandy hill, that ſtill did flit,
And fall away, it mounted was full high,
That every breath of heaven ſhaked it;
And all the hinder parts that few could ſpy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Her iſſuing from the palace, attended by a crowd, and aſcending her coach, with its deſcription, is alſo drawn in a maſterly manner.

Suddain upriſeth from her ſtately place
The royal dame, and for her coach doth call:
All hurlen forth, and ſhe with princely pace,
As fair *Aurora* in her purple pall,

Out of the Eaſt the dawning day doth call.
So forth ſhe comes: her brightneſs broad doth blaze;
The heaps of people thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes amaze.

So forth ſhe comes, and to her coach does climb,
Adorned all with gold, and garlands gay,
That ſeem'd as freſh as *Flora* in her prime;
And ſtrove to match, in royal rich array,
Great *Juno*'s golden chair, the which they ſay
The gods ſtand gazing on, when ſhe does ride
To *Jove*'s high houſe through heavens braſs-paved way,
Drawn of fair peacocks that excel in pride,
And full of *Argus*' eyes their tails diſpredden wide.

But all his images of the pleaſing kind are as pictureſque as thoſe he drew to excite horror. What a fine marſhal figure has he made of prince *Arthur* in his habiliments of war?

Upon the top of all his loſty creſt
A bunch of hairs, diſcolour'd diverſly
With ſprinkled pearl, and gold full richly dreſt,
Did ſhake, and ſeem'd to dance for jollity,
Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
On top of green *Selinis* all alone,
With bloſſoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whoſe tender looks do tremble every one
At every little blaſt that under heav'n is blown.

The deſcription of *Diana* with her nymphs, returned from the chace and preparing to bathe, and the attitude ſhe places herſelf in on being diſcovered by *Venus*, are very beautiful.

Shortly unto the waſteful woods ſhe came,
Whereas ſhe found the goddeſs with her crew,
After late chace of their embrued game
Sitting beſide a fountain in a rew,

Some of them waſhing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the duſty ſweat,
And ſoil, which did deform their lively hue;
Others lay ſhaded from the ſcorching heat;
The reſt, upon her perſon, gave attendance great.

She having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlac'd
Her ſilver buſkins from her nimble thigh,
And her lank loins ungirt, and breaſts unbrac'd,
After her heat the breathing cold to taſte;
Her golden locks that late in treſſes bright
Embreeded were for hindring of her haſte,
Now looſe about her ſhoulders hong undight,
And were with ſweet *Ambroſia* all beſprinkled light.

Soon as ſhe *Venus* ſaw behind her back,
She was aſham'd to be ſo looſe ſurpriz'd;
And wox half wroth againſt her damſels ſlack,
That had not her thereof before advis'd,
But ſuffer'd her ſo careleſsly diſguis'd
Be overtaken. Soon her garments looſe
Upgathering in her boſom ſhe compris'd,
Well, as ſhe might, and to the goddeſs roſe;
Whilſt all her nymphs did like a girlond her encloſe.

But none of *Spenſer*'s deſcriptions are higher finiſhed, or touched up with more delicacy than his gardens. The following ſtanzas have been long the ſubject of admiration. The thought, indeed, is taken from *Taſſo*, but our poet has ſo improved upon the *Italian*, that it can hardly be conſidered otherwiſe than original.

Eftſoons they heard a moſt delicious ſound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear;
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradiſe be heard elſewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner muſick that mote be,
For all that pleaſing is to living ear
Was there conſorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, inſtruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, ſhrouded in chearful ſhade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred ſweet;
Th' angelical, ſoft trembling voices made
To th' inſtruments divine reſpondence meet;
The ſilver-ſounding inſtruments did meet
With the baſe murmur of the water's fall;
The water's fall, with difference diſcreet,
Now ſoft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low anſwered to all.

His deſcription of the garden of *Adonis*, book 3. canto 6 is alſo beautiful, in which he tells us

There is continual ſpring, and harveſt there,
Continual, both meeting at one time:
For both the boughs do laughing bloſſoms bear,
And with freſh colours deck the wanton prime,
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which ſeem to labour under their fruits load:
The whiles the joyous birds make their paſtime
Emongſt the ſhady leaves, their ſweet abode,
And their true loves without ſuſpicion tell abroad.

The devaſtation which *Time* makes in this garden, does not quite coincide with the deſcription; but it is a bold and animated piece of painting.

Great enemy to it, and all the reſt
That in the garden of *Adonis* ſprings,
Is wicked *Time*; who, with his ſcythe addreſt,
Does mow the flowring herbs and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground down flings.
Where they do wither, and are foully marr'd:
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings,
Beats down both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pity may relent his malice hard.

What a noble image is this? And how emblematical of the viciſſitudes of the year, and the effect of age, is the figure of *Time* deſpoiling the beauty of a garden, by

mowing with his ſcythe the herbs and flowers, and bruſhing off the buds and bloſſoms with his wings? His making old *Genius* the porter of the gates of the garden, and giving him a double nature, is a fine circumſtance, and no bad compliment to an allegorical poet, though perhaps the author might not intend to have it conſidered in this ſenſe.

Thoſe parts where he has endeavoured to excite awe and reverence, are altogether as highly finiſhed; and the deſcription he has given us of *Jupiter*, in his cantos of mutability is particularly great.

So having ſaid he ceaſt, and with his brow,
His black eye-brow, whoſe doomful dreaded beck
Is wont to weild the world unto his vow,
And even the higheſt powers of heaven to check,
Made ſign to them in their degrees to ſpeak.

And again:

——————— With that he ſhook
His nectar-dewed locks, with which the ſkies,
And all the world beneath for terror quook,
And eſt his burning levin-brond in hand he took.

We have already obſerved that this kind of poem gives life and action to virtues, vices, paſſions, diſeaſes, and to natural and moral qualities. *Spenſer* has made ſuch an admirable uſe of this poetical licence, that his whole poem is alive. Take an inſtance from the ſecond book, where *Guyon* is conducted by *Mammon* through a cave under ground, to ſee his treaſure.

At length they came into a larger ſpace,
That ſtretch'd itſelf into an ample plain,
Thro' which a beaten broad high-way did trace,
That ſtraight did lead to *Pluto*'s grieſly reign;
By that ways ſide there ſat infernal *Pain*,
And faſt beſide him ſat tumultuous *ſtrife*;
The one in hand an iron whip did ſtrain,
The other brandiſhed a bloody knife,
And both did gnaſh their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On the other ſide in one conſort there ſate
Cruel *Revenge*, and rancorous *Deſpight*,
Diſloyal *Treaſon*, and heart-burning *Hate*;
But gnawing *Jealouſy*, out of their ſight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite;
And trembling *Fear* ſtill to and fro did fly,
And found no place where ſafe he ſhroud him might.
Lamenting *Sorrow* did in darkneſs lie,
And *Shame* his ugly Face did hide from living eye.

And over them ſad *Horror*, with grim hue,
Did always ſoar, beating his iron wings;
And after him owls and night-ravens flew,
The hateful meſſengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling ſad tidings;
Whilſt ſad *Celeno*, ſitting on a cliff,
A ſong of bale and bitter ſorrow ſings,
That heart of flint aſunder would have rift;
Which having ended, after him ſhe flieth ſwift.

From the inſtances here given, the reader will perceive that *Spenſer* had great power in painting. His images, deſcriptions, and ſimiles, are not only bold and animated, but juſt and natural; and the figures placed in ſuch attitudes, and ſo diſtinguiſhed by their proper emblems, as to ſtrike the imagination in the moſt forcible manner. The allegroical perſons in the paſſage before us are finely drawn, eſpecially thoſe of *Pain*, *Strife*, *Jealouſy*, *Fear*, *Sorrow*, and *Shame*; but the poſition of *Jealouſy*, and the continual agitation of *Fear*, are admirable; as alſo is that of *Horror* ſoaring over them with his iron wings, and of ſelf-conſuming *Care*, who is placed at the door of the cave to guard the riches, and

Day and night keeping weary watch and ward.

But theſe allegorical pictures are ſeen in all parts of the work; and he has improved every circumſtance to their advantage. *Contemplation* is repreſented as an old man almoſt worn out by ſtudy, and placed in an hermi-

tage on the top of a hill. *Jealouſy*, grown a ſavage, has thrown himſelf into a cave, where he lays without ſhutting one eye, under a craggy clift juſt ready to fall on him. The diſagreement between *Truth* and *Superſtition* is pointed out by a viſit which *Truth* makes her, and which throws her into great conſternation. *Truth*'s repoſing herſelf in the ſhadow of a thick grove, where the brightneſs of her face diſpels the gloom, and occaſions a ſun ſhine in the ſhade, is alſo finely conceived; as, indeed, is moſt part of this celebrated poem.

Particular regard ought to be paid to *Spenſer*'s two cantos of *Mutability*, a beautiful fragment which has been preſerved of the other ſix books he intended to publiſh, and which is eſteemed the moſt ſublime, and beſt invented of all his allegories. We therefore recommend it as worthy of the young ſtudents repeated peruſal.

There is one circumſtance mentioned in the life of *Spenſer*, which I muſt beg leave to inſert, though it is already well known. It is the method he took to introduce himſelf to Mr. *Sidney* (afterwards ſir *Philip*) which was by going to *Leiceſter* houſe, and ſending in the ninth canto of the firſt book of his Fairy Queen. Mr. *Sidney* was particularly pleaſed with the deſcription of *Deſpair*, and "expreſſed unuſual tranſport, ſays Mr. *Hughes*, on "the diſcovery of ſo new and uncommon a genius. "After he had read ſome ſtanza's, he turn'd to his "ſteward, and bid him give the perſon that brought "thoſe verſes fifty pounds; but upon reading the next "ſtanza, he ordered the ſum to be doubled. The "ſteward was no leſs ſurpriſed than his maſter, and "thought it his duty to make ſome delay in executing "ſo ſudden and laviſh a bounty; but upon reading one "ſtanza more, Mr. *Sidney* raiſed his gratuity to two "hundred pounds, and commanded the ſteward to give "it immediately, leſt as he read further, he might be "tempted to give away his whole eſtate. From this "time he admitted the author to his acquaintance and "converſation, and prepared the way for his being "known and received at court."

As this deſcription has been ſo much admired, we ſhall give it the reader, together with the ſpeech of *Deſpair*;

which is made up of thoſe kind of deluſive reaſonings that uſually miſlead minds influenced by this paſſion, and ſo artfully and pathetically introduced, that it is no ways inferior to the deſcription.

'Ere long they come, where that ſame wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliſt ypight,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That ſtill for carion carcaſſes doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghaſtly owl,
Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearful fowl:
And all about it wand'ring ghoſts did wail and howl.

And all about, old ſtocks and ſtubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit, nor leaf was ever ſeen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged been,
Whoſe carcaſſes were ſcatter'd on the green,
And thrown about the cliſts. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teen,
Would fain have fled, ne durſt approachen near:
But th'other forc'd him ſtay, and comforted in fear.

The darkſom cave they enter, where they find
That curſed man, low ſitting on the ground,
Muſing full ſadly in his ſullen mind;
His greazy locks, long growing and unbound,
Diſordered hung about his ſhoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Look'd deadly dull, and ſtared as aſtound;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were ſhrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pinn'd and patched was,
The which his naked ſides he wrap'd abouts:
And him beſide there lay upon the graſs

A dreary corſe, whoſe life away did paſs,
All wallow'd in his own yet lukewarm blood,
That from his wound yet welled freſh, alas;
In which a ruſty knife faſt fixed ſtood,
And made an open paſſage for the guſhing flood.

Which piteous ſpectacle, approving true
The woful tale that *Treviſan* had told,
When as the gentle *Red-Croſs* knight did view,
With fiery zeal he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge before his blood were cold:
And to the villain ſaid; thou damned wight,
The author of this fact, we here behold,
What juſtice can but judg againſt thee right,
With thine own blood to price his blood, here ſhed in ſight.

What frantic fit (quoth he) hath thus diſtraught
Thee, fooliſh man, ſo raſh a doom to give?
What juſtice ever other judgment taught,
But he ſhould die, who merits not to live?
None elſe to death this man deſpairing drive,
But his own guilty mind deſerving death.
Is then unjuſt to each his due to give?
Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at eaſe, that liveth here uneath?

Who travels by the weary wandring way,
To come unto his wiſhed home in haſte,
And meets a flood, that doth his paſſage ſtay,
Is not great grace to help him over-paſt,
Or free his feet, that in the mire ſtick faſt?
Moſt envious man, that grieves at neighbour's good,
And fond, that joyeſt in the woe thou haſt,
Why wilt not let him paſs, that long hath ſtood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyſelf not paſs the flood?

He there does now enjoy eternal reſt,
And happy eaſe, which thou doſt want and crave,
And further from it daily wandereſt:
What if ſome little pain the paſſage have,

That makes frail fleſh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not ſhort pain well borne, that brings long eaſe,
And lays the ſoul to ſleep in quiet grave!
Sleep after toil, port after ſtormy ſeas,
Eaſe after war, death after life, does greatly pleaſe.

The knight much wondred at his ſudden wit,
And ſaid: The term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor ſhorten it:
The ſoldier may not move from watchful ſted,
Nor leave his ſtand, until his captain bed.
Who life did limit by almighty doom
(Quoth he) knows beſt the terms eſtabliſhed;
And he that points the centinel his room,
Doth licence him depart at ſound of morning droom.

Is not his deed, whatever thing is done,
In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
To die again? All ends that was begun;
Their times in his eternal book of fate
Are written ſure, and have their certain date.
Who then can ſtrive with ſtrong neceſſity,
That holds the world in his ſtill changing ſtate,
Or ſhun the death ordain'd by deſtiny?
When hour of death is come, let none aſk whence, nor why.

The longer life, I wote the greater ſin,
The greater ſin, the greater puniſhment;
All thoſe great battles which thou boaſts to win,
Through ſtrife, and bloodſhed, and avengement,
Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou ſhalt repent:
For, life muſt life, and blood muſt blood repay.
Is not enough thy evil life foreſpent?
For he, that once hath miſſed the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth ſtray.

Then do no further go, no further ſtray,
But here lie down, and to thy reſt betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life enſuen may:
For, what hath life, that may it loved make,

And gives not rather cauſe it to forſake?
Fear, ſickneſs, age, loſs, labour, ſorrow, ſtrife,
Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thouſands more, do make a loathſome life.

Thou, wretched man, of death haſt greateſt need,
If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy ſtate;
For, never knight that dared warlike deed,
More luckleſs diſadventures did amate:
Witneſs the dungeon deep, wherein of late
Thy life ſhut up, for death ſo oft did call;
And though good luck prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like miſhaps foreſtall,
Into the which hereafter thou mayeſt happen fall.

Why then doſt thou, O man of ſin, deſire
To draw thy days forth to their laſt degree?
Is not the meaſure of thy ſinful hire
High heaped up with huge iniquity,
Againſt the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this lady mild
Thou falſed haſt thy faith with perjury,
And ſold thyſelf to ſerve *Dueſſa* vild,
With whom in all abuſe thou haſt thyſelf defil'd?

Is not he juſt, that all this doth behold
From higheſt heaven, and bears an equal eye?
Shall he thy ſins up in his knowledg fold,
And guilty be of thine impiety?
Is not his law, let every ſinner die?
Die ſhall all fleſh? What then muſt needs be done,
Is it not better to do willingly,
Then linger till the glaſs be all out-run?
Death is the end of woes: die ſoon, O Fairy's ſon.

The knight was much enmoved with this ſpeech,
That as a ſword's point through his heart did pierce,
And in his conſcience made a ſecret breach,
Well knowing true, all that he did rehearſe,

And to his freſh remembrance did reverſe
The ugly view of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powers it did diſperſe,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rhimes,
That oftentimes he quak'd, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement, when the miſcreant
Perceived him to waver weak and frail,
With trembling horror did his conſcience dant,
And helliſh anguiſh did his ſoul aſſail;
To drive him to deſpair, and quite to quail,
He ſhew'd him painted in a table plain,
The damned ghoſts, that do in torments wail,
And thouſand fiends that do them endleſs pain
With fire and brimſtone, which for ever ſhall remain.

The ſight whereof ſo throughly him diſmay'd,
That nought but death before his eyes he ſaw,
And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous ſentence of th' Almighty's law:
Then 'gan the villain him to over-craw,
And brought unto him ſwords, ropes, poiſon, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him chuſe, what death he would deſire:
For death was due to him that had provok'd God's ire.

But when as none of them he ſaw him take,
He to him raught a dagger ſharp and keen,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leaf of aſpin green,
And troubled blood through his pale face was ſeen
To come and go; with tidings from the heart,
As it a running meſſenger had been:
At laſt reſolv'd to work his final ſmart,
He lifted up his hand, that back again did ſtart.

Which when as *Una* ſaw, through every vein
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a ſwoon: but ſoon reliev'd again,
Out of his hand ſhe ſnatch'd the curſed knife,

And threw it to the ground, enraged riſe,
And to him ſaid; fie, fie, faint hearted knight,
What meaneſt thou by this reproachful ſtrife?
Is this the battle, which thou vaunt'ſt to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?

Come, come away, frail, ſilly fleſhy wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
Ne deviliſh thoughts diſmay thy conſtant ſpright:
In heavenly mercies haſt thou not a part?
Why ſhould'ſt thou then deſpair, that choſen art?
Where juſtice grows, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of helliſh ſmart,
And that accurs'd hand-writing doth deface:
Ariſe, ſir knight, ariſe, and leave this curſed place.

So up he roſe, and thence amounted ſtreight.
Which when the earl beheld, and ſaw his gueſt
Would ſafe depart, for all his ſubtle ſleight,
He choſe an halter from among the reſt,
And with it hung himſelf, unbid, unbleſs'd.
But death he could not work himſelf thereby;
For thouſand times he ſo himſelf had dreſs'd,
Yet natheleſs it could not do him die,
Till he ſhould die his laſt, that is eternally.

Thomſon's Caſtle of Indolence is an allegorical poem, and written in *Spenſer*'s manner; but it is one of thoſe imitations that, in many reſpects, equals the original. As it is a modern performance, and more read than obſolete authors, we ſhall only borrow a few deſcriptions, as ſpecimens of the author's genius and manner of treating the ſubject. That of the porter of the caſtle is a good one. He ſeems extremely proper for the place of his reſidence, as well as for the employment.

Wak'd by the croud, ſlow from his bench aroſe
A comely full-ſpread porter, ſwoln with ſleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtleſs aſpect breath'd repoſe,
And in ſweet torpor he was plunged deep,

Ne could himſelf from ceaſeleſs yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowſy liquor ran,
Through which his half-wak'd ſoul would faintly peep.
Then taking his black ſtaff he call'd his man,
And rous'd himſelf as much as rouſe himſelf he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his maſter's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguiſh page,
Save ſleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like moſt the untaught triplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to diſengage,
Garters and buckles, taſk for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave perſonage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this ſame limber page to all performed it.

Mean time the maſter-porter wide diſplay'd
Great ſtore of caps, of ſlippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he thoſe who enter'd in, array'd
Looſe, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the ſummer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undreſs, beſt dreſs! It checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleaſure drowns,
And heightens eaſe with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir porter ſat him down, and turn'd to ſleep again.

The deſcription of the muſic of the place, and the effect it produces, is alſo fine; as is the circumſtance of his introducing the harp of *Æolus*, whoſe lulling pleaſing ſounds diffuſe a languor over the ſoul, and is, therefore, a proper inſtrument to promote ſupineneſs and tranquility.

Each ſound too here to languiſhment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak boſom, and induced eaſe.
Aerial muſic in the warbling wind,
At diſtance riſing oft, by ſmall degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, 'till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd ſuch ſoul-diſſolving airs,
As did, alas! with ſoft perdition pleaſe:
Entangled deep in its enchanting ſnares,
The liſtening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain muſic, never known before,
Here lull'd the penſive melancholy mind;
Full eaſily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But ſidelong, to the gentle-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd inſtrument inclin'd;
From which, with airy-flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the moſt refin'd,
The god of winds drew ſounds of deep delight:
Whence, with juſt cauſe, * *the harp of Æolus* it height.

Ah me! What hand can touch the ſtrings ſo fine?
Who up the lofty diapaſan roll
Such ſweet, ſuch ſad, ſuch ſolemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the ſoul?
Now riſing love they fan'd; now pleaſing dole
They breath'd, in tender muſings, thro' the heart;
And now a graver ſacred ſtrain they ſtole,
As when ſeraphic hands an hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Both Mr. *Addiſon* and Mr. *Johnſon* have diſtinguiſh'd themſelves in this manner of writing, as well as in many others; tho' their productions of this kind have generally appeared in proſe. We ſhall give the reader Mr. *Addiſon*'s *allegory* on pain and pleaſure, becauſe it is not only an excellent example, but written in the manner of the ancients, and aptly introduced with the ſentiments of *Socrates* on the occaſion.

" In the account which *Plato* gives us of the converſation and behaviour of *Socrates*, the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumſtance.

When *Socrates* his fetters were knocked off (as was uſual to be done on the day that the condemned perſon was to be executed) being ſeated in the midſt of his diſciples, and laying one of his legs over the other, in a very unconcerned poſture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; and whether it was to ſhew

* A muſical inſtrument, invented by Mr. *Oſwald*, which plays with the wind, when placed in the manner above deſcribed.

the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or (after his uſual manner) to take every occaſion of philoſophizing upon ſome uſeful ſubject, he obſerved the pleaſure of that ſenſation which now aroſe in thoſe very parts of his leg, that juſt before had been ſo much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleaſure and pain in general, and how conſtantly they ſucceed one another. To this he added, that if a man of a good genius for a fable were to repreſent the nature of pleaſure and pain in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after ſuch a manner, that it would be impoſſible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other.

It is poſſible, that if *Plato* had thought it proper at ſuch a time to deſcribe *Socrates* lanching out into a diſcourſe which was not of a piece with the buſineſs of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into ſome beautiful *allegory* or fable. But ſince he has not done it, I ſhall attempt to write one myſelf in the ſpirit of that divine author.

PLEASURE *and* PAIN. *An* ALLEGORY.

There were two families which from the beginning of the world were as oppoſite to each other as light and darkneſs. The one of them lived in heaven, and the other in hell. The youngeſt deſcendant of the firſt family was Pleaſure, who was the daughter of Happineſs, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. Theſe, as I ſaid before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngeſt of the oppoſite family was Pain, who was the ſon of Miſery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

The middle ſtation of nature between theſe two oppoſite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither ſo virtuous as the one, nor ſo vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of theſe two oppoſite families. *Jupiter* conſidering that this ſpecies, commonly called

Man, was too virtuous to be miſerable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a diſtinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngeſt of the above mentioned families, Pleaſure, who was the daughter of Happineſs, and Pain, who was the ſon of Miſery, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half way between them, having promiſed to ſettle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the diviſion of it, ſo as to ſhare mankind between them.

Pleaſure and Pain were no ſooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleaſure ſhould take poſſeſſion of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that ſpecies which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had ſeen in their old places of reſidence, there was no perſon ſo vicious who had not ſome good in him, nor any perſon ſo virtuous who had not in him ſome evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon ſearch, that in the moſt vicious man Pleaſure might lay a claim to an hundredth part, and that in the moſt virtuous man Pain might come in for at leaſt two thirds. This they ſaw would occaſion endleſs diſputes between them, unleſs they could come to ſome accommodation. To this end there was a marriage propoſed between them, and at length concluded: by this means it is that we find Pleaſure and Pain are ſuch conſtant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their viſits together, or are never far aſunder. If Pain comes into an heart, he is quickly followed by Pleaſure; and if Pleaſure enters, you may be ſure Pain is not far off.

But notwithſtanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not ſeem to anſwer the intention of *Jupiter* in ſending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was ſtipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the conſent of each family, that notwithſtanding they here poſſeſſed the ſpecies indifferently, upon the death of every ſingle perſon, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he ſhould be diſpatched into the infernal regions by

a paſſport from Pain, there to dwell with Miſery, Vice, and the Furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he ſhould be diſpatched into heaven by a paſſport from Pleaſure, there to dwell with Happineſs, Virtue, and the Gods."

But in a treatiſe on the *art of poetry*, the reader will doubtleſs expect ſome entire example in verſe, and we ſhall gratify his curioſity, by inſerting an *allegory*, intituled, *Care and Generoſity*, by Mr. *Smart*; which we have the rather pitched upon, becauſe it is written on a more familiar plan than the generality of pieces in that ſtile.

CARE *and* GENEROSITY. By Mr. SMART.

Old Care with induſtry and art,
At length ſo well had play'd his part;
He heap'd up ſuch an ample ſtore,
That av'rice cou'd not ſigh for more:
Ten thouſand flocks his ſhepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crouded granaries groan.
In ſhort, ſo vaſt his charge and gain,
That to poſſeſs them was a pain;
With happineſs oppreſs'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wiſe.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, ſincere and free,
Her name was *Generoſity*.
'Twas her's the largeſs to beſtow
On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might ſafe abide:
For th' hungry and the thirſty crew,
The bread ſhe broke, the drink ſhe drew;
There ſickneſs laid her aching head,
And there diſtreſs cou'd find a bed.—
Each hour with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffus'd ſhe bleſſings round the land:

Her gifts and glory laſted long,
And numerous was th' accepting throng.
At length pale penury ſeiz'd the dame,
And fortune fled, and ruin came;
She found her riches at an end,
And that ſhe had not made one friend.—
All curs'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what ſhe'd done before;
She wept, ſhe rav'd, ſhe tore her hair,
When lo! to comfort her came Care—
And cry'd, My dear, if you will join
Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
All will be well—you ſhall have ſtore,
And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.———
Tho' I reſtrain your bounteous heart,
You ſtill ſhall act the generous part.—
The bridal came—great was the feaſt
And good the pudding and the prieſt.
The bride in nine moons brought him forth,
A little maid of matchleſs worth;
Her face was mixt of *care* and *glee*,
They chriſten'd her *Oeconomy*;
And ſtyl'd her fair diſcretion's queen,
The miſtreſs of the golden mean.
Now *Generoſity* confin'd
Is perfect eaſy in her mind;
She loves to give, yet knows to ſpare,
Nor wiſhes to be free from *care*.

We are to obſerve, however, that the word *allegory* has been uſed in a more extenſive ſenſe than that in which we have here applyed it; for all writings, where the moral is conveyed under the cover of borrowed characters and actions, by which other characters and actions (that are real) are repreſented, have obtain'd the name of *allegories*; though the fable or ſtory contains nothing that is viſionary or romantic; but is made up of real or hiſtorical perſons, and of actions either probable or poſſible: But theſe writings ſhould, I think, be diſtinguiſhed by ſome other name, becauſe the literal ſenſe is conſiſtent with right reaſon, and may convey an uſeful

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moral, and ſatisfy the reader, without putting him under the neceſſity of ſeeking for any other. Beſides, if theſe are to be claſſed under *allegories*; *Telemachus*, *Don Quixot*, and other performances of that kind, are, for the ſame reaſon, allegorical.

Some of the ancient critics, as Mr. *Addiſon* obſerves, were fond of giving the works of their poets this ſecond, or conceal'd meaning, tho' there was no apparent neceſſity for the attempt, and often but little ſhow of reaſon in the application. Thus the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey* of *Homer* are ſaid to be fables of this kind, and that the gods and heroes introduced are only the affections of the mind repreſented in a viſible ſhape and character. They tell us, ſays he, that *Achilles* in the firſt *Iliad* repreſents anger, or the irraſcible part of human nature; that upon drawing his ſword againſt his ſuperior, in a full aſſembly, *Pallas* (which, ſay they, is another name for reaſon) checks and adviſes him on the occaſion, and, at her firſt appearance, touches him upon the head; that part of the man being looked upon as the ſeat of reaſon. In this ſenſe, as Mr. *Hughes* has well obſerved, the whole *Æneis* of *Virgil* may be ſaid to be an *allegory*, if you ſuppoſe *Æneas* to repreſent *Auguſtus Cæſar*, and that his conducting the remains of his countrymen from the ruins of *Troy*, to a new ſettlement in *Italy*, is an emblem of *Auguſtus's* forming a new government out of the ruins of the *Ariſtocracy*, and eſtabliſhing the *Romans*, after the confuſion of the civil war, in a peaceable and flouriſhing condition. However ingenious this coincidence may appear, and whatever deſign *Virgil* had in view, he has avoided a particular and direct application, and ſo conducted his poem that it is perfect without any allegorical interpretation; for whether we conſider *Æneas* or *Auguſtus* as the hero, the morals contained are equally inſtructive: And indeed it ſeems abſurd to ſuppoſe, that, becauſe the epic poets have introduced ſome *allegories* into their works, every thing is to be underſtood in a myſtical manner, where the ſenſe is plain and evident without any ſuch application. Nor is the attempt that *Taſſo* made to turn his *Jeruſalem* into a myſtery, any particular recommendation of the work; for notwithſtanding he tells us in what is called

the *allegory*, printed with it, that the chriſtian army repreſents man; the city of *Jeruſalem*, civil happineſs; *Godfrey*, the underſtanding; *Rinaldo* and *Tancred*, the other powers of the ſoul; and that the body is typified by the common ſoldiers, and the like, yet the reader will find himſelf as little delighted as edifyed by the explication; for the mind has little pleaſure in an *allegory* that cannot be opened without a key made by the hand of the ſame artiſt; and, indeed, every *allegory* that is ſo dark, and, as it were, inexplicable, loſes its very eſſence, and becomes an ænigma, or riddle, that is left to be interpreted by every crude imagination. There is a time to ſet aſide the fancy as well as the file. When an author has done very well, he and his friends ſhould be ſatisfied; for men always err when they attempt to make their works better than they ought to be.——But we return to our ſubject.

This laſt ſpecies of writing, whether called an *allegory*, or by any other name, is not leſs eminent and uſeful; for the introducing of real or hiſtorical perſons may not abridge or leſſen either our entertainment or inſtruction. In theſe compoſitions we often meet with an uncommon moral conveyed by the fable in a new and entertaining manner; or with a known truth ſo artfully decorated, and placed in ſuch a new and beautiful light, that we are amazed how any thing ſo amiable and uſeful, ſhould ſo long have eſcaped our obſervation. As a teſtimony of this we ſhall preſent the reader with a piece of Mr. *Johnſon*'s, publiſhed in the *Rambler* under the title of an eaſtern ſtory; the language of which is pure, elegant, and beautiful beyond deſcription; the fable finely conceived, and though the errors in our conduct thus pointed out are ſeen every day, yet we perceive that the mind has not ſufficiently attended to them, becauſe they were not ſo conveyed as to make a proper impreſſion, and fix themſelves on the memory.

An Eaſtern STORY, *from the* RAMBLER.

OBIDAH, the ſon of *Abenſina*, left the caravanſera early in the morning, and purſued his journey through

the plains of *Indoſtan*. He was freſh and vigorous with reſt; he was animated with hope; he was incited by deſire; he walked ſwiftly forward over the vallies, and ſaw the hills gradually riſing before him. As he paſſed along, his ears were delighted with the morning ſong of the bird of paradiſe, he was fanned by the laſt flutters of the ſinking breeze, and ſprinkled with dew by groves of ſpices; he ſometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and ſometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primroſe, eldeſt daughter of the ſpring: All his ſenſes were gratified, and all care was baniſhed from his heart.

Thus he went on 'till the ſun approached his meridian, and the increaſing heat preyed upon his ſtrength; he then looked round about him for ſome more commodious path. He ſaw on his right hand, a grove that ſeemed to wave its ſhades, as a ſign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolneſs and verdure irreſiſtably pleaſant. He did not however forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the ſame direction with the main road, and he was pleaſed, that by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleaſure with his buſineſs, and to gain the rewards of diligence without ſuffering its fatigues. He therefore ſtill continued to walk for a time, without the leaſt remiſſion of his ardour, except that he was ſometimes tempted to ſtop by the muſick of the birds, whom the heat had aſſembled in the ſhade; and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with plucking the flowers that grew on either ſide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At laſt rhe green path began to decline from its firſt direction, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls.

Here *Obidah* pauſed for a time, and began to conſider whether it were longer ſafe to forſake the known and open road; but remembering that the heat was now in its greateſt violence, and that the plain was duſty and uneven, he reſolved to purſue the new path, which he ſuppoſed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at laſt in the common road.

Having thus calmed his ſolicitude, he renewed his pace, though he ſuſpected that he was not gaining ground. This uneaſineſs of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every ſenſation that might ſooth or divert him. He liſtened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a freſh proſpect, he turned aſide to every caſcade, and pleaſed himſelf with tracing the courſe of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In theſe amuſements the hours paſſed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He ſtood penſive and confuſed, afraid to go forward leſt he ſhould go wrong, yet conſcious that the time of loitering was now paſt. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the ſky was overſpread with clouds, the day vaniſhed from before him, and a ſudden tempeſt gathered round his head. He was now rouſed by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly, he now ſaw how happineſs is loſt when eaſe is conſulted, and lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to ſeek ſhelter in the grove, and deſpiſed the petty curioſity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now reſolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had paſſed, and try to find ſome iſſue where the wood might open into the plain. He proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of Nature. He roſe with confidence and tranquility, and preſſed on with his ſabre in his hand, for the beaſts of the deſart were in motion, and on every ſide were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage, and expiration; all the horrors of darkneſs and ſolitude ſurrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and diſtreſſed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to ſafety or to deſtruction. At length not fear but labour began to over-

come him; his breath grew ſhort, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in reſignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmering of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admiſſion. The old man ſet before him ſuch proviſions as he had collected for himſelf, on which *Obidah* fed with eagerneſs and gratitude.

When the repaſt was over, "Tell me, ſaid the hermit, "by what chance thou haſt been brought hither; I have "been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilder- "neſs, in which I never ſaw a man before." *Obidah* then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son, ſaid the hermit, let the errors and follies, the "dangers and eſcape of this day, ſink deep into thine "heart. Remember, my ſon, that human life is the "journey of a day. We riſe in the morning of youth, "full of vigor and full of expectation; we ſet forward "with ſpririt and hope, with gaity and with diligence, "and travel on a while in the ſtreight road of piety to- "wards the manſions of reſt. In a ſhort time we remit "our fervour, and endeavour to find ſome mitigation of "our duty, and ſome more eaſy means of obtaining the "ſame end. We then relax our vigour, and reſolve no "longer to be terrified with crimes at a diſtance, but "rely upon our own conſtancy, and venture to approach "what we reſolve never to touch. We thus enter the "bower of eaſe, and repoſe in the ſhades of ſecurity. "Here the heart ſoftens, and vigilance ſubſides; we are "then willing to enquire whether another advance can- "not be made, and whether we may not, at leaſt, turn "our eyes upon the gardens of pleaſure: We approach "them with ſcruple and heſitation; we enter them, but "enter timorous, and trembling, and always hope to "paſs through them without loſing the road of virtue, "which we, for a while, keep in our ſight, and to "which we propoſe to return. But temptation ſucceeds "temptation, and one compliance prepares us for "another; we in time loſe the happineſs of innocence,

" and ſolace our diſquiet with ſenſual gratifications. By
" degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original
" intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational
" deſire. We entangle ourſelves in buſineſs, immerge
" ourſelves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths
" of inconſtancy, till the darkneſs of old age begins to
" invade us, and diſeaſe and anxiety obſtruct our way.
" We then look back upon our lives with horror, with
" ſorrow, with repentance, and wiſh, but too often
" vainly wiſh, that we had not forſaken the ways of
" virtue. Happy are they, my ſon, who ſhall learn
" from thy example not to deſpair, but ſhall remember
" that though the day is paſt, and their ſtrength is waſted,
" there yet remains one effort to be made, that reforma-
" tion is never hopeleſs, nor ſincere endeavours ever
" unaſſiſted, but the wanderer may at length return after
" all his errors; and he who implores ſtrength and
" courage from above, ſhall find danger and difficulty
" give way before him. Go now, my ſon, to thy re-
" poſe, commit thyſelf to the care of Omnipotence,
" and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew
" thy journey and thy life."

The ancient parables are of this ſpecies of writing, and it is to be obſerved, that thoſe in the *New Teſtament* have a moſt remarkable elegance and propriety; and are the more ſtriking, and the more inſtructive, for being drawn from objects that are familiar.—The more ſtriking, becauſe as the things are ſeen the moral conveyed becomes the object of our ſenſes, and requires little or no reflection:—The more inſtructive, becauſe, every time they are ſeen the memory is awakened, and the ſame moral is again exhibited with pleaſure to the mind; and accuſtoms it to reaſon, and dwell on the ſubject. So that this method of inſtruction improves nature, as it were, into a book of life; ſince every thing before us may be ſo managed as to give leſſons for our advantage. Our Saviour's parables of the Sower and the Seed, of the Tares, of the Muſtard-Seed, and of the Leaven (*Matthew* xiii.) are all of this kind, and were obviouſly taken from the harveſt juſt ripening before him; for *his*

diſciples plucked the ears of corn and did eat, rubbing them in their hands.

We have in the former part of this work mentioned the reſemblance between poetry and painting; and that affinity is no where ſo obvious and juſt as in a well-written *allegory*, which is a kind of picture in poetry, that, by its apt and perfect reſemblance, conveys inſtruction to the mind by an analogy to the ſenſes; and feeds and pleaſes the imagination, at the ſame time that it opens and improves the underſtanding.—Fable and verſification in poetry, may be compared to deſign and colouring in painting; genius and fancy muſt create, or form the images both in the one, and the other, and taſte and judgment direct the artiſts in the choice and diſpoſition of their parts. It has been obſerved that *Rubens*, whoſe allegorical paintings are much admired, has in his celebrated work of the *Luxembourg* gallery, repreſented the government of *France* (on *Lewis* the thirteenth's coming of age) by a galley. The king is ſtanding at the helm; where *Mary* of *Medicis*, the queen-mother and regent, puts the rudder in his hand; juſtice, fortitude, religion, and public faith, are ſeated at the oars, and give motion to the veſſel, while other virtues are employed about the ſails, and tackle, and in the conduct of the voyage: An *allegory* finely conceived, and by him well expreſſed. Had a poet been employed on this occaſion, he would probably have made choice of the ſame allegorical figures, and that beautiful and various expreſſion, different attitudes, and ſeveral employments which *Rubens* has repreſented to the eye, he would have conveyed to the mind, with this difference, however, that you would have had the various congratulations, and ſentiments of the whole group of figures. So that what painting gives to the mind by that moſt pleaſing of all our ſenſes the ſight, poetry conveys, as it were, by ſpeech, but conveys it in a manner ſo lively and affecting, that a picture or image of it is immediately formed in the mind; and 'tis the power of thus raiſing images inſtantaneouſly that makes allegory and deſcriptive poetry ſo pleaſing. I never ſaw a repreſentation of

Shakeſpear's play, called *Twelfth-Night*, but the theatre burſt into applauſe at the following paſſage.

——— She never told her love
But let concealment like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek. She pin'd in thought,
And ſat like Patience on a monument
Smiling at grief.

Which ſudden guſt of pleaſure, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, muſt ariſe from the images which the words excited in the mind, and which the judgment ſaw was juſt.

From circumſtances ſimilar to this, I have often thought that neither the heads nor the hearts of men are ſo bad as they are generally repreſented. We ſeldom ſee any new play exhibited, but the ſtrokes of genius are diſtinguiſhed by the multitude; nor is there a tragedy where virtue is truly and naturally repreſented in diſtreſs, but the majority of the audience are in tears: The conſideration of which muſt give every benevolent mind a ſecret ſatisfaction, as it is an undoubted proof of the tenderneſs and affection of the human heart.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of LYRIC POETRY.

THE ode, as we obſerved in the introduction to this book, is very ancient, and was probably the firſt ſpecies of poetry. It had its ſource, we may ſuppoſe, from the heart, and was employed to expreſs, with becoming fervor and dignity, the grateful ſenſe man entertained of the bleſſings which daily flowed from God the fountain of all goodneſs: Hence their harveſt hymns, and other devotional compoſitions of that kind.

But in proceſs of time it was employed, not only to praiſe the Almighty for bounties received, but to ſollicit his aid in time of trouble; as is plain from the odes written by king *David*, and others, and collected by the *Jewiſh Sanhedrim* into the book of *Pſalms*, to be ſung at their faſts, feſtivals, and on other ſolemn occaſions. Nor was this practice confined to the *Iſraelites* only: Other nations had their ſongs of praiſe and petitions of this ſort, which they prefer'd to their deities in times of publick proſperity and publick diſtreſs, as well as to thoſe heroes who diſtinguiſhed themſelves in arms. Even the *American Indians*, whoſe notions of religion are extremely confined, have their war-ſongs, which they ſing to this day.

It is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that the awful purpoſe to which the ode was applied, gave riſe among the ancients to the cuſtom of invoking the muſes; and that the poets, in order to raiſe their ſentiments and language, ſo as to be acceptable to their deities, thought it expedient to ſollicit ſome divine aſſiſtance. Hence poets are ſaid to have been inſpired, and hence an unbounded liberty has been given to the ode; for the lyric poet, fired, as it were, with his ſubject, and borne away on the wings of gratitude, diſdains grammatical niceties, and common modes of ſpeech, and often ſoars above rule, tho' not above reaſon. This freedom, however, conſiſts chiefly in ſudden tranſitions, bold digreſſions, and lofty excurſions; for the ancient poets, and even *Pindar*, the moſt daring and lofty of them all, has in his ſublimeſt flights, and amidſt all his rapture, preſerved harmony, and often uniformity in his verſification; but ſo great is the variety of his meaſures, that the traces of ſameneſs are in a manner loſt; and this is one of the excellencies for which that poet is admired, and which, tho' ſeemingly devoid of art, requires ſo much that he has ſeldom been imitated with ſucceſs. But more of this hereafter.

The ancients in their odes indulged ſuch a liberty of fancy, that ſome of their beſt poets not only make bold excurſions and digreſſions, but having in their flights ſtarted ſome new and noble thought, they frequently

purſue it, and never more return to their ſubject. But this looſe kind of ode, which ſeems to reject all method, and in which the poet having juſt touched upon his ſubject, immediately diverts to another, we ſhould think blameable, were it lawful to call in queſtion the authority of thoſe great men who were our preceptors in this art. We may venture to affirm, however, that theſe compoſitions ſtand in no degree of compariſon with other odes of theirs; in which, after wandering from the ſubject, in purſuit of new ideas ariſing from ſome of its adjuncts, and ranging wantonly, as it were, through a variety of matter, the poet is, from ſome other circumſtance, led naturally to his ſubject again; and, like a bee, having collected the eſſence of many different flowers, returns home and unites them all in one uniform pleaſing ſweet.

The ode among the ancients ſignified no more than a ſong, but with the moderns the ode and the ſong are conſider'd as different compoſitions; the ode being uſually employed in grave and lofty ſubjects, and ſeldom ſung but on ſolemn occaſions.

The ſubjects moſt proper for the ode and ſong, *Horace* has pointed out in a few elegant lines.

Gods, heroes, conquerors, *olympic* crowns,
Love's pleaſing cares, and the free joys of wine,
Are proper ſubjects for the lyric ſong.

To which let me add, that happineſs, the pleaſures of a rural life, and ſuch parts of morality as afford leſſons for the promotion of our felicity, and reflections on the conduct of life, are equally ſuitable to the ode. This both *Pindar* and *Horace* were ſo ſenſible of, that many of their odes are ſeaſoned with theſe moral ſentences and reflections.

But who can number ev'ry ſandy grain
Waſh'd by *Sicilia*'s hoarſe-reſounding main?
Or who can *Theron*'s gen'rous works expreſs,
And tell how many hearts his bounteous virtues bleſs?
Ode to THERON.

And in another *olympick* ode inſcribed by the ſame poet to *Diagoras* of *Rhodes* (and in ſuch eſteem, that it was depoſited in the temple of *Minerva*, written in letters of gold) *Pindar*, after exalting them to the ſkies, concludes with this leſſon in life.

Yet as the gales of fortune various blow,
To day tempeſtuous, and to-morrow fair,
Due bounds, ye *Rhodians*, let your tranſports know;
Perhaps to-morrow comes a ſtorm of care.

Weſt's PINDAR.

The man reſolv'd and ſteady to his truſt,
Inflexible to ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude rabble's inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern brow, and the harſh voice defies,
And with ſuperior greatneſs ſmiles.
Not the rough whirl-wind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with ſtorms,
The ſtubborn virtue of his ſoul can move;
Nor the red arm of angry *Jove*,
That flings the thunder from the ſky,
And gives it rage to roar, and ſtrength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world.

HORACE.

From the nature of the ſubject on which it is employed, the reader will perceive that the ode, taken in its moſt extenſive ſenſe, may be either ſublime or of a lower caſt; mournful or exulting; ſerious or jocoſe; it may partake of wit (and ſometimes humour) and be ſatyrical; but it ſhould not have that ſort of turn which is peculiar to the epigram. It may, and indeed generally does, conſiſt of verſes of different meaſures, diſtinguiſhed into ſtanzas or ſtrophes, which are a certain number of verſes including a perfect ſenſe; at the end of which the

ſame meaſures commonly begin again, and the verſes are diſpoſed in the ſame order, with reſpect to the rhyme or meaſure, as in the former ſtanza. But ſome of the odes of *Pindar* are exceptions to this rule; and, indeed, the conſtruction of the verſe depends ſo much on the poet's fancy, and the ſtanza is capable of ſuch a vaſt variety, that it would be folly to attempt to lay down any rules concerning it.

The variety of ſubjects, which are allowed the *lyric* poet, makes it neceſſary to conſider this ſpecies of poetry under the following heads, *viz.* the *ſublime* ode, the *leſſer* ode, and the *ſong*. We ſhall begin with the loweſt, and proceed to that which is more eminent.

Songs are little poetical compoſitions, uſually ſet to a tune, and frequently ſung in company by way of entertainment, and diverſion. Of theſe we have in our language a great number; but, conſidering that number, not many which are excellent; for, as the duke of *Buckinghamſhire* obſerves,

Tho' nothing ſeems more eaſy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art.

The ſong admits of almoſt any ſubject; but the greateſt part of them turn either upon *love*, *contentment*, or the *pleaſures* of a *country life*, and *drinking*. Be the ſubject, however, what it will, the verſes ſhould be eaſy, natural, and flowing, and contain a certain harmony, ſo that poetry and muſic may be agreeably united. In theſe compoſitions, as in all others, obſcene and profane expreſſions ſhould be carefully avoided, and indeed every thing that tends to take off that reſpect which is due to religion and virtue, and to encourage vice and immorality. As the beſt ſongs in our language are already in every hand, it would ſeem unneceſſary, and even impertinent, to inſert many examples; we ſhall therefore content ourſelves with giving one or two on each of the ſubjects above-mentioned.

The following ſong, wherein a ſhepherd in love complains of the inconſtancy of his miſtreſs, has ſo much of

the pathetic in it, the thoughts are ſo natural, and the language ſo well adapted to the ſubject, that I think it deſerves to be claſſed among the beſt compoſitions we have of this kind.

Deſpairing beſide a clear ſtream
A ſhepherd forſaken was laid,
And whilſt a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head:
The wind that blew over the plain
To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply,
And the brook in return to his pain
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly ſwain that I was,
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd;
When firſt I beheld her fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd the dear tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a pleaſure too great;
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet!

How fooliſh was I to believe
She could doat on ſo lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forſake the fine folks of the town;
To think that a beauty ſo gay
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove,
To go clad like our maidens in gray,
And live in a cottage on love!

What tho' I have ſkill to complain
Tho' the muſes my temples have crown'd?
What tho' when they hear my ſoft ſtrain
The virgins ſit weeping around?
Ah *Colin!* thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign;
Thy fair-one inclines to a ſwain
Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.

And you, my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid:
If thro' the wide world I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas her's to be falſe and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If, while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In her breaſt any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And ſee me laid low in the ground:
The laſt humble boon that I crave
Is to ſhade me with cypreſs and yew,
And when ſhe looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her ſhepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be fineſt at ev'ry fine ſhow,
And frolick it all the long day:
While *Colin*, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be heard of, or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

What the critics have obſerved with reſpect to words, *viz.* that, however expreſſive and ſignificant, they are in ſome meaſure debaſed by the currents through which they paſs, and grow into diſlike by being too common, may hold alſo with regard to ſongs; little notice being taken of thoſe that have been long ſung at the corners of every ſtreet. As it is our buſineſs, however, to give good examples, rather than new ones, the reader will not be diſpleaſed, if we inſert a well known ſong of Mr. *Gay*'s; wherein he has deſcribed two lovers taking leave of each other in the moſt tender and affecting manner.

All in the *Downs* the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd *Suſan* came on board,
Oh! where ſhall I my true love find!
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet *William* ſails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd and caſt his eyes below:
The cords ſlide ſwiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
(If chance his mate's ſhrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her neſt.
The nobleſt captain in the *Britiſh* fleet
Might envy *William*'s lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O *Suſan*, *Suſan*, lovely dear,
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind;
They'll tell thee, ſailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſo'er I go.

If to fair *India*'s coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in di'monds bright;
Thy breath is *Afric*'s ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty *Suſan* mourn,
Tho' cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms,
William ſhall to his dear return.
Love turns aſide thoſe balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from *Suſan*'s eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread,
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay on board;
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his head:
Her leſs'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu, ſhe cries! and wav'd her lilly hand.

William and *Margaret*, written by Mr. *Mallet*, has many beauties of the tender and elegaic kind. The deſcription of *Margaret*'s ghoſt is very poetical, and the reflection on the power of death juſt and ſeaſonable.

Her face was like the *April* morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lilly hand,
That held her ſable ſhroud.
So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.
But love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime;
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

And the manner in which ſhe interrogates, and upbraids him for his inconſtancy, is very pathetic.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.
How cou'd you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How cou'd you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?
How cou'd you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear mine eyes were bright,
And leave thoſe eyes to weep?
How cou'd you ſay my lips were ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

There is another ſong of Mr. *Gay*'s, called the *Deſpairing Damſel*, which ought to be taken notice of; and it is to be obſerved, that the ſituation he has placed her in contributes greatly to heighten the picture of diſtreſs.

'Twas when the ſeas were roaring,
With hollow blaſts of wind,
A damſel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.

And the fluctuations of anxiety and deſpair, are properly repreſented by the ſudden tranſitions ſhe makes, firſt from her lover to the ocean, then to the merchant, and then to her lover again.

Nine months are gone and over,
And ten long tedious days;
Why didſt thou vent'rous lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas?

Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou cruel Ocean,
And let my lover reſt:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breaſt?

The merchant robb'd of treaſure,
Views tempeſts in deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure,
To loſing of my dear!

Should you ſome coaſt be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

And the two concluding ſtanzas are very poetical and affecting.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear,
Repaid each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear.

When o'er the white waves ſtooping,
His floating corpſe ſhe ſpy'd;
Then like a lilly drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

The favourite ſong of *My time, O ye Muſes*, ought not to be forgotten. In this the peeviſh uneaſineſs of a lover in the abſence of his miſtreſs is prettily deſcribed: and in the following ſtanzas many of the thoughts are new, and therefore the more pleaſing; though if we conſider the perſon and his ſituation, ſome of them will be found inclining, perhaps, too much towards humour and burleſque.

With ſuch a companion to tend a few ſheep,
To riſe up to play, or to lie down to ſleep,
I was ſo good-humour'd, ſo chearful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day:
But now I ſo croſs and ſo peeviſh am grown,
So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known;
My fair-one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart—I am ſure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that us'd to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'ſt little *Cupid*, if *Phœbe* was there,
'Twas pleaſure to look at, 'twas muſic to hear:
But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its ſide,
And ſtill as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Muſt you be ſo chearful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when *Phœbe* and I were as joyful as they,
How pleaſant their ſporting, how happy the time,
When ſpring, love, and beauty, were all in their prime!
But now in their frolicks when by me they paſs,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of graſs;
Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad
To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

My dog, I was ever well pleaſed to ſee
Come wagging his tail to my fair-one and me;
And *Phœbe* was pleas'd too, and to the dog ſaid,
Come hither, poor fellow, and patted his head:
But now when he's fawning, I with a ſour look
Cry, Sirrah! and give him a blow with my crook;
And I'll give him another, for why ſhould not *Tray*
Be as dull as his maſter, when *Phœbe*'s away?

There is a ſong attributed to Mr. *Prior*, and publiſhed in a poſthumous volume of his works, which has all the nature and eaſe required in theſe compoſitions. The ſentiments and expreſſions, though common, are natural, juſt and pleaſing; as may be ſeen by the following picture of conjugal conſtancy and felicity in low-life, and the cauſe of it.

Old *Darby*, with *Joan* by his ſide,
You've often regarded with wonder;
He's dropſical, ſhe is ſore-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder:
Together they totter about,
Or ſit in the ſun at the door;
And at night, when old *Darby*'s pipe's out,
His *Joan* will not ſmoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they poſſeſs,
Their ſeveral failings to ſmother;
Then what are the charms, can you gueſs,
That make them ſo fond of each other?
'Tis the pleaſing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that youth did beſtow,
The thoughts of paſt pleaſure and truth,
The beſt of all bleſſings below.
Thoſe traces for ever will laſt,
Nor ſickneſs, nor time can remove,
For when youth and beauty are paſt,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendſhip inſenſibly grows
By reviews of ſuch raptures as theſe,
And a current of fondneſs ſtill flows,
Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

There are many of our modern love ſongs that deſerve particular commendation, which, for want of room, we are obliged to paſs over.

We come now to thoſe ſongs that are written in praiſe of a country life, or on contentment and happineſs. Thoſe on rural life are generally deſcriptive, and have few other beauties but what ariſe from their fitneſs to the ſubject; but thoſe on contentment, or where any of the virtues are concern'd, have a twofold tendency, and are generally ſatirical; for though there ſhould be no appearance of aſperity, yet a panegyrick on the wiſe and good, is a ſort of diſtant ſatire on the fooliſh and wicked: It only wants the application, which men generally make for themſelves.

The following ſong contains ſentiments that are truly philoſophical, and is a proper leſſon for the covetous and ambitious.

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind heav'n to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With paſſion unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reaſon my life let me ſquare:
The wants of my nature are cheaply ſupply'd,
And the reſt are but folly and care.
The bleſſings which providence freely has lent,
I'll juſtly and gratefully prize;
While ſweet meditation and chearful content
Shall make me both healthy and wiſe.
In the pleaſures the great man's poſſeſſions diſplay,
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can ſurvey
Contributes to gladden my heart.
How vainly, through infinite trouble and ſtriſe,
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life
All, all, if they will, may enjoy.

There is no ſong, perhaps, of this caſt, that has more merit than Mr. *Doaſley*'s MILLER of MANSFIELD; which for the pleaſant ſmartneſs of the ſatire, the natural turns of the thought, and eaſineſs of expreſſion, cannot be too much admired.

How happy a ſtate does the miller poſſeſs,
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be leſs!
On his mill and himſelf he depends for ſupport,
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at court.
What tho' he all duſty and whiten'd does go?
The more he is powder'd the more like a beau:
A clown in his dreſs may be honeſter far
Than a courtier who ſtruts in a garter and ſtar.

Tho' his hands are ſo daub'd they're not fit to be ſeen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean:
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold in handling will ſtick to the fingers like meal.
What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without ſcruple from other men's ſacks;
In this of right nobles example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or ſhou'd he endeavour to heap an eſtate,
In this too he'd mimick the tools of the ſtate,
Whoſe aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring griſt to his mill.
He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then riſes up chearful to work and to ſing:
If ſo happy a miller, pray who'd be a King?

With regard to drinking ſongs, we have a great variety, and many of them ſo well written, that I am afraid they have done much miſchief to weak minds, and, as it were, conſecrated a crime. A good ſong has fixed many a man to the bottle who had no need of drink; and in this caſe, perhaps, wit has been often employed againſt itſelf, and forged arms for its own deſtruction.

The *Tippling Philoſophers* is eſteem'd one of the beſt ſongs that has been written on the ſubject. The conceit of attributing the wiſdom of the ancient philoſophers to the juice of the vine is pretty; and the alluſions to ſome principal part of their characters, or to ſome remarkable ſtory which has been handed down to us concerning them, are extremely beautiful.

There is another ſong, I remember, founded on the fabulous hiſtory of *Neptune*, which opens in a manner particularly great.

Had *Neptune*, when firſt he took charge of the ſea,
Been as wiſe, or at leaſt been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and inſtead of his brine,
Wou'd have fill'd the vaſt ocean with generous wine.

And the reſt of the ſtanzas are agreeably turn'd; and have as much merit as can be expected in a piece of this kind.

This article we ſhall conclude with a modern ſong, written in a manner altogether original.

The women all tell me I'm falſe to my laſs,
That I quit my dear *Chloe*, and ſtick to my glaſs:

But to you men of reaſon, my reaſons I'll own;
And if you don't like them, why, let them alone.
Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,
I believe ſhe was good, and I'm ſure ſhe is fair;
But goodneſs and charms in a bumper I ſee,
That make it as good and as charming as ſhe.
My *Chloe* had dimples and ſmiles I muſt own,
But tho' ſhe could ſmile, yet in truth ſhe could frown:
Now tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er ſee a frown in a bumper of wine?
Her lillies and roſes were juſt in their prime,
Yet lillies and roſes are conquer'd by time;
But in wine from its age ſuch a benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.
They tell me my love would in time have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's inſipid when once 'tis enjoy'd;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink, the more thirſty am I.
Let murders, and battles, and hiſtory prove
The miſchiefs that wait upon rivals in love:
But in drinking, thank heaven, no rival contends,
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.
She too might have poiſon'd the joy of my life,
With nurſes, and babies, and ſqualling and ſtrife:
But my wine neither nurſes nor babies can bring,
And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.
We ſhorten our days when with love we engage;
It brings on diſeaſes, and haſtens old age:
But wine from grim death can its votaries ſave,
And keep t'other leg out, when there's one in the grave.
Perhaps, like her ſex, ever falſe to their word,
She had left me—to get an eſtate, or a lord:
But my bumper, regarding nor title, nor pelf,
Will ſtand by me when I can't ſtand by myſelf.
Then let my dear *Chloe* no longer complain;
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain;
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I ſpy:
Should you doubt what I ſay,—take a bumper and try.

The ſtanzas of this ſong have each a turn of the epigrammatical kind, which this ſpecies of writing will

bear, and is therefore an exception to one of the general rules laid down concerning *lyric poetry*.

We come now to the *leſſer ode*, the diſtinguiſhing character of which is ſweetneſs; and as the pleaſure we receive from this ſort of poem, ariſes principally from its ſoothing and affecting the paſſions, great regard ſhould be paid to the language, as well as to the thoughts and numbers.

The expreſſion ſhou'd be eaſy, fancy high;
Yet that not ſeem to creep, nor this to fly:
No words tranſpos'd, but in ſuch order all,
As tho' hard wrought, may ſeem by chance to fall.
D. *Buckingham*'s *Eſſay*.

The ſtyle, indeed, ſhould be eaſy; but it may be alſo florid and figurative. It ſolicits delicacy, but diſdains affectation. The thoughts ſhould be natural, chaſte, and elegant, and the numbers various, ſmooth, and harmonious. A few examples will ſufficiently explain what we mean.

Longinus has preſerved a fragment of *Sappho*, an ancient *Greek* poeteſs, which is in great reputation amongſt the critics, and has been ſo happily tranſlated by Mr. *Philips*, as to give the *Engliſh* reader a juſt idea of the ſpirit, eaſe, and elegance of that admired author; and ſhew how exactly ſhe copied nature. To enter into the beauties of this ode, we muſt ſuppoſe a lover ſitting by his miſtreſs, and thus expreſſing his paſſion.

Bleſt as th' immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And ſees and hears thee all the while
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile.

'Twas this depriv'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd, in tranſport toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt.

My boſom glow'd, the ſubtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame:

O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd:
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulſe forgot to play:
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away.

After this inſtance of the *Sapphic* ode, it may not be improper to ſpeak of that ſort of ode which is called *Anacreontic*; being written in the manner and taſte of *Anacreon*, a *Greek* poet, famous for the delicacy of his wit, and the exquiſite, yet eaſy and natural turn of his poeſy. We have ſeveral of his odes ſtill extant, and many modern ones in imitation of him, which are moſtly compoſed in verſes of ſeven ſyllables, or three feet and a half.

ANACREON, who was a merry old bard, has turned moſt of his odes to the ſubjects of love and drinking; and if he was as fond of the fair and the bottle, as of celebrating the delights of *Venus* and *Bacchus*, he muſt have been a droll libidinous old ſot.

He ſeems to have ſtated his own caſe, and to be applauding himſelf in his 47th Ode.

YOUNG OLD-AGE.

Yes, yes, I own, I love to ſee
Old men facetious, blithe and free;
I love the youth that light can bound,
Or graceful ſwim th' harmonious round:
But when old-age jocoſe, tho' gray,
Can dance and frolic with the gay;
'Tis plain to all the jovial throng,
Though hoar the head, the heart is young.

And he has preſented us with a picture of his jollity, and feſtive diſpoſition in this part of the 26th Ode.

When gay *Bacchus* fills my breaſt,
All my cares are lull'd to reſt,

Rich I ſeem as *Lydia*'s king,
Merry catch or ballad ſing;
Ivy-wreaths my temples ſhade,
Ivy that will never fade:
Thus I ſit in mind elate,
Laughing at the farce of ſtate.

We ſhall give the young ſtudent ſome examples of his manner from Mr. *Fawkes*'s excellent tranſlation, whence we have borrowed the above lines.

The following ode on the power of gold, which had been often attempted with but little ſucceſs, this gentleman has tranſlated very happily.

ODE 46. *The* POWER of GOLD.

Love's a pain that works our woe;
Not to love, is painful too:
But, alas! the greateſt pain
Waits the love that meets diſdain.
What avails ingenuous worth,
Sprightly wit, or noble birth?
All theſe virtues uſeleſs prove;
Gold alone engages love.
May he be compleatly curſt,
Who the ſleeping miſchief firſt
Wak'd to life, and, vile before,
Stamp'd with worth the ſordid ore.
Gold creates in brethren ſtriſe;
Gold deſtroys the parent's life;
Gold produces civil jars,
Murders, Maſſacres, and Wars:
But, the worſt effect of gold,
Love, alas! is bought and ſold.

His ode on the vanity of riches, is of a piece with the above, and conveys a good leſſon to thoſe who are over anxious for wealth.

ODE 23. *The* VANITY *of* RICHES.

If the treaſur'd gold could give
Man a longer term to live,

I'd employ my utmoſt care
Still to keep, and ſtill to ſpare;
And, when death approach'd, would ſay,
'Take thy fee, and walk away.'
But ſince riches cannot ſave
Mortals from the gloomy grave,
Why ſhould I myſelf deceive,
Vainly ſigh, and vainly grieve?
Death will ſurely be my lot,
Whether I am rich, or not.
Give me freely while I live
Generous wines, in plenty give
Soothing joys my life to chear,
Beauty kind, and friends ſincere;
Happy! could I ever find
Friends ſincere, and beauty kind.

Anacreon always ſhines when he enters the liſts in favour of his miſtreſs, or the bottle; but the 32d Ode, wherein he celebrates the number of his miſtreſſes, has a ſtrain of excellent humour throughout; and is the moſt arch and wanton of all his pieces.

ODE 32. *The Number of his* MISTRESSES.

When thou can'ſt fairly number all
The leaves on trees that fade and fall,
Or count the foaming waves that roar,
Or tell the pebbles on the ſhore;
Then may'ſt thou reckon up the names
Of all my beauties, all my flames.
At *Athens*, flames that ſtill ſurvive,
Firſt count me only thirty-five.
At *Corinth* next tell o'er the fair,
Tell me a whole battalion there.
In *Greece* the faireſt nymphs abound,
And worſe than banner'd armies wound.
Count all that make their ſweet abodes
At *Lesbos*, or delightful *Rhodes*.
Then *Carian* and *Ionian* dames,
Write me at leaſt two thouſand flames.

What! think'ſt thou this too large a ſum?
Egypt and *Syria* are to come,
And *Crete*, where love his ſway maintains,
And o'er a hundred cities reigns.
Yet ſtill unnumbered, ſtill remain
The nymphs of *Perſia*, and of *Spain*,
And *Indians*, ſcorch'd by Titan's ray,
Whoſe charms have burn't my heart away.

This jolly old bard, however, could occaſionally play the philoſopher; he had his ſerious reflections at times, and has in the pieces that are handed down to us, ſeaſoned his mirth with a little melancholy.—See the following on old age, tranſlated by Dr. *Broome*.

ODE 56. *On* Old-Age.

Alas! the powers of life decay!
My hairs are fall'n, or turn'd to gray;
The ſmiling bloom, and youthful grace,
Is baniſh'd from my faded face:
Thus man beholds, with weeping eyes,
Himſelf half dead before he dies.
For this, and for the grave, I fear,
And pour the never ceaſing tear:
A dreadful proſpect ſtrikes my eye,
I ſoon muſt ſicken, ſoon muſt die.
For this the mournful groan I ſhed,
I dread—alas! the hour I dread!
What eye can ſteadfaſtly ſurvey
Death, and its dark tremendous way?
For ſoon as fate has clos'd our eyes,
Man dies—for ever, ever dies!
All pale, all ſenſeleſs, in the urn!
Never, ah! never to return.

But ſome of the moſt admired, and perhaps the moſt imitated of *Anacreon*'s odes, are that of *Mars* wounded by one of the darts of *Love*, and *Cupid* ſtung by a *Bee*; both which are wrought up with fancy and delicacy, and are tranſlated with elegance and ſpirit.—Take that of *Cupid* ſtung by a *Bee*.

ODE 40. CUPID WOUNDED.

Once as *Cupid*, tir'd with play,
On a bed of roſes lay,
A rude *Bee*, that ſlept unſeen,
The ſweet breathing buds between,
Stung his finger, cruel chance!
With its little pointed lance.
Strait he fills the air with cries,
Weeps, and ſobs, and runs, and flies;
'Till the god to *Venus* came,
Lovely, laughter-loving dame:
Then he thus began to plain;
"Oh! undone,——I die with pain———
"Dear mamma, a ſerpent ſmall,
"Which a Bee the ploughmen call,
"Imp'd with wings, and arm'd with dart,
"Oh!——has ſtung me to the heart."
Venus thus reply'd, and ſmil'd;
'Dry thoſe tears for ſhame! my child;
'If a Bee can wound ſo deep,
'Cauſing *Cupid* thus to weep,
'Think, O think! what cruel pains
'He that's ſtung by thee ſuſtains.'

Mr. *Prior*, whoſe poetical works will be ever admired for the natural eaſe and elegance of his ſtyle, as well as for the delicacy of his wit, has in ſeveral of his odes, the very ſpirit and air of *Anacreon*. The following ode, in which he deſcribes the effects of love, and inſinuates, that the eyes are the beſt interpreters of the heart, is written exactly in his manner.

The merchant, to ſecure his treaſure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia ſerves to grace my meaſure;
But *Chloe* is my real flame.

My ſofteſt verſe, my darling lyre
Upon *Euphelia*'s toilet lay;
When *Chloe* noted her deſire,
That I ſhould ſing, that I ſhould play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raiſe;
But with my numbers mix my ſighs;
And whilſt I ſing *Euphelia*'s praiſe,
I fix my ſoul on *Chloe*'s eyes.

Fair *Chloe* bluſh'd: *Euphelia* frown'd:
I ſung and gaz'd: I play'd and trembled:
And *Venus* to the loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all diſſembled.

This ingenious author has given us ſeveral odes in the ſpirit and manner of *Horace*, as well as of *Anacreon*; and the following *Anſwer to* CHLOE *jealous*, which was written when he was ſick, has, I think, much of the elegant tenderneſs of *Sappho*.

Yes, faireſt proof of beauty's pow'r,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour:
And I have liv'd; and we muſt part.

While now I take my laſt adieu,
Heave thou no ſigh, nor ſhed a tear;
Leſt yet my half-cloſ'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

From jealouſy's tormenting ſtrife
For ever be thy boſom freed;
That nothing may diſturb thy life,
Content I haſten to the dead.

Yet when ſome better-fated youth
Shall with his am'rous parly move thee;
Reflect one moment on his truth
Who dying thus, perſiſts to love thee.

And in the piece which immediately follows, intituled, *A better Anſwer to* CHLOE *jealous*, he has, together with the gaiety and wit of *Anacreon* and *Horace*, blended ſome ſtrokes of humour.

Dear *Chloe*, how blubber'd is that pretty face?
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
Prithee quit this caprice; and (as old *Falſtaff* ſays)
Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

How canſt thou preſume, thou haſt leave to deſtroy
The beauties, which *Venus* but lent to thy keeping?
Thoſe looks were deſign'd to inſpire love and joy:
More ord'nary eyes may ſerve people for weeping.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my paſſion you wrong:
You take that for fact, which will ſcarce be found wit:
Od's life! muſt one ſwear to the truth of a ſong.

What I ſpeak, my fair *Chloe*, and what I write, ſhews
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verſe; but I love thee in proſe:
And they have my whimſies, but thou haſt my heart.

The god of us verſe-men (you know, child) the ſun,
How after his journeys he ſets up his reſt:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he reclines on his *Thetis*'s breaſt.

So when I am weary'd with wand'ring all day,
To thee my delight in the evening I come;
No matter what beauties I ſaw in my way,
They were but my viſits, but thou art my home.

Then finiſh, dear *Chloe*, this paſtoral war,
And let us like *Horace* and *Lydia* agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet ſublimer than me.

There is much of the ſoftneſs of *Sappho*, and the ſweetneſs of *Anacreon* and *Prior*, in the following ode; which is aſcribed to Mr. *Dodd*, and was written in compliment to a lady, who, being ſick, had ſent the author a *moſs roſe-bud*, inſtead of making his family a viſit.

This piece is particularly to be eſteemed for the juſt and ſtriking moral with which it is pointed.

The ſlighteſt of favours beſtow'd by the fair,
With rapture we take, and with triumph we wear:
But a moſs-woven roſe-bud, *Eliza*, from Thee,
A well pleaſing gift to a monarch would be:
—Ah! that illneſs, too cruel, forbidding ſhou'd ſtand,
And refuſe me the gift from thy own lovely hand!

With joy I receive it, with pleaſure will view,
Reminded of thee, by its odor and hue;
"Sweet roſe, let me tell thee, tho' charming thy bloom,
Tho' thy fragrance excels *Sæba*'s richeſt perfume;
Thy breath to *Eliza*'s, no fragrance hath in't;
And but dull is thy bloom to her cheek's bluſhing tint.

Yet alas! my fair flower, that bloom will decay,
And all thy lov'd beauties ſoon wither away;
Tho' pluck'd by her hand, to whoſe touch we muſt own,
Harſh and rough is the cygnet's moſt delicate down:"
Thou too, ſnowy hand;—nay, I mean not to preach;
But the roſe, lovely moraliſt, ſuffer to teach.

"Extol not, fair maiden, thy beauties o'er mine,
They too are ſhort-liv'd, and they too muſt decline;
And ſmall in concluſion, the diff'rence appears,
In the bloom of few days, or the bloom of few years!
But remember a virtue the roſe hath to boaſt,
— Its *fragrance* remains, when its *beauties* are loſt!"

We come now to thoſe odes of the more florid and figurative kind, of which we have many in our language that deſerve particular commendation. Mr. *Warton*'s ode on *Fancy*, has been juſtly admired by the beſt judges; for though it has a diſtant reſemblance of *Milton*'s *L'Allegro* and *Il Penſeroſo*, yet the work is original; the thoughts are moſtly new and various, and the language and numbers elegant, expreſſive, and harmonious.

An Ode to FANCY.

O parent of each lovely muſe,
Thy ſpirit o'er my ſoul diffuſe!

O'er all my artleſs ſongs preſide,
My footſteps to thy temple guide!
To offer at thy turf-built ſhrine,
In golden cups no coſtly wine;
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph with looſely-flowing hair,
With buſkin'd leg, and boſom bare;
Thy waiſt with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with *Indian* feathers crown'd;
Waving in thy ſnowy hand
An all-commanding magick wand;
Of pow'r to bid freſh gardens blow
'Mid chearleſs *Lapland*'s barren ſnow;
Whoſe rapid wings thy flight convey,
Thro' air, and over earth and ſea:
While the vaſt various landſcape lies
Conſpicuous to thy piercing eyes:
O lover of the deſart, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathleſs vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's ſide,
'Midſt falls of water you reſide;
'Midſt broken rocks, a rugged ſcene,
With green and graſſy dales between;
'Midſt foreſts dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's ſtroke;
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one ſtraw-roof'd cott was rear'd;
Where NATURE ſeems to ſit alone,
Majeſtick on a craggy throne.
Tell me the path, ſweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown ſequeſter'd cell,
Where woodbines cluſter round the door,
Where ſhells and moſs o'erlay the floor;
And on whoſe top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whoſe thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale ſtill builds her neſt,
Each evening warbling thee to reſt.
Then lay me by the haunted ſtream,
Wrapt in ſome wild, poetick dream;
In converſe while methinks I rove
With SPENSER thro' a fairy grove;

Till ſuddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whiſper'd muſick in my ear;
And my glad ſoul in bliſs is drown'd,
By the ſweetly-ſoothing ſound!
Me, Goddeſs, by the right hand lead,
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead;
Where JOY, and white-rob'd PEACE reſort,
And VENUS keeps her feſtive court,
Where MIRTH and YOUTH each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lilly-crowned heads,
Where LAUGHTER roſe-lip'd HEBE leads;
Where ECHO walks ſteep hills among,
Liſt'ning to the ſhepherd's ſong.
Yet not theſe flowery fields of joy,
Can long my penſive mind employ;
Haſte, FANCY, from the ſcenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy!
Goddeſs of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and ſigh;
Let us with ſilent footſteps go
To charnels, and the houſe of woe;
To gothick churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each ſad night ſome virgin comes,
With throbbing breaſt and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to ſeek.
Or to ſome abby's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry ſhow'rs,
The naked beggar ſhivering lies,
While whiſtling tempeſts round her riſe,
And trembles leſt the tottering wall
Should on her ſleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder ſtrike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire;
I feel, I feel, with ſudden heat,
My big tumultuous boſom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thouſand widows ſhrieks I hear:
Give me another horſe I cry,
Lo! the baſe *Gallic* ſquadrons fly;

Whence is this rage?—what ſpirit, ſay,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis FANCY, in her fiery car,
Tranſports me to the thickeſt war;
There whirls me o'er the hills of ſlain,
Where tumult and deſtruction reign;
Where mad with pain, the wounded ſteed,
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror ſtalks around,
With ſullen joys ſurveys the ground,
And pointing to th' enſanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful gorgon ſhield!
O guide me from this horrid ſcene
To high arch'd walks, and alleys green,
Which lovely *Laura* ſeeks, to ſhun
The fervors of the mid-day ſun.
The pangs of abſence, O remove,
For thou can'ſt place me near my love;
Can'ſt fold in viſionary bliſs,
And let me think I ſteal a kiſs;
While her ruby lips diſpenſe
Luſcious nectar's quinteſſence!
When young-ey'd SPRING profuſely throws
From her green lap the pink and roſe;
When the ſoft turtle of the dale
To SUMMER tells her tender tale,
When AUTUMN cooling caverns ſeeks,
And ſtains with wine his jolly cheeks,
When WINTER, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his ſilver beard with cold;
At every ſeaſon, let my ear
Thy ſolemn whiſpers, FANCY, hear.
O warm enthuſiaſtick maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a ſoul to every line,
Ne'er may I ſtrive with lips profane,
To utter an unhallow'd ſtrain;
Nor dare to touch the ſacred ſtring,
Save, when with ſmiles thou bid'ſt me ſing.

O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented SHAKESPEAR's tomb,
On which thou lov'ſt to ſit at eve,
Muſing o'er thy darling's grave.
O queen of numbers once again,
Animate ſome choſen ſwain,
Who fill'd with unexhauſted fire,
May boldly ſmite the ſounding lyre,
Who with ſome new, unequall'd ſong,
May riſe above the rhyming throng;
O'er all our liſt'ning paſſions reign,
O'erwhelm our ſouls with joy and pain:
With terror ſhake, with pity move,
Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t'attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk;
Teach him to ſcorn, with frigid art,
Feebly to touch th' enraptur'd heart;
Like light'ning, let his mighty verſe
The boſom's inmoſt foldings pierce;
With native beauties win applauſe,
Beyond cold criticks ſtudied laws:
O let each muſe's fame increaſe,
O bid BRITANNIA rival GREECE!

The following ode, written by Mr. *Smart* on the fifth of *December* (being the birth-day of a beautiful young lady) is much to be admired for the variety and harmony of the numbers, as well as for the beauty of the thoughts, and the elegance and delicacy of the compliment. It has great fire, and yet great ſweetneſs, and is the happy iſſue of genius and judgment united.

Hail, eldeſt of the monthly train,
Sire of the winter drear,
December, in whoſe iron reign
Expires the chequer'd year,
Huſh all the bluſt'ring blaſts that blow,
And proudly plum'd in ſilver ſnow,
Smile gladly on this bleſt of days;
The livery'd clouds ſhall on thee wait,
And *Phœbus* ſhine in all his ſtate
With more than ſummer rays.

Tho' jocund *June* may juſtly boaſt
Long days and happy hours,
Tho' *Auguſt* be *Pomona*'s hoſt,
And *May* be crown'd with flow'rs;
Tell *June*, his fire and crimſon dies,
By *Harriot*'s bluſh, and *Harriot*'s eyes,
Eclips'd and vanquiſh'd, fade away:
Tell *Auguſt*, thou canſt let him ſee
A richer, riper fruit than he,
A ſweeter flow'r than *May*.

The enſuing ode, written by Mr. *Collins* on the death of Mr. *Thompſon*, is of the paſtoral and elegiac kind, and both pictureſque and pathetic. To perceive all the beauties of this little piece, which are indeed many, we muſt ſuppoſe them to have been deliver'd on the river *Thames* near *Richmond*.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave;
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe
To deck its poet's ſylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whiſp'ring reeds
His airy harp * ſhall now be laid,
That he, whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the ſoothing ſhade.

Then maids and youths ſhall linger here,
And while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell,
Shall ſadly ſeem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore,
When *Thames* in ſummer wreaths is dreſt,
And oft ſuſpend the daſhing oar,
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

* The harp of *Æolus*, invented by Mr. *Oſwald*, of which ſee a deſcription in the *Caſtle of Indolence*.

And oft as Eaſe and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon whit'ning ſpire †,
And 'mid the varied landſcape weep.

But thou, who own'ſt that earthy bed,
Ah! what will ev'ry dirge avail?
Or tears, which love and pity ſhed,
That mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

Yet lives there one, whoſe heedleſs eye,
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimm'ring near?
With him, ſweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy deſert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn ſtream, whoſe ſullen tide
No ſedge-crown'd ſiſters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's ſide,
Whoſe cold turf hides the buried friend.

And ſee, the fairy vallies fade,
Dim night has veil'd the ſolemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted ſhade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads aſſign'd to bleſs
Thy life, ſhall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds, and ſhepherd-girls ſhall dreſs
With ſimple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy ſtone and pointed clay
Shall melt the muſing *Briton*'s eyes,
O vales, and wild woods, ſhall he ſay,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

Under this ſpecies of the ode, notice ought to be taken of thoſe written on divine ſubjects, and which are uſually called *Hymns*. Of theſe we have many in our

† *Richmond* Church.

language, but none, perhaps, that are ſo much admired as Mr. *Addiſon*'s. The beauties of the following hymn are too well known, and too obvious to need any commendation; we ſhall only obſerve, therefore, that in this hymn (intended to diſplay the power of the Almighty) he ſeems to have had a pſalm of *David* in his view, which ſays, that *the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament ſheweth his handy-work.*

The ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial ſky,
And ſpangled heavens, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as th' ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball?
What tho' nor real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

The following paſtoral hymn is a verſion of the 23d *Pſalm* by Mr. *Addiſon*; the peculiar beauties of which have occaſion'd many tranſlations; but we have ſeen none that is ſo poetical and perfect as this. And in juſtice to

to Dr. *Boyce*, we muſt obſerve, that the muſic he has adapted to it is ſo ſweet, and expreſſive, that we know not which is moſt to be admired, the poet or the muſician.

The Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care:
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſteadfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill.
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

We are now to ſpeak of thoſe odes which are of the ſublime and noble kind, and diſtinguiſh'd from others by their elevation of thought and diction, as well as by the variety or irregularity of their numbers, and the frequent tranſitions and bold excurſions with which they are enriched.

To give the young ſtudent an idea of the ſudden and frequent tranſitions, digreſſions, and excurſions, which are admitted into the odes of the ancients, we ſhall inſert the celebrated ſong, or ode, of *Moſes*; which is the oldeſt that we know of, and was penn'd by that divine author, immediately after the children of *Iſrael* croſſed the *Red-Sea*.

"Then ſang *Moſes* and the children of *Iſrael* this ſong unto the LORD, and ſpake, ſaying, I will ſing unto the LORD, for he hath triumphed glorioufly; the horſe and his rider hath he thrown into the ſea.

The LORD is my ſtrength and ſong, and he is become my ſalvation: he is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation; my fathers God, and I will exalt him.

The LORD is a man of war: the LORD is his name.

Pharaoh's chariots and his hoſt hath he caſt into the ſea: his choſen captains alſo are drowned in the *Red-Sea*.

The depths have covered them: they ſank into the bottom as a ſtone.

Thy right hand, O LORD, is become glorious in power: thy right hand, O LORD, hath daſhed in pieces the enemy.

And in the greatneſs of thine excellency thou haſt overthrown them that roſe up againſt thee: thou ſenteſt forth thy wrath, which conſumed them as ſtubble.

And with the blaſt of thy noſtrils the waters were gathered together: the floods ſtood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the ſea.

The enemy ſaid, I will purſue, I will overtake, I will divide the ſpoil: my luſt ſhall be ſatisfied upon them, I will draw my ſword, my hand ſhall deſtroy them.

Thou didſt blow with thy wind, the ſea covered them: they ſank as lead in the mighty waters.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like thee, glorious in holineſs, fearful in praiſes, doing wonders?

Thou ſtretchedſt out thy right hand, the earth ſwallowed them: Thou in thy mercy haſt led forth the people *which* thou haſt redeemed: thou haſt guided *them* in thy ſtrength unto thy holy habitation.

The people ſhall hear, and be afraid: ſorrow ſhall take hold on the inhabitants of *Paleſtina*.

Then the dukes of *Edom* ſhall be amazed, the mighty men of *Moab*, trembling ſhall take hold upon them: all the inhabitants of *Canaan* ſhall melt away.

Fear and dread ſhall fall upon them, by the greatneſs of thine arm they ſhall be as ſtill *as* a ſtone: till the people paſs over, O LORD, till thy people paſs over, *which* thou haſt purchaſed.

Thou ſhalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, *in* the place, O LORD, *which* thou haſt made for thee to dwell in: In the ſanctuary, O LORD, *which* thy hands have eſtabliſhed.

The LORD ſhall reign for ever and ever.

For the horſe of *Pharaoh* went in with his chariots, and with his horſemen into the ſea, and the LORD brought again the water of the ſea upon them: but the children of *Iſrael* went on dry land in the midſt of the ſea."

And after this we are told, that

"*Miriam* the propheteſs, the ſiſter of *Aaron*, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances.

And *Miriam* anſwered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed glorioufly; the horſe and his rider hath he thrown into the ſea."

From this laſt paſſage it is plain that the ancients, very early, called in muſic to the aid of poetry, and that their odes were uſually ſung, and accompany'd with their lutes, harps, lyres, timbrels, and other inſtruments: Nay, ſo eſſential, and in ſuch reputation was muſic held by the ancients, that we often find in their lyric poets, addreſſes, or invocations to the harp, the lute, or the lyre; and it was probably owing to the frequent uſe made of the laſt-mention'd inſtrument with the ode,

that this ſpecies of writing obtained the name of *Lyric Poetry*.

This ode, or hymn, which ſome believe was compoſed by *Moſes* in *Hebrew* verſe, is incomparably better than any thing the heathen poets have produced of the kind; and is by all good judges conſidered as a maſterpiece of ancient eloquence. The thoughts are noble and ſublime; the ſtile magnificent and expreſſive; the figures bold and animated; the tranſitions and excurſions are ſudden and frequent; but they are ſhort, and the poet, having digreſſed for a moment, returns immediately to the great object that excited his wonder, and elevated his ſoul with joy and gratitude. The images fill the mind with their greatneſs, and ſtrike the imagination in a manner not to be expreſſed. It has not indeed, the meaſure, cadence, and harmony, which we meet with in ſome of the *Greek* and *Latin* poets; but theſe, perhaps, may, in ſome meaſure, have been loſt in the tranſlation.

We come now to the *Pindaric Ode*, which is (if we except the hymns in the Old Teſtament, and the Pſalms of king *David*) the moſt exalted part of *Lyric* poetry; and was ſo called from *Pindar*, an ancient *Greek* poet, who is celebrated for the boldneſs of his flights, the impetuoſity of his ſtile, and the ſeeming wildneſs and irregularity that runs through his compoſitions, and which are ſaid to be the effect of the greateſt art.

The odes of *Pindar* were held in ſuch high eſtimation by the ancients, that it was fabled, in honour of their ſweetneſs, that the bees, while he was in the cradle, brought honey to his lips; nor did the victors at the *Olympic*, and other games, think the crown a ſufficient reward for their merit, unleſs their atchievements were celebrated in *Pindar*'s ſongs, moſt wiſely preſaging, that the firſt would decay, but the other endure for ever.

This poet did not always write his odes in the ſame meaſure, or with the ſame intention with regard to their being ſung; for the ode inſcribed to *Diagoras*, (the concluding ſtanza of which we inſerted at the beginning of this chapter) is in heroic meaſure, and all the ſtanzas equal; there are others alſo, as Mr. *Weſt* obſerves,

made up of *ſtrophes* and *antiſtrophes*, without any *epode*, and ſome compoſed of *ſtrophes* only, of different lengths and meaſures; but the greateſt part of his odes are divided into *ſtrophes*, *antiſtrophes*, and *epodes*; in order, as Mr. *Congreve* conjectures, to their being ſung, and addreſſed by the performers to different parts of the audience. "They were ſung, ſays he, by a chorus, and adapted to the lyre, and ſometimes to the lyre and pipe; they conſiſted oftenеſt of three ſtanzas; the firſt was called the *ſtrophe*, from the verſion or circular motion of the ſingers in that ſtanza from the right hand to the left. The ſecond ſtanza was called the *antiſtrophe*, from the contraverſion of the chorus; the ſingers in performing that, turning from the left hand to the right, contrary always to their motion in the *ſtrophe*. The third ſtanza was called the *epode*, (it may be as being the after ſong) which they ſung in the middle, neither turning to one hand nor the other." But Dr. *Weſt*'s * friend is of opinion, that the performers alſo danced one way while they were ſinging the *ſtrophe*, and danced back as they ſung the *antiſtrophe*, till they came to the ſame place again, and then ſtanding ſtill they ſung the *epode*. He has tranſlated a paſſage from the *Scholia* on *Hephæſtion*, in proof of his opinion, and obſerves that the dancing the *ſtrophe* and *antiſtrophe* in the ſame ſpace of ground, and we may ſuppoſe the ſame ſpace of time alſo, ſhews why thoſe two parts conſiſted of the ſame length and meaſure.

As the various meaſures of *Pindar*'s odes have been the means of ſo far miſleading ſome of our modern poets, as to induce them to call compoſitions *Pindaric* odes, that were not wrote in the method of *Pindar*, it is neceſſary to be a little more particular on this head, and to give an example from that poet, the more effectually to explain his manner; which we ſhall take from the tranſlation of Dr. *Weſt*.

The eleventh NEMEAN ODE.

This ode is inſcribed to *Ariſtagoras*, upon occaſion of his entering on his office of preſident or governor of the

* See the Preface to his Tranſlation of *Pindar*.

iſland of *Tenedos*; ſo that although it is placed among the *Nemean* odes, it has no ſort of relation to thoſe games, and is indeed properly an inauguration-ode, compoſed to be ſung by a chorus at the ſacrifices and the feaſts made by *Ariſtagoras* and his collegues, in the town-hall, at the time of their being inveſted with the magiſtracy, as is evident from many expreſſions in the firſt *ſtrophe* and *antiſtrophe*.

ARGUMENT.

Pindar opens this ode with an invocation to *Veſta* (the goddeſs who preſided over the courts of juſtice, and whoſe ſtatue and altar were for that reaſon placed in the town-halls, or *Prytanæums*, as the *Greeks* called them) beſeeching her to receive favourably *Ariſtagoras* and his collegues, who were then coming to offer ſacrifices to her, upon their entering on their office of *Prytans* or magiſtrates of *Tenedos*; which office continuing for a year, he begs the goddeſs to take *Ariſtagoras* under her protection during that time, and to conduct him to the end of it without trouble or diſgrace. From *Ariſtagoras*, *Pindar* turns himſelf in the next place to his father *Arceſilas*, whom he pronounces happy, as well upon account of his ſon's merit and honour, as upon his own great endowments, and good fortune; ſuch as beauty, ſtrength, courage, riches, and glory, reſulting from his many victories in the games. But leſt he ſhould be too much puffed up with theſe praiſes, he reminds him at the ſame time of his mortality, and tells him that his cloathing of fleſh is periſhable, and that he muſt e'er long be cloathed with earth, the *end of all things*; and yet, continues he, it is but juſtice to praiſe and celebrate the worthy and deſerving, who from good citizens ought to receive all kinds of honour and commendation; as *Ariſtagoras*, for inſtance, who hath rendered both himſelf and his country illuſtrious by the many victories he hath obtained, to the number of ſixteen, over the neighbouring youth, in the games exhibited in and about his own country. From whence, ſays the poet, I conclude he would have come off victorious, even in the *Pythian*

and *Olympic* games, had he not been reſtrained from engaging in thoſe famous liſts by the too timid and cautious love of his parents: Upon which he falls into a moral reflection upon the vanity of men's hopes and fears, by the former of which they are oftentimes excited to attempts beyond their ſtrength, which accordingly iſſue in their diſgrace; as, on the other hand, they are frequently reſtrained by unreaſonable and ill-grounded fears, from enterprizes, in which they would, in all probability, have come off with honour. This reflection he applies to *Ariſtagoras*, by ſaying it was very eaſy to foreſee what ſucceſs he was like to meet with, who both by father and mother was deſcended from a long train of great and valiant men. But here again, with a very artful turn of flattery to his father *Arceſilas*, whom he had before repreſented as ſtrong and valiant, and famous for his victories in the games, he obſerves that every generation, even of a great and glorious family, is not equally illuſtrious, any more than the fields and trees are every year equally fruitful; that the gods had not given mortals any certain tokens, by which they might foreknow when the *rich years of virtue ſhould ſucceed*; whence it comes to paſs, that men out of ſelf-conceit and preſumption, are perpetually laying ſchemes, and forming enterprizes, without previouſly conſulting prudence or wiſdom, whoſe *ſtreams*, ſays he, lie remote, and out of the common road. From all which he infers, that it is better to moderate our deſires, and ſet bounds to our avarice and ambition; with which moral precept he concludes the ode.

STROPHE I.

Daughter of *Rhea!* thou, whoſe holy fire
Before the awful ſeat of juſtice flames!
Siſter of heav'n's almighty ſire!
Siſter of *Juno*, who co-equal claims
With *Jove* to ſhare the empire of the Gods!
O virgin *Veſta!* to thy dread abodes,
Lo! *Ariſtagoras* directs his pace!
Receive, and near thy ſacred ſcepter place

Him, and his collegues, who, with honeſt zeal,
O'er *Tenedos* preſide, and guard the public weal.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo! with frequent off'rings, they adore
* Thee, firſt invok'd in ev'ry ſolemn pray'r!
To thee unmix'd libations pour,
And fill with od'rous fumes the fragrant air.
Around in feſtive ſongs the hymning choir
Mix the melodious voice and ſounding lyre.
While ſtill, prolong'd with hoſpitable love,
Are ſolemniz'd the rites of genial *Jove*:
Then guard him, *Veſta*, through his long career,
And let him cloſe in joy his miniſterial year.

EPODE I.

But hail, *Arceſilas!* all hail
To thee! bleſs'd father of a ſon ſo great!
Thou whom on fortune's higheſt ſcale
The favourable hand of heav'n hath ſet,
Thy manly form with beauty hath refin'd,
And match'd that beauty with a valiant mind.
Yet let not man too much preſume,
Tho' grac'd with beauty's faireſt bloom;
Tho' for ſuperior ſtrength renown'd;
Tho' with triumphal chaplets crown'd:
Let him remember, that in fleſh array'd
Soon ſhall he ſee that mortal veſtment fade;
Till loſt, impriſon'd in the mould'ring urn,
To earth, the end of all things, he return.

STROPHE II.

Yet ſhould the worthy from the public tongue
Receive their recompence of virtuous praiſe;
By ev'ry zealous patriot ſung,
And deck'd with ev'ry flow'r of heav'nly lays.

* It was uſual in all ſolemn Sacrifices and Prayers to begin with invoking *Veſta*.

Such retribution in return for fame,
Such, *Ariſtagoras*, thy virtues claim;
Claim from thy country, on whoſe glorious brows
† The wreſtler's chaplet ſtill unfaded blows;
Mix'd with the great *Pancratiaſtic* crown,
Which from the neighb'ring youth thy early valour won.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And (but his timid parents' cautious love,
Diſturbing ever his too forward hand;
Forbad their tender ſon to prove
The toils of *Pythia*' or *Olympia*'s ſand.)
Now by the Gods I ſwear, his val'rous might
Had 'ſcap'd victorious in each bloody fight;
And from ‡ *Caſtalia*, or where dark with ſhade
The mount of ‖ *Saturn* rears its olive head,
Great and illuſtrious home had he return'd;
While by his fame eclips'd his vanquiſh'd foes had mourn'd.

EPODE II.

Then, his triumphal treſſes bound
With the dark verdure of th' *Olympic* grove,
With joyous banquets had he crown'd
The great quinquennial feſtival of *Jove*;

† The *wreſtler's chaplet—Mix'd with the great* Pancratiaſtic *crown*] By theſe words it appears that the two exerciſes, in which *Ariſtagoras* had gained ſo many victories, were the *Pale*, or Wreſtling, and the *Pancratium*. The firſt of theſe required great ſtrength and agility of body; the ſecond not only ſtrength and agility, but great courage alſo; for which reaſon we need not wonder at the parents of *Ariſtagoras*, for being unwilling to let him enter the liſts at *Pythia* and *Olympia*; which being the moſt famous of the four *ſacred* games, he was ſure to meet there with antagoniſts, that would have put his ſtrength and courage to the ſevereſt trial, and perhaps endangered his life. The compliment however, which *Pindar* here makes to him, by ſaying, that he could have anſwered for his ſucceſs, could not but be very acceptable.

‡ *Caſtalia* was a river, upon whoſe banks the *Pythian* games were exhibited.

‖ The mount of *Saturn* was a ſmall hill planted with olives, that overlooked the *Stadium* at *Olympia*.

And chear'd the ſolemn pomp with choral lays,
Sweet tribute, which the muſe to virtue pays.
But, ſuch is man's prepoſt'rous fate!
Now, with o'er-weening pride elate,
Too far he aims his ſhaft to throw,
And ſtraining burſts his feeble bow.
Now puſillanimous depreſs'd with fear,
He checks his virtue in the mid-career;
And of his ſtrength diſtruſtful coward flies
The conteſt, tho' impow'r'd to gain the prize.

STROPHE III.

But who could err in propheſying good
Of him, whoſe undegenerating breaſt
Swells with a tide of *Spartan* blood,
From ſire to ſire in long ſucceſſion trac'd
Up to *Piſander*; who in days of yore
From old *Amyclæ* to the *Lesbian* ſhore
And *Tenedos*, colleagu'd in high command
With great *Oreſtes*, led th' *Æolian* band?
Nor was his Mother's race leſs ſtrong and brave,
Sprung from a ſtock that grew on fair † *Iſmenus*' wave.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Tho', for long inter.als obſcur'd, again
Oft-times the ſeeds of lineal worth appear.
For neither can the furrow'd plain
Full harveſts yield with each returning year:
Nor in each period will the pregnant bloom
Inveſt the ſmiling tree with rich perfume.
So, barren often and inglorious paſs
The generations of a noble race;
While nature's vigour, working at the root,
In after-ages ſwells, and bloſſoms into fruit.

† *Iſmenus* was a river of *Bœotia*, of which country was *Melaniptus*, the anceſtor of *Ariſtagoras*, by his mother's ſide.

EPODE III.

Nor hath *Jove* giv'n us to foreknow
When the rich years of virtue ſhall ſucceed;
Yet bold and daring on we go,
Contriving ſchemes of many a mighty deed.
While hope, fond inmate of the human mind,
And ſelf-opinion, active, raſh, and blind,
Hold up a falſe illuſive ray,
That leads our dazzled feet aſtray
Far from the ſprings, where, calm and ſlow,
The ſecret ſtreams of wiſdom flow.
Hence ſhould we learn our ardour to reſtrain:
And limit to due bounds the thirſt of gain.
To rage and madneſs oft that paſſion turns,
Which with forbidden flames diſpairing burns.

From the above ſpecimen, and from what we have already ſaid on this ſubject, the reader will perceive that theſe ſort of odes are diſtinguiſhed by the happy tranſitions and digreſſions, which they admit; and the ſurprizing, yet natural returns to the ſubject. This requires great judgment and genius; and the poet who would excel in this kind of writing, ſhould draw the plan of his poem, in manner of the argument we have above inſerted, and mark out the places where thoſe elegant and beautiful ſallies and wanderings may be made, and where the returns will be eaſy and proper.

Pindar, it is univerſally allowed, had a poetical and fertile imagination, a warm and enthuſiaſtick genius, a bold and figurative expreſſion, and a conciſe and ſententious ſtile; but it is generally ſuppoſed that many of thoſe pieces which procured him ſuch extravagant praiſes, and extraordinary teſtimonies of eſteem from the ancients, are loſt; and if they were not, it would be perhaps impoſſible to convey them into our language; for beauties of this kind, like plants of an odoriferous and delicate nature, are not to be tranſplanted into another clime without loſing much of their fragrance, or eſſential quality.

With regard to thoſe compoſitions which are uſually called *Pindaric* odes, (but which ought rather to be diſtinguiſhed by the name of *irregular* odes) we have many in our language that deſerve particular commendation; and methinks the criticiſm Mr. *Congreve* has given us on that ſubject, has too much aſperity, and too great latitude; for if other writers have, by miſtaking *Pindar*'s meaſures, given their odes an improper title, 'tis a crime one would think, not ſo dangerous to the commonwealth of letters as to deſerve ſuch ſevere reproof: Beſide which, we may ſuppoſe that ſome of theſe writers did not deviate from *Pindar*'s method through ignorance, but by choice; and that as their odes were not to be performed, with both ſinging and dancing, in the manner of *Pindar*'s, it ſeemed unneceſſary to confine the firſt and ſecond ſtanzas to the ſame exact numbers, as was done in his *ſtrophes* and *antiſtrophes*. The poet therefore had a right to indulge himſelf with more liberty; and we cannot help thinking that the ode which Mr. *Dryden* has given us, entituled ALEXANDER'S *Feaſt*, or *the Power of Muſic*, is altogether as valuable in his looſe and wild numbers, as it could have been if the ſtanzas were more regular, and written in the manner of *Pindar*. In this ode there is a wonderful ſublimity of thought, a loftineſs and ſweetneſs of expreſſion, and a moſt pleaſing variety of numbers.

'Twas at the royal feaſt, for *Perſia* won,
By *Philip*'s warlike ſon,
Aloft, in awful ſtate,
The God like hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound;
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd:)
The lovely *Thais* by his ſide
Sat like a blooming *eaſtern* bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,

None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerve the fair.
Chor. *Happy, happy,* &c.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heav'nly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from *Jove*,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God:
Sublime on radiant ſpheres he rode,
When he to fair *Olympia* preſs'd:
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt:
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world.
The liſt'ning crowd admire the lofty ſound.
A preſent deity, they ſhout around:
A preſent deity the vaulted roofs rebound:
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.
Chor. *With raviſh'd ears,* &c.

The praiſe of *Bacchus* then the ſweet muſician ſung:
Of *Bacchus* ever fair and ever young:
The jolly God in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
Fluſh'd with a purple grace
He ſhows his honeſt face;
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain:
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure:
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure:
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.
Chor. *Bacchus' Bleſſings,* &c.

Sooth'd with the ſound, the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful muſe
Soft pity to infuſe:
He ſung *Darius* great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high eſtate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deſerted at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.
With down-caſt looks the joyleſs victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

Chor. *Revolving*, &c.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet, in *Lydian* meaſures;
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble,
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying,
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying.
Lovely *Thais* ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the Gods provide thee.
The many rend the ſkies, with loud applauſe;
So love was crown'd, but muſic won the cauſe.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.
Chor. *The Prince*, &c.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain.
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares round.
Revenge, revenge, *Timotheus* cries,
See the furies ariſe:
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes;
Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are *Grecian*, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the *Perſian* abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hoſtile Gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And, like another *Helen*, fir'd another *Troy*.
Chor. *And the King ſeiz'd*, &c.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,

While organs yet were mute;
Timothens, to his breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
Cou'd ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine *Cecilia* came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old *Timotheus* yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down.

Grand Chor. *At laſt*, &c.

As Mr. *Pope* has employ'd his maſterly pen upon the ſame ſubject, it would be doing him a ſort of injuſtice not to let him appear with Mr. *Dryden*. Each of theſe odes, we may venture to ſay, are written with a ſpirit of poetry peculiar to the great genius of their reſpective authors; but which of them has ſucceeded beſt let the critics determine.

Deſcend ye nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet ſound,
Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echoes rebound:
While, in more lengthen'd notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers ſoft and clear
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe,
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies:
Exulting in triumph now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild muſic floats;

Till, by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By muſic minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouſes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liſt'ning envy drops her ſnakes;
Inteſtine war no more our paſſions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cauſe provokes to arms,
How martial muſic ev'ry boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the *Thracian* rais'd his ſtrain,
While *Argo* ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from *Pelion* to the main.
Tranſported Demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his ſeven-fold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade;
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds
Which flaming *Phlegeton* ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as death the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd

O'er all the dreary coaſts!
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre,
And ſee, the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire!
See ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O *Siſyphus*, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance!
The *Furies* ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſtning round their heads.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the *Elyſian* flow'rs;
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of *Aſphodel*,
Or amaranthine bow'rs;
By the heroes armed ſhades,
Glittering thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove;
Reſtore, reſtore *Euridyce* to life:
Oh take the huſband, or return the wife!
He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the poet's pray'r;
Stern *Proſerpine* relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
Tho' fate had faſt bound her
With *Styx* nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!

How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide the fall of fountains,
Or where *Hebrus* wanders,
Rolling in *Mæanders*,
All alone
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows
Amidſt *Rhodope*'s ſnows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſart he flies!
Hark! *Hæmus* reſounds with the Bacchanals cries—
——————Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death *Eurydice* he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm:
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine CECILIA found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire,
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of *Orpheus* now no more let poets tell,
To bright *Cecilia* greater pow'r is giv'n:
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Her's lift the ſoul to heav'n.

The following imitation of the 9th ode of the firſt book of *Horace*, by Mr. *Congreve*, is of the irregular kind, and has been much admir'd, as well for the beautiful deſcription of the winter, as for his moral reflections.

Bleſs me, 'tis cold! how chill the air!
How naked does the world appear!
But ſee (big with the offspring of the north)
  The teaming clouds bring forth:
A ſhow'r of ſoft and fleecy rain
Falls to new-clothe the earth again.
  Behold the mountain tops, around,
  As if with fur of ermins crown'd:
  And lo! how by degrees
The univerſal mantle hides the trees
  In hoary flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the autumn of the ſky;
Trembling the groves ſuſtain the weight and bow
  Like aged Limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable head of ſnow.

Diffuſive cold does the whole earth invade,
Like a diſeaſe, through all its veins 'tis ſpread,
And each late living ſtream is numb'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air;
Let chearful fires ſol's feeble beams repair;
  Fill the large bowl with ſparkling wine;
  Let's drink, 'till our own faces ſhine,
    'Till we like ſuns appear,
  To light and warm the hemiſphere.
Wine can diſpenſe to all both light and heat,
  They are with wine incorporate:
That pow'rful juice, with which no cold dares mix,
Which ſtill is fluid, and no froſt can fix;
  Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it ſtorm, and thunder, hail and ſnow,
  'Tis heav'n's concern; and let it be
  The care of heaven ſtill, for me.
Thoſe winds, which rend the oaks and plough the ſea,
  Great *Jove* can, if he pleaſe,
With one commanding nod appeaſe.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours, which is to come.
The preſent moment's all our ſtore;
The next, ſhould heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our Life is but one inſtant *now*.
Look on each day you've paſt
To be a mighty treaſure won:
And lay each moment out in haſte;
We're ſure to live too faſt,
And cannot live too ſoon.
Youth does a thouſand pleaſures bring
Which from decrepid age will fly;
The flowers that flouriſh in the ſpring,
In winter's cold embraces die.

Now love, that everlaſting *Boy*, invites
To revel, while you may, in ſoft delights:
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms,
Slowly ſhe promiſes at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with ſwifter feet,
To gloomy groves and ſhades obſcure ſhe flies,
There veils the bright confeſſion of her eyes.
Unwillingly ſhe ſtays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in ſoft ſighs conveys
The whiſpers of her heart.
Still ſhe invites, and ſtill denies,
And vows ſhe'll leave you, if y'are rude;
Then from her raviſher ſhe flies,
But flies to be purſu'd:
If from his ſight ſhe does herſelf convey,
With a feign'd laugh ſhe will herſelf betray,
And cunningly inſtruct him in the way.

Mr. *Maſon*'s ode on *Conſtancy*, which is alſo of the irregular kind, ſhews that theſe ſort of odes are well adapted to ſubjects of an elevated and ſublime nature, where much imagery is introduced.

Ode on CONSTANCY.

Whence does this ſudden luſtre riſe,
That gilds the grove? not like the noon-tide beam
Which ſparkling dances on the trembling ſtream,
Nor the blue lightening's flaſh ſwift-ſhooting thro' the ſkies.
But ſuch a ſolemn ſteady light,
As o'er the cloudleſs azure ſteals,
When CYNTHIA riding on the brow of night,
Stops in their mid career her ſilver wheels.

Whence can it riſe, but from the ſober pow'r
Of conſtancy? ſhe, heaven-born queen
Deſcends, and in this * woobine-veſted bower
Fixes her ſtedfaſt reign:
Stedfaſt as when her high command
Gives to the ſtarry band
Their radiant ſtations in heav'n's ample plain.
Stedfaſt, as when around this nether ſphere,
She winds the purple year.
Tells what time the ſnow-drop cold
Its maiden whiteneſs may unfold,
When the golden harveſt bend,
Then bids pale winter wake to pour
The pearly hail's tranſlucent ſhower,
When the ruddy fruits deſcend,
To caſt his ſilv'ry mantle o'er the woods
And bind in cryſtal chains the ſlumb'ring floods.

The ſoul, which ſhe inſpires, has power to climb
To all the heights ſublime
Of virtue's tow'ring hill.
That hill, at whoſe low foot weak-warb'ling ſtrays
The ſcanty ſtream of human praiſe,
A ſhallow trickling rill.
While on the ſummits hov'ring angels ſhed,
From their bleſt pinions, the nectarious dews
Of rich immortal fame: from theſe the muſe

* In which *Ethelwold* and *Elfrida* had been juſt exchanging profeſſions of their mutual fidelity.

Oft ſteals ſome precious drops, and blends with art
With thoſe the lower ſtreams impart;
Then ſhow'rs it all on ſome high favour'd head.
But thou, ELFRIDA, claim'ſt the genuine dew;
Thy worth demands it all,
Pure and unmixt on thee the ſacred drops ſhall fall.

The following ode, which we have taken from a manuſcript copy, was written by a young gentleman, who has ſuffer'd his modeſty to eclipſe his merit, and given the publick a volume of excellent poems, under the unpromiſing title of *The Shrubs of Parnaſſus*. The man of genius and judgment will perceive, however, that many of theſe *Shrubs* have greater magnitude, ſtrength and beauty than the *Pines* of ſome poets; and nature, who bids the Ivy wanton round the oak, and the vine embrace the elm, has here ſhewn evident marks of her luxuriant gaiety, and enliven'd moſt of our flowering Shrubs with laughing Bloſſoms.

The ode we ſhall here introduce, was written on New-Year's Day, and turns principally on the ſubject of the late King's death, and the acceſſion of his preſent majeſty to the throne.

Ode for the New-Year, 1761.

By Mr. Woty.

Now *Time* rejoice! round ſorrow twiſt thy chain!
For thou art young, thou art new-born again.
Bid ev'ry deep-mouth'd cannon roar,
And wake to mirth their ſleeping ſhore,
And let the ſhrill-tongu'd trumpet's note
On Eccho's airy boſom float.
To bleſs, and to adorn the infant Year
Bring in the van briſk health, and riches in the rear.

Tho' death has laid thy mighty monarch low,
And ſwell'd the tide of univerſal woe.
Yet ceaſe, ah! ceaſe to mourn, for all
Muſt wait the tyrant's final call.

There's no reverſing *his* decree,
For he ſhall vanquiſh—even *thee*.
Behold! another *George* aſcends the throne,
Who, like his ſire, ſhall reign unrival'd and *alone*.

Thus when by Heaven's unalterable laws
The pale-ey'd ſtar of eve its flame withdraws,
Succeeds a ſpace of gloomy night,
And nature weeps the loſs of light.
She droops her dark-bound front a while,
But ſoon renews her lovely ſmile;
When *Heos* * chaſes ev'ry fear away,
Throws night behind its orb, and dawns the coming day.

Tell me, prophetic time! I ſue to thee,
And, tho' a *Briton*, bend my pliant knee.
To riſe I never will preſume,
Till thou haſt ſpoke my country's doom.
" Shall triumph-looking Peace again
" Direct her Dove to *Albion*'s plain?
" And where abroad the Cypreſs rears its head,
" Say! ſhall ſhe plant the blooming olive in its ſtead?

" Say, ſhall my prince, who now the Scepter wields,
" Reſtore the harveſt to *Germanias* fields!
" Shall he chaſtiſe fierce *Gallia*'s pride,
" And bid her inſolence ſubſide,
" And, on ſome future happy day,
" Wipe ev'ry orphan's tear away,
" Unlock the Urn, where plenty keeps her ſtore,
" And bid united legions reſt, and war no more?"

" It ſhall be ſo," thou ſay'ſt, " it ſhall be ſo,
" Nor need thy country dread th' invading foe;
" For chid by thy new monarch, now
" Old Mars himſelf to him ſhall bow.
" Peace with her gentle Dove again
" Shall ſettle on *Britannia*'s plain,
" And where abroad the Cypreſs rears its head,
" She there ſhall plant the blooming olive in its ſtead.

* The Morning Star.

" Thy native prince, who now the ſcepter wields,
" Shall pour the harveſt o'er *Germania*'s fields,
" The rage of *Gallia* ſhall deride,
" And clip the pinions of her pride;
" He ſoon too, on ſome happy day,
" Shall wipe each Orphan's tear away,
" Ope wide the Urn, where Plenty locks her ſtore,
" Bid freedom ſoar aloft, and nations war no more."

Britons! one and all come hither.
Whither do you fly! ah whither!
Stop, and hear the voice of time
Sounding bleſſings on your clime.

Touch the many-chorded lyre,
Higher ſwell the tone, and higher,
Trill the flute, the viol ſweep,
Lulling eccho faſt aſleep.

Sons of induſtry and labour!
Blow the pipe, and beat the tabor,
And let all unite the ſtrain
" Time is now grown young again."

We ſhall conclude this chapter, and theſe examples, with Dr. *Akenſide*'s ode on the ſubject we have been treating of. In this piece, which is an original of the kind, the meaſures are varied in imitation of thoſe ancients who have excelled in lyric poetry: And it is but bare juſtice to the ſame author to add, that his incomparable ode to the earl of *Huntingdon*, is better calculated than any piece of this nature, to give the *Engliſh* reader a juſt idea of the ſpirit and manner of *Pindar*.

Ode on LYRIC POETRY. *By Dr.* AKENSIDE.

Once more I join the *Theſpian* quire,
And taſte th' inſpiring fount again:
O parent of the *Grecian* lyre,
Admit me to thy ſacred ſtrain—

And lo! with eaſe my ſtep invades
The pathleſs vale and opening ſhades,
'Till now I ſpy her verdant ſeat;
And now at large I drink the ſound,
While theſe her offſpring, liſt'ning round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I ſee *Anacreon* ſmile and ſing,
His ſilver treſſes breathe perfume;
His cheek diſplays a ſecond ſpring
Of roſes, taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away!
And let me liſten to his lay,
While flow'ry dreams my ſoul employ;
While turtle-wing'd the laughing hours,
Lead hand in hand the feſtal pow'rs,
Lead youth and love, and harmleſs joy.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting ſhame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulſe, and a threat'ning hand,
The * *Lesbian* patriot ſmites the ſounding chords:
Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye curſt of gods and free-born men,
Ye murd'rers of the laws,
Tho' now you glory in your luſt,
Tho' now you tread the feeble neck in duſt,
Yet time and righteous JOVE will judge your dreadful cauſe.

But lo, to SAPHO's mournful airs
Deſcends the radiant queen of love;
She ſmiles, and aſks what fonder cares
Her ſuppliant's plaintive meaſures move:
Why is my faithful maid diſtreſt?
Who, SAPHO, wounds thy tender breaſt?

* *Alcæus* of *Mitylene*, the capital of *Leſbos*, who fled from his native city to eſcape the operation of thoſe who had inſlav'd it, and wrote againſt them in his exile thoſe noble invectives which are ſo much applauded by the ancient critics.

Say, flies he? — ſoon he ſhall purſue:
Shuns he thy gifts? — He too ſhall give:
Slights he thy ſorrows? — He ſhall grieve,
And bend him to thy haughty vow.

But, O *Melpomene*, for whom
Awakes thy golden ſhell again?
What mortal breath ſhall e'er preſume
To echo that unbounded ſtrain?
Majeſtic in the frown of years,
Behold the man * of *Thebes* appears:
For ſome there are, whoſe mighty frame
The hand of JOVE at birth indow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
As eagles drink the noontide flame,
While the dim raven beats his weary wings,
And clamours far below. — Propitious muſe,
While I ſo late unlock thy hallow'd ſprings,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuſe,
To poliſh *Albion*'s warlike ear
This long-loſt melody to hear,
Thy ſweeteſt arts employ;
As when the winds from ſhore to ſhore,
Thro' *Greece* thy lyre's perſuaſive language bore
Till towns, and iſles, and ſeas return'd the vocal joy.
But oft amid the *Græcian* throng,
The looſe-rob'd forms of wild deſire
With lawleſs notes intun'd thy ſong,
To ſhameful ſteps diſſolv'd thy quire.
O fair, O chaſte, be ſtill with me,
From ſuch profaner diſcord free:
While I frequent thy tuneful ſhade,
No frantic ſhouts of *Thracian* dames.
No ſatyrs fierce with ſavage flames
Thy pleaſing accents ſhall invade.
Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat,
The faireſt flow'rs of *Pindus* glow;
The vine aſpires to crown thy ſeat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
Thy ſtrings attune their varied ſtrain,
To every pleaſure, every pain,

* *Pindar.*

Which mortal tribes were born to prove,
And ſtrait our paſſions riſe or fall,
As at the winds imperious call,
The ocean ſwells, the billows move.
When midnight liſtens o'er the ſlumb'ring earth,
Let me, O muſe, thy ſolemn whiſpers hear:
When morning ſends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
And ever watchful at thy ſide,
Let wiſdom's awful ſuffrage guide
The tenor of thy lay:
To her of old by JOVE was giv'n
To judge the various deeds of earth and heav'n;
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her ſway.
Oft as from ſtricter hours reſign'd,
I quit the maze where ſcience toils,
Do thou refreſh my yielding mind,
With all thy gay, deluſive ſpoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The buſy ſteps, the jealous eye
Of gainful care, and wealthy age,
Whoſe barren ſouls thy joys diſdain,
And hold as foes to reaſon's reign,
Whome'er thy lovely haunts engage.
With me, when mirth's conſenting band,
Around fair friendſhip's genial board,
Invite the heart-awakening hand,
With me ſalute the *Teian* chord.
Or if invok'd at ſofter hours,
O ſeek with me the happy bow'rs
That hear DIONE's gentle tongue;
To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
To love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the ſapphic lute be ſtrung.
But when from envy and from death to claim,
A hero bleeding for his native land;
Or when to nouriſh freedom's veſtal flame,
I hear my genius utter his command,
Nor *Theban* voice, nor *Leſbian* lyre
From thee, O muſe, do I require,

While my prophetic mind,
Conſcious of pow'rs ſhe never knew,
Aſtoniſh'd, graſps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate hath felt her own confin'd.

CHAP. XIX.

Of SATIRE.

MUCH time has been ſpent, and great pains taken, to aſcertain the derivation of the word *Satire*, and to trace out the firſt riſe of this kind of poem: all which is beſide our purpoſe, and indeed not within the compaſs of our deſign. It may be neceſſary to obſerve, however, that it is of very ancient date, and (if we believe *Horace*) was introduced, by way of interlude, by the *Greek* dramatic poets in their Tragedies, to relieve the audience, and take off the force of thoſe ſtrokes which they thought too deep and affecting. In theſe ſatirical interludes, the ſcene was laid in the country; and the perſons were rural deities, ſatyrs, country peaſants, and other ruſtics.

The firſt Tragedians found that ſerious ſtyle
Too grave for their uncultivated age,
And ſo brought wild and naked Satires in,
(Whoſe motion, words, and ſhape, were all a farce)
As oft as decency wou'd give them leave;
Becauſe the mad, ungovernable rout,
Full of confuſion, and the fumes of wine,
Lov'd ſuch variety, and antic tricks.

ROSCOMMON's *Horace*.

The *Satire* we now have is generally allowed to be of *Roman* invention. It was firſt introduced without the decorations of Scenes and Action, but written in verſes of different meaſures by *Ennius*, and afterwards moulded into the form we now have it by *Lucilius*, whom *Horace* has imitated, and mentions with eſteem. This is the opinion of moſt of the critics, and particularly of *Boileau*, who ſays,

Lucilius led the way, and, bravely bold,
To *Roman* vices did the mirror hold;
Protected humble goodneſs from reproach,
Show'd worth on foot, and raſcals in a coach:
Horace his pleaſing wit to this did add,
That none, uncenſur'd, might be fools or mad;
And *Juvenal*, with rhetorician's rage,
Scourg'd the rank vices of a wicked age:
Tho' horrid truths thro' all his labours ſhine,
In what he writes there's ſomething of divine.

Our Satire, therefore, may be diſtinguiſhed into two kinds; the *Jocoſe*, or that which makes ſport with vice and folly, and ſets them up to ridicule; and the *Serious*, or that which deals in aſperity, and is ſevere and acrimonius. *Horace* is a perfect maſter of the firſt, and *Juvenal* much admired for the laſt. The one is facetious, and ſmiles: the other is angry, and ſtorms. The foibles of mankind are the object of one: but crimes of a deeper dye have engaged the other. They both agree, however, in being pungent and biting: and from a due conſideration of the writings of theſe authors, who are our maſters in this art, we may define Satire to be a free (and often jocoſe) witty and ſharp poem, wherein the follies and vices of men are laſhed and ridiculed, in order to their Reformation. Its ſubject is whatever deſerves our contempt or abhorrence (including every thing that is ridiculous and abſurd, or ſcandalous and repugnant to the golden precepts of religion and virtue). Its manner is invective, and its end, ſhame. So that Satire may be looked upon as the phyſician of a diſtempered mind, which it endeavours to cure by bitter and unſavoury, or by pleaſant and ſalutary applications.

A good ſatyriſt ought to be a man of wit and addreſs, ſagacity and eloquence. He ſhould alſo have a great deal of good-nature, as all the ſentiments which are beautiful in this way of writing muſt proceed from that quality in the author. It is good-nature produces that diſdain of all baſeneſs, vice, and folly, which prompts the poet to expreſs himſelf with ſuch ſmartneſs againſt the errors of men, but without bitterneſs to their perſons. It is this quality that

keeps the mind even, and never lets an offence unſeaſonably throw the ſatyriſt out of his character.

In writing ſatire care ſhould be taken that it be true and general, that is, levelled at abuſes in which numbers are concerned; for the perſonal kind of ſatire, or lampoon, which expoſes particular characters, and affects the reputation of thoſe at whom it is pointed, is ſcarce to be diſtinguiſhed from ſcandal and defamation. The poet alſo, whilſt he is endeavouring to correct the guilty, muſt take care not to uſe ſuch expreſſions as may corrupt the innocent: he muſt therefore avoid all obſcene words, and images that tend to debaſe and miſlead the mind. *Horace* and *Juvenal*, the chief ſatyriſts among the *Romans*, are faulty in this reſpect, and ought to be read with caution.

The ſtyle proper for ſatire is ſometimes grave and animated, inveighing againſt vice with warmth and earneſtneſs; but that which is pleaſant, ſportive, and, with becoming raillery, banters men out of their bad diſpoſitions, has generally the beſt effect, as it ſeems only to play with their follies, tho' it omits no opportunity of making them feel the laſh. The verſes ſhould be ſmooth and flowing; and the language manly, juſt, and decent.

Of well choſe words ſome take not care enough,
And think they ſhould be as the ſubject rough:
But ſatire muſt be more exactly made,
And ſharpeſt thoughts in ſmootheſt words convey'd.
Duke of *Bucks*'s ESSAY.

Satires either of the *jocoſe* or *ſerious* kind, may be written in the epiſtolary manner, or by way of dialogue. *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Perſius*, have given us examples of both. Nay, ſome of *Horace*'s Satires may, without incongruity, be call'd Epiſtles, and his Epiſtles, Satires. But this is obvious to every reader.

We ſhall here, according to the method we have hitherto obſerved, inſert ſome Satires both of the jocoſe and ſerious kind, written in the manner of *Horace* and *Juvenal*. And firſt of the facetious Satire; of which the fol-

lowing imitation of the ſecond Satire of the Second Book of *Horace*, by the late celebrated Mr. *Pope*; inſcrib'd,

To Mr. BETHEL.

What and how great the virtue and the art
To live on little with a chearful heart;
(A doctrine ſage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friend, but talk before we dine.
Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from ſound philoſophy aſide;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear *Bethel*'s ſermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules.
Go work, hunt, exerciſe! (he thus began)
Then ſcorn a homely dinner if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or fiſh deny'd, (the river yet unthaw'd)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in you, and not the meat.
Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious men
Will chuſe a pheaſant ſtill before a hen;
Yet hens of *Guinea* full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
('Tho' cut in pieces ere my lord can eat)
Yet for ſmall turbots ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.
Oldfield, with more than harpy-throat endu'd,
Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole hog barbecu'd!"
Oh blaſt it, ſouth winds! till a ſtench exhale
Rank as the ripeneſs of a rabbet's tail.
By what criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for ſweetneſs, that for ſtink?
When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
He finds no reliſh in the ſweeteſt meat,
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor.
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives ſtill we ſee;
Thus much is left of old ſimplicity!

The robin-red-breaſt till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a martin's neſt,
Till beccaficos ſold ſo dev'liſh dear
To one that was, or wou'd have been, a peer.
Let me extol a cat on oiſters fed,
I'll have a party at the *Bedford-head*;
Or ev'n to crack live craw-fiſh recommend;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between exceſs and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not ſordid; tho' not ſplendid, clean.
Avidien, or his wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a dog, and her a b—h)
Sell their preſented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbets and on roots:
One half-pint bottle ſerves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on ſome lucky day (as when they found
A loſt bank-bill, or heard their ſon was drown'd)
At ſuch a feaſt, old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls ſo gen'rous cannot bear.
Oil, tho' it ſtinks, they drop by drop impart,
But ſowſe the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
He knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide, nor on that;
Nor ſtops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like *Albutius*, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like *Nævius*, ev'ry error paſs,
The muſty wine, foul cloth, or greaſy glaſs.
Now hear what bleſſings temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our friend, and what he ſaid I ſing)
Firſt health: the ſtomach (cram'd from ev'ry diſh,
A tomb of boil'd and roaſt, and fleſh, and fiſh,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one inteſtine war)
Remembers oft the ſchool-boy's ſimple fare,
The temp'rate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air.
How pale, each Worſhipful and Rev'rend gueſt
Riſe from a clergy, or a city feaſt!

What life in all that ample body, ſay?
What heav'nly particle inſpires the clay?
The ſoul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound divines.
On morning wings how active ſprings the mind
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind?
How eaſy ev'ry labour it purſues?
How coming to the poet ev'ry Muſe?
Not but we may exceed, ſome holy time,
Or tir'd in ſearch of truth, or ſearch of rhyme;
Ill health ſome juſt indulgence may engage,
And more the ſickneſs of long life, old age.
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate youth the veſſel drains?
Our fathers prais'd rank veniſon. You ſuppoſe,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no noſe.
Not ſo, a buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
Why had not I in thoſe good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb pies, or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he the voice of fame to hear,
That ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear,
(For, faith! Lord *Fanny*, you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a ſong)
Who has not learn'd, freſh ſturgeon, and ham-pye,
Are no rewards for want and infamy!
When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy truſtees, thyſelf,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how poſterity will treat thy name;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well.
" Right, cries his Lordſhip, for a rogue in need
" To have a taſte, is inſolence indeed:
" In me 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
" My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the ſun, let bounty ſpread her ray,
And ſhine that ſuperfluity away.
Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?

Shall half the new built churches round thee fall?
Make keys, build bridges, or repair *Whitehall*;
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As *M* * * *o*'s was, but not at five *per cent.*
Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jeſt for all mankind.
And who ſtands ſafeſt? tell me, Is it he
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd proſperity;
Or bleſt with little, whoſe preventing care
In peace provides fit arms againſt a war?
Thus *Bethel* ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man,
In South-ſea days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The lord of thouſands, than if now excis'd;
In foreſt planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton round the year;
But ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my *Thames* affords:
To *Hounſlow heath* I point and *Banſtead down*,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own:
From yon old walnut tree a ſhow'r ſhall fall;
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from ſtandard and eſpalier join;
The devil's in you if you cannot dine:
Then chearful healths (your miſtreſs ſhall have place)
And, what's more rare, a poet ſhall ſay grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt:
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I loſt?
My life's amuſements have been juſt the ſame,
Before, and after ſtanding armies came.
My lands are ſold, my father's houſe is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? thro' whoſe free op'ning gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;

(For I, who hold ſage *Homer*'s rule the beſt.
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going gueſt.)
" Pray heav'n it laſt! (cries *Swift*) as you go on;
" I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own:
" Pity to build without a ſon or wife!
" Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the uſe be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to *Pope* or *Vernon*?
What's property, dear *Swift!* you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to *Peter Walter*;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's ſhare;
Or, in a jointer, vaniſh from the heir;
Or in pure equity (the caſe not clear)
The chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year.
At beſt, it falls to ſome ungracious ſon,
Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my own!"
Shades, that to *Bacon* could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And *Hemſley*, once proud *Buckingham*'s delight,
Slides to a ſcrivener, or a city-kight.
May lands and houſes have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own maſters ſtill.

The late ingenious Dr. *Swift* has, in a Satire of this kind, intitled, Verſes on his own Death, diſſected the human heart (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) and given us a picture not much to the advantage of mankind: yet it ſeems to be drawn from the life, and is, I am afraid, too much like the original.

Dr. SWIFT's VERSES *on his own* DEATH.

Occaſioned by reading the following Maxim *in Rochfoucault.*

Dans l'adverſité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque choſe, qui ne nous deplait pas.

As *Rochfoucault* his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him: the fault is in mankind.

This maxim, more than all the reſt,
Is thought too baſe for human breaſt:
" In all diſtreſſes of our friends
" We firſt conſult our private ends;
" While nature, kindly bent to eaſe us,
" Points out ſome circumſtance to pleaſe us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reaſon and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our ſize.
I love my friend as well as you;
But why ſhould he obſtruct my view?
Then let me have the higher poſt,
Suppoſe it but an inch at moſt.
If in a battle you ſhould find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had ſome heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wiſh his laurels cropt?
Dear honeſt *Ned* is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the caſe is not your own!

What poet would not mourn to ſee
His brother write as well as he?
But rather than they ſhould excel,
He'd wiſh his rivals all in hell.

Her end when emulation miſſes,
She turns to envy, ſtings and hiſſes:
The ſtrongeſt friendſhip yields to pride,
Unleſs the odds be on our ſide.

Vain human kind! fantaſtic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide:
Give others riches, power, and ſtation,
'Tis all on me an uſurpation.
I have no title to aſpire;
Yet, when you ſink, I ſeem the higher.
In *Pope* I cannot read a line,
But with a ſigh I wiſh it mine;

When he can in one couplet fix
More ſenſe, than I can do in ſix,
It gives me ſuch a jealous fit,
I cry, Pox take him and his wit!
I grieve to be out-done by *Gay*
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend;
Which I was born to introduce;
Refin'd it firſt, and ſhew'd its uſe.
St. John, as well as *Pultney*, knows
That I had ſome repute for proſe;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a miniſter of ſtate.
If they have mortify'd my pride,
And made me throw my pen aſide;
If with ſuch talents heav'n hath bleſt 'em,
Have I not reaſon to deteſt 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, ſend
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the firſt;
But this with envy makes me burſt.

Thus much may ſerve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Muſt by the courſe of nature die;
When I foreſee, my ſpecial friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And tho' 'tis hardly underſtood,
Which way my death can do them good;
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them ſpeak:
See, how the dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman! he droops apace;
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Beſides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he ſays:
He cannot call his friends to mind:
Forgets the place where laſt he din'd:
Plies you with ſtories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.

How does he fancy we can ſit
To hear his out-of-faſhion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who, for his wine, will hear his jokes.
Faith he muſt make his ſtories ſhorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round;
There muſt another ſet be found.

For poetry, he's paſt his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy ſunk, his muſe a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;
But there's no talking to ſome men!

And then, their tenderneſs appears,
By adding largely to my years:
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers *Charles* the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good ſign.
His ſtomach too begins to fail:
Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing;
I wiſh he may hold out till Spring.
Then hug themſelves, and reaſon thus:
It is not yet ſo bad with us.

In ſuch a caſe they talk in tropes;
And by their fears expreſs their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindneſs they profeſs
The merit of a lucky gueſs,
When daily how d'ye's come of courſe,
And ſervants anſwer, "Worſe and worſe,"
Wou'd pleaſe them bitter, than to tell,
That, God be prais'd, the Dean is well.
Then he, who propheſied the beſt,
Approves the judgment to the reſt:
"You know I always fear'd the worſt,
"And often told you ſo at firſt."
He'd rather chuſe that I ſhould die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.

Not one foretells I ſhall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, ſhould ſome neighbour feel a pain
Juſt in the parts where I complain,
How many a meſſage would he ſend!
What hearty prayers that I ſhould mend!
Enquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me eaſe, and how I ſlept:
And more lament, when I was dead,
Than all the ſnivelers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may miſtake a year,
Though your prognoſtics run too faſt,
They muſt be verified at laſt.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the dean? he's juſt alive.
Now the departing prayer is read,
He hardly breathes. The dean is dead.
Before the paſſing bell begun,
The news through half the town has run.
Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? And who's his heir?
I know no more than what the news is,
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uſes.
To public uſes! there's a whim;
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride;
He gave it all——but firſt he dy'd.
And had the dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do ſtrangers good,
Forgetting his own fleſh and blood!
Now *Grubſtreet* wits are all employ'd;
With elogies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper
To curſe the *Dean*, or bleſs the *Drapier*;
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wiſely on me lay all the blame.
We muſt confeſs his caſe was nice;
But he would never take advice:
Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
He might have liv'd theſe twenty years:

For, when we open'd him, we found.
That all his vital parts were ſound.
From *Dublin* ſoon to *London* ſpread,
'Tis told at court, the Dean is dead.
And lady *S*——— in the ſpleen
Runs laughing up to tell * * *.
* * ſo gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, " Is he gone, 'tis time he ſhou'd.
" * * * * * * * *
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Now *Chartres*, at —— *Levee*,
Tells with a ſneer the tidings heavy:
Why, if he died without his ſhoes,
(Cries ———) I'm ſorry for the news,
Oh, were the wretch but living ſtill,
And in his place my good friend *Will!*
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided *Bolingbroke* were dead!

Now *Curl* his ſhop from rubbiſh drains,
Three genuine tomes of *Swift*'s remains!
And then, to make them paſs the glibber,
Reviſ'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore*, and *Cibber*.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publiſh my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die;
Which *Pope* muſt bear, as well as I.

Here ſhift the ſcene, to repreſent
How thoſe I love my death lament.
Poor *Pope* will grieve a month, and *Gay*,
A week, and *Arbuthnot* a day.
St. John himſelf will ſcarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The reſt will give a ſhrug, and cry,
" I'm ſorry — but we all muſt die!"
Indiff'rence, clad in wiſdom's guiſe,
All fortitude of mind ſupplies,
For how can ſtony bowels melt
In thoſe who never pity felt?

When we are laſh'd, they kiſs the rod,
Reſigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with ſuſpenſe and fear;
Who wiſely thought my age a ſcreen,
When death approach'd, to ſtand between;
The ſcreen remov'd, their hearts are trembling,
They mourn for me without diſſembling.
My female friends, whoſe tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead (pray what is trumps?)
"Then, Lord have mercy on his ſoul!
("Ladies, I'll venture for the vole)
"Six Deans, they ſay, muſt bear the pall,
("I wiſh I knew what king to call.)
"Madam, your huſband will attend
"The funeral of ſo good a friend.
"No, Madam, 'tis a ſhocking ſight,
"And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
"My lady *Club* will take it ill,
"If he ſhould fail her at quadrille.
"He lov'd the Dean (I lead a heart)
"But deareſt friends, they ſay, muſt part.
"His time was come, he ran his race;
"We hope he's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends ſhould die?
No loſs more eaſy to ſupply.
One year is paſt, a different ſcene!
No farther mention of the Dean;
Who now, alas! no more is miſs'd
Than if he never did exiſt.
Where's now the favourite of *Apollo?*
Departed: —— *and his works muſt follow*:
Muſt undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country ſquire to *Lintot* goes,
Enquires for *Swift* in verſe and proſe:
Says *Lintot*, "I have heard the name;
"He dy'd a year ago," the ſame.
He ſearches all the ſhop in vain,
"Sir, you may find them in *Duck-lane*.

" I ſent them, with a load of books,
" Laſt *Monday* to the paſtry-cook's.
" To fancy they could live a year!
" I find you're but a ſtranger here.
" The Dean was famous in his time,
" And had a kind of knack at rhyme:
" His way of writing now is paſt;
" The town has got a better taſte.
" I keep no antiquated ſtuff,
" But ſpick and ſpan I have enough.
" Pray, do but give me leave to ſhow 'em:
" Here's *Colley Cibber*'s birth-day poem.
" This ode you never yet have ſeen,
" By *Stephen Duck*, upon the Queen.
" Then here's a letter finely penn'd
" Againſt the *Craftſman* and his friend.
" It clearly ſhews, that all reflexion
" On miniſters, is diſſafection.
" Next, here's Sir *Robert*'s vindication,
" And Mr. *Henley*'s laſt oration:
" The hawkers have not got them yet:
" Your honour pleaſe to buy a ſet?"
Suppoſe me dead, and then ſuppoſe
A club aſſembled at the *Roſe*;
Where from diſcourſe of this and that,
I grow the ſubject of their chat.
The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill receiv'd at court.
Although ironically grave,
He ſham'd the fool, and laſh'd the knave.
" Sir, I have heard another ſtory;
" He was a moſt confounded tory;
" And grew, or he is much bely'd,
" Extremely dull before he dy'd."
Can we the *Drapier* e'er forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's Letters!*
" He ſhould have left them for his betters:
" We had a hundred *abler men*,
" Nor need *depend* upon his *pen* ——
" Say what you will about his reading,
" You never can *defend* his *breeding*;

" Who, in his Satires running riot,
" Could never leave the world in quiet;
" Attacking, when he took the whim,
" Court, city, camp, all one to him ——.
" But why would he, except he *ſlobber'd*,
" Offend our *patriot*, great Sir *R*—— ?
" Whoſe counſels aid the ſovereign pow'r
" To *ſave* the *nation* every hour.
" What *ſcenes* of evil he unravels
" In *ſatires*, *libels*, *lying travels* !
" Not ſparing his own clergy cloth,
" But *eats* into it like a *moth* —— !"
Perhaps I may allow, the Dean
Had too much Satire in his vein ;
And ſeem'd determin'd not to ſtarve it,
Becauſe no age could more deſerve it.
Vice, if it e'er can be abaſh'd,
Muſt be or *ridicul'd*, or *laſh'd*.
If you reſent it, who's to blame ?
He neither knew *you*, nor your *name*.
Should vice expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
Becauſe its owner is a duke ?
His friendſhips, ſtill to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind :
No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
Who fain would paſs for lord indeed,
Where titles give no right to power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower.
He would have deem'd it a diſgrace,
If ſuch a wretch had known his face.
He never thought an honour done him,
Becauſe a peer was proud to own him ;
Would rather ſlip aſide, and chuſe
To talk with wits in dirty ſhoes ;
And ſcorn the fools with ſtars and garters,
So often ſeen careſſing *Chartres*.
He kept with Princes due decorum,
Yet never ſtood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd *David*'s leſſons juſt,
In *Princes never put hi. truſt* :
And, would you make him truly ſour,
Provoke him with a ſlave in power.

" Alas, poor *Dean!* his only ſcope
" Was to be held a *miſanthrope.*
" This into general *odium* drew him,
" Which if he lik'd, *much good may do him!*
" His *zeal* was not to laſh our *crimes,*
" But, *diſcontent* againſt the times;
" For, had we made him *timely* offers
" To *raiſe* his *poſt,* or fill his *coffers,*
" Perhaps he might have truckled down,
" Like other *brethren* of his *gown:*
" For party he would ſcarce have bled —— ;
" I ſay no more —— becauſe he's dead ——.
" What *writings* has he left behind — ?"
I hear they're of a different kind:
A few in *verſe;* but moſt in *proſe* —.
Some *high-flown pamphlets,* I ſuppoſe:
" All ſcribbled in the *worſt* of *times,*
" To *palliate* his friend *Oxford*'s crimes,
" To praiſe Queen *Anne,* nay more, defend her,
" As never fav'ring the *Pretender* — :
" Or *libels* yet conceal'd from light,
" Againſt the *court* to ſhew his *ſpite;*
" Perhaps his *travels, part the third,*
" A *lye* at every *ſecond* word:
" Offenſive to a *loyal* ear — :
" But—*not one ſermon,* you may *ſwear.*—"
As for his works, in verſe or proſe,
I own myſelf no judge of thoſe:
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view deſign'd,
To *pleaſe,* and to *reform* mankind;
And, if he often miſs'd his aim,
The *world* muſt own it to their *ſhame,*
The *praiſe* is *his,* and *theirs* the *blame.*
He gave the little wealth he had,
To build a houſe for fools and mad;
To ſhew by one ſatiric touch,
No nation wanted it ſo much:
And ſince you dread no farther laſhes,
Methinks you may forgive his aſhes.

We come now to thoſe Satires of the ſerious kind, for which *Juvenal* is ſo much diſtinguiſhed. As the characteriſtic properties of theſe Satires are, Morality, Dignity, and Severity, a better example cannot be given than a poem intitled *London*, written in imitation of the Third Satire of *Juvenal*, by Mr. *Samuel Johnſon*, who has kept up to the ſpirit and force of the original.

LONDON: *A* Poem.

——— *quis ineptæ*
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat ſe.
Juv.

THO' grief and fondneſs in my breaſt rebel,
When injur'd Thales bids the town farewel,
Yet ſtill my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praiſe the hermit, but regret the friend,
Who now reſolves, from vice and London far,
To breathe in diſtant fields a purer air,
And, fix'd on *Cambria's* ſolitary ſhore,
Give to *St. David* one true *Briton* more.
For who would leave, unbrib'd, *Hibernia's* land,
Or change the rocks of *Scotland* for the *Strand*?
There none are ſwept by ſudden fate away,
But all, whom hunger ſpares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conſpire,
And now a rable rages, now a fire;
Their ambuſh here relentleſs ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houſes thunder on your head,
And here a female atheiſt talks you dead.
While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of diſſipated wealth the ſmall remains,
On *Thames's* banks, in ſilent thought we ſtood,
Where *Greenwich* ſmiles upon the ſilver flood:
Struck with the ſeat that gave * *Eliza* birth,
We kneel, and kiſs the conſecrated earth;
In pleaſing dreams the bliſsful age renew,
And call *Britannia's* glories back to view;

* Queen *Elizabeth*, born at *Greenwich*.

Behold her croſs triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of *Spain*,
Ere maſquerades debauch'd, exciſe oppreſs'd,
Or *Engliſh* honour grew a ſtanding jeſt.
A tranſient calm the happy ſcenes beſtow,
And for a moment lull the ſenſe of woe.
At length, awaking with contemptuous frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.
Since worth, he cries, in theſe degen'rate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praiſe;
In thoſe curſt walls devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded ſcience toils in vain;
Since hope but ſooths to double my diſtreſs,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little leſs;
While yet my ſteddy ſteps no ſtaff ſuſtains,
And life ſtill vig'rous revels in my veins,
Grant me, kind heav'n, to find ſome happier place,
Where honeſty and ſenſe are no diſgrace;
Some pleaſing bank where verdant oſiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay;
Where once the harraſs'd *Briton* found repoſe,
And, ſafe in poverty, defy'd his foes;
Some ſecret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give.
Let——live here, for——has learn'd to live.
Here let thoſe reign, whom penſions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day;
With ſlaviſh tenets taint our poiſon'd youth
And lend a lye the confidence of truth.
Let ſuch raiſe palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery,
With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd ſtage,
And lull to ſervitude a thoughtleſs age.
Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride ſhall hold?
What check reſtrain your thirſt of pow'r and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To ſuch, a groaning nation's ſpoils are giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n.
But what, my friend, what hopes remains for me,
Who ſtart at theft, and bluſh at perjury?

Who ſcarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN's court he ſing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A ſtateſman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to ſlumber o'er the Gazetteer;
Deſpiſe a fool in half his penſion dreſt,
And ſtrive in vain to laugh at H——Y's jeſt.
Others with ſofter ſmiles, and ſubtler art,
Can ſap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more addreſs a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they riſe, while I, whoſe ruſtic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varniſh wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a ſpy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
For what but ſocial guilt the friend endears?
Who ſhares *Orgilio*'s crimes, his fortune ſhares;
But thou, ſhould tempting villany preſent
All *Marlb'rough* hoarded, or all *Villiers* ſpent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy ſcornful eye,
Nor ſell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful ſlumber, ſelf-approving day,
Unſullied fame, and conſcience ever gay.
The cheated nation's happy fav'rites ſee!
Mark whom the great careſs, whom frown on me!
LONDON! the needy villain's general home,
The common ſhore of *Paris* and of *Rome*;
With eager thirſt, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted ſtate.
Forgive my tranſports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a *French* metropolis
Illuſtrious EDWARD! from the realms of day
The land of heroes and of ſaints ſurvey;
Nor hope the *Britiſh* lineaments to trace,
The ruſtic grandeur, or the ſurly grace,
But loſt in thoughtleſs eaſe, and empty ſhow,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Senſe, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of *France* the mimic, and of *Spain* the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or ſteal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiſs'd from the ſtage, or houted from the court,
Their air, their dreſs, their politics import;

Obſequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On *Britain*'s fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their induſtry can 'ſcape,
They ſing, they dance, clean ſhoes, or cure a clap;
All ſciences a faſting Monſieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
Ah! what avails it, that, from ſlav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in *Engliſh* air;
Was early taught a *Briton*'s right to prize,
And liſp the tales of HENRY's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery ſubdues when arms are vain?
Studious to pleaſe, and ready to ſubmit,
The ſupple *Gaul* was born a paraſite:
Still to his int'reſt true, where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his laviſh tongue beſtows;
In ev'ry face a thouſand graces ſhine,
From every tongue flows harmony divine.
Theſe arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lye,
And gain a kick for awkward flattery.
Beſides, with juſtice this diſcerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the ſtage:
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their maſter's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild abſurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To ſhake with laughter ere the jeſt they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear,
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To ſhake in dog-days, in *December* ſweat.
How, when competitors like theſe contend,
Can ſurly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with ſerious impudence beguile,
And lye without a bluſh, without a ſmile;
Exalt each triffle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taſte in ſnuff, your judgement in a whore;
Can *Balbo*'s eloquence applaud, and ſwear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like theſe preſer'd, admir'd, careſs'd,
They firſt invade your table, then your breaſt;
Explore your ſecrets with inſidious art,
Watch the weak hour and ranſack all the heart;
Then ſoon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
By numbers here from ſhame or cenſure free,
All crimes are ſafe, but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law purſues,
This, only this, provokes the ſnarling muſe.
The ſober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With briſker air the ſilken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thouſand ways.
Of all the griefs that harraſs the diſtreſs'd,
Sure the moſt bitter is a ſcornful jeſt:
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's inſult points the dart.
Has heav'n reſerv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathleſs waſte, or undiſcover'd ſhore?
No ſecret iſland on the boundleſs main?
No peaceful deſart yet unclaim'd by *Spain?*
Quick let us riſe, the happy ſeats explore,
And bear oppreſſion's inſolence no more.
This mournful truth is ev'ry where confeſs'd,
SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:
But here more ſlow, where all are ſlaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandize, and ſmiles are ſold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.
But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the ſtreets, and thunder to the ſkies:
Rais'd from ſome pleaſing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or ſome bliſsful bow'r,
Aghaſt you ſtart, and ſcarce with aching ſight
Suſtain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from purſuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;
Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can ſtarving merit, find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative diſcloſe,
While all neglect, and moſt inſult your woes.

Should heaven's juſt bolts *Orgilio*'s wealth confound,
And ſpread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the diſmal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the ſkies;
The laureate tribe in ſervile verſe relate
How virtue wars with perſecuting fate.
With well-reign'd gratitude the penſion'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vaſſals come,
And crowd with ſudden wealth the riſing dome;
The price of boroughs and of ſouls reſtore,
And raiſe his treaſures higher than before:
Now bleſs'd with all the baubles of the great,
The poliſh'd marble, and the ſhining plate,
Orgilio ſees the golden pile aſpire,
And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.
Could'ſt thou reſign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of *Severn* or of *Trent*,
There might'ſt thou find ſome elegant retreat,
Some hireling ſenator's deſerted ſeat;
And ſtretch thy proſpects o'er the ſmiling land,
For leſs than rent the dungeons of the *Strand*;
There prune thy walks, ſupport thy drooping flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy beds a cheap repaſt afford,
Deſpiſe the dainties of a venal lord;
There ev'ry buſh with nature's muſic rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours ſecurity ſhall ſmile,
And bleſs thy evening walk and morning toil.
Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And ſign your will before you ſup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commiſſion vain,
Who ſleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feaſt,
Provokes a broil, and ſtabs you for a jeſt.
Yet ev'n theſe heroes, miſchievouſly gay,
Lords of the ſtreet, and terrors of the way;
Fluſh'd as they are with folly, youth and wine,
Their prudent inſults to the poor confine;

Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And ſhun the ſhining train, and golden coach.
In vain, theſe dangers paſt, your doors you cloſe,
And hope the balmy bleſſings of repoſe;
Cruel with guilt, and daring with deſpair,
The midnight murd'rer burſts the faithleſs bar;
Invades the ſacred hour of ſilent reſt,
And plants, unſeen, a dagger in your breaſt.
Scarce can our fields, ſuch crowds at *Tyburn* die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet ſupply.
Propoſe your ſchemes, ye ſenatorian band,
Whoſe ways and means ſupport the ſinking land;
Leſt ropes be wanting in the tempting ſpring
To rig another convoy for the K—g.
A ſingle jail, in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair juſtice then, without conſtraint ador'd,
Held high the ſteady ſcale, but deep'd the ſword;
No ſpies were paid, no ſpecial juries known,
Bleſt age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!
Much could I add——but ſee the boat at hand,
The tide retiring calls me from the land:
Farewell;——When youth, and health, and fortune ſpent,
Thou fly'ſt for refuge to the wilds of *Kent*;
And tir'd, like me, with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'ſt ſucceeding times;
Then ſhall thy friend, nor thou refuſe his aid,
Still foe to vice, forſake his *Cambrian* ſhade;
In virtue's cauſe once more exert his rage,
Thy Satire point, and animate thy page.

The Reader may think theſe examples ſufficient to illuſtrate the rules we have laid down; but we cannot quit this ſubject without preſenting him with one of Dr. *Young*'s, which we have taken from his book intitled, *Love of Fame the Univerſal Paſſion*. In this work there is a unity of deſign, and the author has endeavoured to prove the poſition in his title, *viz.* that *Love of Fame is the Univerſal Paſſion*, in ſeven ſatires; which tho' characteriſtical, abound with morality and good ſenſe. The characters are well ſelected, the ridicule is high, and the ſatire well pointed, and to the purpoſe.

LOVE *of* FAME.

SATIRE II.

My Muſe, proceed, and reach thy deſtin'd end,
Tho' *toil* and *danger* the bold taſk attend.
Heroes and *Gods* make other poems fine,
Plain Satire calls for *ſenſe* in ev'ry line;
Then, to what ſwarms thy faults I dare expoſe?
All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes;
When *ſuch* the foe, a war eternal wage,
'Tis moſt ill-nature to *repreſs* thy rage;
And if theſe ſtrains ſome nobler Muſe excite,
I'll glory in the verſe I did *not* write.

So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to ſuch weakneſs by their vice betray'd,
Almighty vanity! to thee they owe
Their *zeſt* of pleaſure, and their *balm* of woe.
Thou, like the ſun, all *colours* doſt contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain;
For ev'ry ſoul finds reaſons to be proud,
Tho' hiſs'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in purſuit of foxes and renown,
* *Hippolitus* demands the *ſylvan* crown;
But *Florio*'s fame, the product of a ſhower,
Grows in his garden, an illuſtrious flower!
Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal ſkies?
Why ſhines the ſun? to make † *Paul Diack* riſe.
From morn to noon has *Florio* gazing ſtood,
And wonder'd how the Gods could be ſo good.
What ſhape? What hue? Was ever nymph ſo fair?
He dotes! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
O ſolid bliſs! which nothing can deſtroy
Except a cat, bird, ſnail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies *Florio* down at night,
And wakes next day a moſt inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! ſee thy fair ſiſter's fate,
O C——*!* and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are thoſe enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O floriſt, thy ambition's fall.

* This refers to the Firſt Satire. † The name of a tulip.

A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A quaker ſerv'd him, *Adam* was his name.
To one lov'd tulip oft the maſter went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture ſpent;
But came and miſs'd it one ill fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *dæmon* cropt my flower!"
Serene quoth *Adam*, "Lo! 'twas cruſh'd by me;
"Fall'n is the *Baal* to which thou bow'ſt thy knee."
"But all men want *amuſement*, and what crime
"In ſuch a paradiſe to fool their time?"
None; but why proud of this? to fame they ſoar;
We grant *they're idle*, if they'll aſk no more.
We ſmile at floriſts, we deſpiſe their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
But are thoſe wiſer whom we moſt admire,
Survey with envy, and purſue with fire?
What's he who ſighs for wealth, or fame, or power?
Another *Florio* doting on a flower,
A ſhort liv'd flower, and which has often ſprung
From ſordid arts, as *Florio*'s out of dung.
With what, O *Codrus!* is thy fancy ſmit?
The *flower* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
Thy gaudy ſhelves with crimſon bindings glow,
And *Epictetus* is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee, bound up in crimſon too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
that ſcience ſhould be purchas'd by the yard,
And *T——n*, turn'd upholſterer, ſend home
The gilded leather to *fit up* the room.
If not to ſome peculiar end aſſign'd,
Study's the ſpecious trifling of the mind;
Or is at beſt a ſecondary aim,
A chace for *ſport* alone, and not for *game*:
If ſo, ſure they who the mere *volume* prize,
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.
On buying books *Lorenzo* long was bent,
But found at length, that it reduc'd his rent,
His farms were flown; when lo! a ſale comes on,
A choice collection! what is be done?
He ſells his *laſt*; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his houſe; nay wants whereon to lie;

So high the gen'rous ardor of the man
For *Romans*, *Greeks*, and *Orientals* ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
Lorenzo ſign'd the bargain——with his *mark*.
Unlearned men of books aſſume the care,
As eunuch's are the guardians of the fair.
Not in his authors' *liveries* alone
Is *Codrus*' erudite ambition ſhown?
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what *Codrus* would be *thought*;
And, to his coſt, another muſt ſucceed,
To pay a ſage, who *ſays* that he can read,
Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has ſeen,
But leaves to ——— what lies between,
Of pompous books who ſhuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their *ſenſe*.
O———, whoſe accompliſhments make good
The *promiſe* of a long-illuſtrious blood,
In *arts* and *manners* eminently grac'd,
The ſtricteſt *honour!* and the fineſt *taſte!*
Accept this verſe; if Satire can agree
With ſo conſummate an *humanity*.
By your example would *Hilario* mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius ſmit,
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit?
But time his fervent petulance may cool,
For tho' he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
In time he'll learn to *uſe*, not *waſte* his ſenſe,
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
His briſk attack on *blockheads* we ſhould prize,
Were not his jeſt as flippant with the *wiſe*.
He ſpares nor friend, nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like *Dooms-day*, all the faults of all mankind.
What tho' *wit* tickles? tickling is unſafe,
If ſtill 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
Who, for the poor renown of being *ſmart*,
Would leave a ſting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd;
Then draw your *wit* as ſeldom as your *ſword*,

And never on the *weak*; or you'll appear,
As *there* no hero, no great genius *here*.
As in ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
So *wit* is by *politeneſs* ſharpeſt ſet,
Their want of edge from their *offence* is ſeen;
Both pain us leaſt when exquiſitely keen.
The *fame* men give is for the *joy* they find;
Dull is the jeſter when the joke's *unkind*.
Since *Marcus*, doubtleſs, thinks himſelf a wit,
To pay my compliment what place ſo fit?
His moſt facetious * letters came to hand,
Which my firſt Satire ſweetly reprimand.
If that a *juſt* offence to *Marcus* gave,
Say, *Marcus*, which art thou, a *fool*, or *knave*?
For all but ſuch with caution I forbore;
That thou waſt either, I ne'er knew before.
I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*;
No maſk ſo good, but *Marcus* muſt ſhine through;
Falſe names are vain, thy lines their author tell,
Thy beſt concealment had been writing *well*;
But thou a brave neglect of *fame* haſt ſhown,
Of *others'* fame, great genius, and thy *own*.
Write on unheeded, and this maxim know,
The man who *pardons*, *diſappoints* his foe.
In malice to *proud wits*, ſome proudly lull
Their *peeviſh* reaſon, *vain* of being dull;
When ſome home joke has ſtung their *ſolemn* ſouls,
In vengeance they determine——to be *fools*;
Thro' ſpleen, that *little* nature gave, make *leſs*,
Quite zealous in the ways of *heavineſs*;
To *lumps* inanimate a fondneſs take,
And diſinherit ſons that are *awake*.
Theſe, when their utmoſt venom they would ſpit,
Moſt barbarouſly tell you——"*he's a wit*."
Poor *negroes* thus, to ſhew their burning ſpite,
To cacodæmons ſay, they're *dev'liſh white*.
Lampridius, from the bottom of his breaſt,
Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the reſt.
How juſt his *grief?* one carries in his head
A leſs proportion of his father's lead;

* Letters ſent to the Author, ſigned *Marcus*.

And is in danger, without ſpecial grace,
To riſe above a juſtice of the peace.
The *dunghill-breed* of Men a *diamond* ſcorn,
And feel a paſſion for a *grain of corn*,
Some ſtupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with *much* pains exerting *all* his ſenſe,
Can range aright his ſhillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby-father craves a booby-ſon,
And by heav'n's *bleſſing* thinks himſelf *undone*.
Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea;
One learns to *liſp*, another *not* to ſee;
Miſs *D*—— tottering catches at your hand,
Was ever thing ſo pretty born to ſtand?
Whilſt theſe what nature gave diſown thro' pride,
Others affect what nature has deny'd,
What nature has deny'd fools will purſue,
As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.
Craſſus, a grateful ſage, our awe and ſport!
Supports grave forms, for forms the ſage ſupport;
He hems, and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"
Then quotes the *Stagyrite* to prove it true,
And adds, "The learn'd delight in ſomething *new*."
Is't not enough the blockhead ſcarce can read,
But muſt he *wiſely* look, and *gravely* plead?
As far a *formaliſt* from *wiſdom* ſits
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.
Yet ſubtile wights (ſo blind are mortal men,
Tho' Satire *couch* them with her keeneſt pen)
For ever will hang out a ſolemn face,
To put off *nonſenſe* with a better grace;
As pedlars with ſome hero's head make bold,
Illuſtrious mark! where *pins* are to be ſold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The booby's wiſdom to conceal the mind.
A man of ſenſe can *artifice* diſdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*.
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *ſot*.

I find the *fool* when I behold the *ſkreen*;
For 'tis the wiſe-man's intereſt to be *ſeen*.
Hence, ———, that openneſs of heart,
And juſt diſdain for that poor *mimic* art;
Hence (manly praiſe!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I applaud in thee.

With generous ſcorn how oft haſt thou ſurvey'd
Of *court* and *town* the noon-tide maſquerade,
Where ſwarms of *knaves* the vizor quite diſgrace,
And hide ſecure behind a *naked face*?
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
Where generous hearts the greateſt hazard run,
And he who truſts a *brother* is undone?

Theſe all their care expend on outward ſhow
For wealth and fame; for fame alone the *beau*.
Of late at *White*'s was young *Florello* ſeen,
How blank his look? how diſcompos'd his mien?
So hard it proves in grief ſincere to feign!
Sunk were his ſpirits; for his coat was *plain*.

Next day his breaſt regain'd its wonted peace,
His health was mended with a *ſilver lace*.
A curious artiſt, long innur'd to toils
Of gentler ſort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by ſome god inſpir'd,
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty ſoul was fir'd.
The well-ſwoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either ſhoulder has its ſhare of fame;
His ſumptuous *watch caſe*, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *conſcience*, ſolid joy ſupplies.
He only thinks himſelf ſo far from vain,
St—pe in wit, in breeding *D—l—ne*.
Whene'er by ſeeming chance he throws his eye
On mirrors, flushing with his *Tyrian* dye,
With how ſublime a tranſport leaps his heart?
But fate ordains that deareſt friends muſt part.
In active meaſures, brought from *France*, he wheels,
And triumphs conſcious of his learned *heels*.

So have I ſeen, on ſome bright ſummer's day,
A calf of genius, debonnair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inſpir'd by fame,
Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the ſtream.

Moroſe is ſunk with ſhame, whene'er ſurpriz'd
In linnen clean, or peruke undiſguis'd.
No ſublunary chance his veſtments fear,
Valu'd, like leopard's, as their *ſpots* appear.
A fam'd ſur-tout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot ſwims in a capacious ſhoe.
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barbarous *needle* at his fame:
But open force was vain; by night ſhe went,
And, while he ſlept, ſurpriz'd the darling *rent*;
Where yawn'd the frize is now become a doubt,
And glory at one entrance quite ſhut out *.

He ſcorns *Florello*, and *Florello* him,
This hates the *filthy* creature, that the *prim*;
Thus in each other both theſe fools deſpiſe
Their own dear ſelves, with undiſcerning eyes:
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The *ſloven* and the *fopling* are the ſame.

Ye whigs and tories! thus it fares with you,
When party rage too warmly you purſue;
Then both club nonſenſe and impetuous pride,
And *folly* joins whom *ſentiments* divide.
You vent your ſpleen as monkeys, when they paſs,
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glaſs,
While both are *one*; and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both ſides ſhall ſtand for fools alone.

"But who art thou?" methinks *Florello* cries,
"Of all thy ſpecies art thou only wiſe?"
Since ſmalleſt things can give our ſins a twitch,
As croſſing ſtraws retard a paſſing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor ſhall be;
I'll *conjure* thus ſome profit out of *thee*.

O thou myſelf! abroad our counſels roam,
And, like ill huſbands, take no care at home.
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wiſe means to gain it haſt thou choſe?
Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of proſe.
Is thy ambition ſweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?

* *Milton.*

While I a moment name, a moment's paſt,
I'm nearer death in *this* verſe than the *laſt*;
What then is to be done? be wiſe with ſpeed:
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what ſo fooliſh as the chace of fame?
How vain the prize? how impotent our aim?
For what are men who graſp at praiſe ſublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid ſtream of time,
That riſe and fall, that ſwell, and are no more,
Born, and *forgot*, ten thouſand in an hour?

We have already obſerved, that perſonal ſatire approaches too near defamation, to deſerve any countenance or encouragement; for however good in its compoſition, it muſt be bad in its tendency, ſince it is ſetting a man in a ridiculous point of light, and puniſhing him (as it were in a pillory) without any form of trial, or hearing the evidence in his behalf. Such ſatyriſts, therefore, are not unlike arbitrary tyrants, who acknowledge no law but what is founded in their own will, and gratify their paſſions at the expence of public juſtice.

We have in our language a ſatire written by Mr. *Dryden*, which would be an excellent example, if it was not perſonal: As the perſons, however, are dead who were the objects of his wrath and ridicule, we may here inſert it without offence.

MACK FLECKNOE.

All human things are ſubject to decay,
And, when fate ſummons, monarchs muſt obey.
This *Flecknoe* found, who, like *Auguſtus*, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In proſe and verſe, was own'd, without diſpute,
Through all the realms of *nonſenſe*, abſolute.
This aged prince, now flouriſhing in peace,
And bleſt with iſſue of a large increaſe;
Worn out with bus'neſs, did at length debate
To ſettle the ſucceſſion of the ſtate:
And pond'ring, which of all his ſons was fit
To reign, and wage eternal war with wit,
Cry'd, 'Tis reſolv'd; for nature pleads that he
Should only rule, who moſt reſembles me.
Sh—— alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullneſs from his tender years;
Sh—— alone, of all my ſons is he

Who ſtands confirm'd in full ſtupidity.
The reſt to ſome faint meaning make pretence,
But *Sh*—— never deviates into ſenſe.
Some beams of wit on others ſouls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But *Sh*——'s genuine night admits no ray,
His riſing fogs prevail upon the day.
Beſides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And ſeems deſign'd for thoughtleſs majeſty;
Thoughtleſs as monarch oaks that ſhade the plain,
And, ſpread in ſolemn ſtate, ſupinely reign.
Heywood and *Shirley* were but types of thee,
Thou laſt great prophet of tautology.
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was ſent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarſely clad in *Norwich* drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilome ſtrung,
When to King *John* of *Portugal* I ſung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on ſilver *Thames* didſt cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celeſtial charge:
And big with hymn, commander of an hoſt,
The like was ne'er in *Epſom* blankets toſt.
Methinks I ſee the new *Arion* ſail,
The lute ſtill trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well ſharpen'd thumb, from ſhore to ſhore,
The trebbles ſqueak for fear, the baſes roar:
Echoes from *Piſſing-alley Sh*—— call,
Ah *Sh*—— they reſound from *Aſton-Hall*.
About thy boat the little fiſhes throng,
As at the morning toaſt that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'ſt thy papers in thy threſhing hand.
St. *André*'s feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Pſyche*'s rhyme:
So they in number, as in ſenſe, excel;
So juſt, ſo like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, *Singleton* forſwore
The lute and ſword which he in triumph bore
And vow'd he ne'er would act *Villerius* more.

Here ſtopp'd the good old *Sire*, and wept for joy,
In ſilent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but moſt his plays perſuade,
That for anointed dullneſs he was made.
Cloſe to the walls which fair *Auguſta* bind
(The fair *Auguſta* much to fear inclin'd)
An ancient fabric, rais'd t'inform the ſight,
There ſtood of yore, and *Barbican* it hight:
A watch-tower once; but now, ſo fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains;
From its old ruins brothel-houſes riſe,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vaſt courts the mother ſtrumpets keep,
And, undiſturb'd by watch, in ſilence ſleep *.
Near theſe a nurſery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try†,
And little *Maximins* the Gods defy.
Great *Fletcher* never treads in buſkins here,
Nor greater *Johnſon* dares in ſocks appear;
But gentle *Simpkin* juſt reception finds
Amidſt this monument of vaniſh'd minds:
Pure clinches the ſuburbian muſe affords,
And *Panton* waging harmleſs war with words.
Here *Flecknoe*, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiouſly deſign'd his *Sh*——'s throne.
For antient *Decker* propheſied long ſince,
That in this pile ſhould reign a mighty prince,
Born for a ſcourge of wit, and flail of ſenſe:
To whom true dullneſs ſhould ſome *Pſyches* owe,
But worlds of *miſers* from his pen ſhould flow;
Humoriſts and *hypocrites* it ſhould produce,
Whole *Raymond* families, and tribes of *Bruce*.
Now Empreſs *Fame* had publiſh'd the renown
Of *Sh*——'s coronation through the town.

* Parodies on theſe lines of COWLEY (*Davideis*, Book 1.)
Where their vaſt courts, the mother-waters *keep,*
And undiſturb'd by moons, *in ſilence ſleep.*

† Parodies on theſe lines of COWLEY (*Davideis*, Book 1.)
—— *where* unfledg'd tempeſts *lie,*
And infant winds *their* tender voices *try.*

Rous'd by report of fame, the nations meet,
From near *Bunhill*, and diſtant *Watling-ſtreet*.
No *Perſian* carpets ſpread th' imperial way,
But ſcatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From duſty ſhops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.
Much *Heywood*, *Shirley*, *Ogleby*, there lay,
But loads of *Sh*—— almoſt choak'd the way.
Bilk'd ſtationers for yeomen ſtood prepar'd,
And *H*——*n* was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majeſty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young *Aſcanius* ſate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the ſtate.
His brows thick fogs, inſtead of glories, grace,
And lambent dullneſs play'd around his face.
As *Hannibal* did to the altars come,
Swore by his fire a mortal foe to *Rome*;
So *Sh*—— ſwore, nor ſhould his vow be vain,
That he to death true dullneſs would maintain;
And in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with ſenſe.
The King himſelf the ſacred unction made,
As king by office, and as prieſt by trade.
In his ſiniſter hand, inſtead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his ſceptre, and his rule of ſway,
Whoſe righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whoſe loins recorded *Pſyche* ſprung:
His temples, laſt, with poppies were o'erſpread,
That nodding ſeem'd to conſecrate his head.
Juſt at the point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend *owls* did fly.
So *Romulus*, 'tis ſung, by *Tyber's* brook,
Preſage of ſway from twice ſix vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The Sire then ſhook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion ſhed

Full on the filial dullneſs: long he ſtood,
Repelling from his breaſt the raging God,
At length burſt out in this prophetic mood:
Heav'ns bleſs my ſon! From *Ireland* let him reign
To far *Barbadoes*, or the weſtern main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him ſtretch his pen!
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd *Amen*.
Then thus continued he: My ſon, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Succeſs let others teach; learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitleſs induſtry.
Let *virtuoſos* in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuſe thy toil of wit.
Let gentle *George* in triumph tread the ſtage,
Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage;
Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the pit,
And in their folly ſhew the writer's wit.
Yet ſtill thy tools ſhall ſtand in thy defence,
And juſtify their authors want of ſenſe.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dullneſs, and deſire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but iſſues of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the ſame,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien *S—dl—y* interpoſe
To lard with wit thy hungry *Epſom* proſe.
And when falſe flower's of *rhetoric* thou would'ſt cull,
Truſt nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy beſt, and top; and in each line,
Sir *Formal*'s oratory will be thine,
Sir *Formal*, though unſought, attends thy quill,
And does by *northern dedications* fill.
Nor let falſe friends ſeduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating *Johnſon*'s hoſtile name.
Let Father *Flecknoe* fire thy mind with praiſe,
And Uncle *Ogleby* thy envy raiſe.
Thou art my blood, where *Johnſon* has no part:
What ſhare have we in nature or in art?

Where did his wit or learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not underſtand?
Where made he love in Prince *Nicander*'s vein,
Or ſwept the duſt in *Pſyche*'s humble ſtrain;
Where ſold he bargains, ſweep-ſtitch, kiſs my arſe,
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his muſe from *Fletcher* ſcenes purloin,
As thou whole *Eth'ridge* doſt tansfuſe to thine?
But ſo transfus'd, as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine ſinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wond'rous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boaſted bias of the mind,
By which, one way, to dullneſs 'tis inclin'd;
Which makes thy writings lean on one ſide ſtill,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeneſs; thine's a tympany of ſenſe.
A ton of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But ſure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy Tragic Muſe gives ſmiles, thy Comic ſleep.
With whate'er gaul thou ſet'ſt thyſelf to write,
Thy inoffenſive Satires never bite.
In thy felonious heart tho' venom lies,
It does but touch thy pointleſs pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchaſe fame
In keen iambics, but mild anagram.
Leave writing plays, and chuſe for thy command
Some peaceful province in acroſtic land.
There thou may'ſt *wings* diſplay, and *altars* raiſe,
And torture one poor word ten thouſand ways.
Or if thou would'ſt thy diff'rent talents ſuit,
Set thy own ſongs, and ſing them to thy lute.

He ſaid; but his laſt words were ſcarcely heard,
For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a trap prepar'd,
And down they ſent the yet-declaiming bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a ſubterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

We have dwelt the longer on this ſubject, becauſe there is reaſon to apprehend, that the benefits ariſing from well-conducted Satire have not been ſufficiently conſidered. A Satire may often do more ſervice to the cauſe of religion and virtue, than a ſermon; ſince it gives Pleaſure, at the ſame time that it creates fear or indignation, and conveys its ſentiments in a manner the moſt likely to captivate the mind.

> Of all the ways that wiſeſt men could find,
> To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
> *Satire* well writ has moſt ſucceſsful prov'd,
> And cures, becauſe the remedy is lov'd.
>
> Duke of *Bucks*'s ESSAY.

But to produce the deſired effect, it muſt be jocoſe, free, and impartial, tho' ſevere. The Satyriſt ſhould always preſerve good-humour, and however keen he cuts, ſhould cut with kindneſs. When he loſes temper, his weapons will be inverted, and the ridicule he threw at others will retort with contempt on himſelf; for the Reader will perceive that he is angry and hurt, and conſider his Satire as the effect of malice, not of judgment, and that it is intended rather to wound perſons than reform manners.

> Rage you muſt hide, and prejudice lay down:
> A *Satire*'s ſmile is ſharper than his frown.

The beſt, and indeed the only method to expoſe vice and folly effectually, is to turn them to ridicule, and hold them up for public contempt; and as it moſt offends theſe objects of Satire, ſo it leaſt hurts ourſelves. One paſſion frequently drives out another; and as we cannot look with indifference on the bad actions of men (for they muſt excite either our wrath or contempt) it is prudent to give way to that which moſt offends vice and folly, and leaſt affects ourſelves; and to ſneer and laugh, rather than be angry and ſcold.

We might here take notice of thoſe Satyriſts who have written in proſe, which indeed are many; for every thing that has appeared in praiſe of wiſdom and virtue may be conſidered as a latent Satire on folly and vice. Among thoſe who have written profeſſedly as Satyriſts, *Cervantes* ought to be mentioned with great eſteem, and

many of our *Engliſh* novels that have been written in what is called the life-taking manner, deſerve particular commendation: But thoſe are only to be admired which have been written with delicacy, and with a view to encourage virtue, and promote the happineſs of mankind. When wit wants delicacy, it can never ſucceed; for it then grows obnoxious to human reaſon, and becomes itſelf the object of Satire. An author who writes with indecency, gives evidence againſt himſelf, and proves to the whole world, that he has either a bad heart, or a depraved mind. Beſides this, he ſhews that he is in love with his own opinion, and has a contempt for that of mankind in general; qualities that can never procure approbation and ſucceſs.

Before we leave this ſubject, it may not be amiſs to ſay ſomething of the *Burleſque* kind of poetry, which is chiefly uſed by way of drollery and ridicule; and therefore I know not where I can more properly ſpeak of it than under the head of *Satire*. An excellent example of this kind is a poem in blank verſe, intitled *The Splendid Shilling*, written by Mr. *John Philips*, which, in the opinion of one of the beſt judges of the age, is the fineſt Burleſque in the *Engliſh* language. In this poem the author has handled a low ſubject in the lofty ſtile and numbers of *Milton*; in which way of writing Mr. *Philips* has been imitated by ſeveral, but none have come up to the humour and happy turn of the original. When we read it, we are betrayed into a pleaſure that we could not expect; tho', at the ſame time, the ſublimity of the ſtile, and gravity of the phraſe, ſeem to chaſtiſe that laughter which they provoke. The Poet's Invocation to his Muſe is prefixed to his poem by way of motto.

The SPLENDID SHILLING. *By Mr.* PHILIPS.

——— *Sing, heav'nly Muſe,*
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, *and* Chimeras *dire.*

Happy the man who, void of care and ſtrife,
In ſilken or in leathern purſe retains
A SPLENDID SHILLING: He nor hears with pain

New oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful ale;
But, with his friends, when nightly miſts ariſe,
To *Jun'per's*, *Mag-pye*, or *Town hall* * repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph, whoſe wanton eye
Transfix'd his ſoul, and kindled am'rous flames,
CHLOE or PHILLIS, he each circling glaſs
Wiſhes her health, and joy, and equal love.
Mean while he ſmoaks, and laughs at merry tales,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury ſurrounds,
And hunger, ſure attendant upon want,
With ſcanty offals, and ſmall acid tiff,
(Wretched repaſt!) my meagre corps ſuſtain;
Then ſolitary walk, or doſe at home
In garret vile, or with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers, or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-poliſh'd jet,
Exhale *mundungus*, ill perfuming ſcent.
Not blacker tube, nor of a ſhorter ſize,
Smoaks *Cambro-Briton* (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from *Cadwalladar* and *Arthur*, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd *Ceſtrian* cheeſe
High over-ſhadowing rides, with a deſign
To vend his wares, or at th' *Arwonian* mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the antient town
Yclep'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga*'s ſtream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful ſoil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With *Maſſic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.
Thus, while my joyleſs minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and ſilent pace, a *dun*,
Horrible monſter! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel aſcends;
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn ſound.
What ſhould I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark receſs I fly
Of wood-hole; ſtrait my briſtling hairs erect

* Ale-houſes of note in *Oxford*, when the Author wrote this poem.

Through ſudden fear ; a chilly ſweat bedews
My ſhudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of ſpeech ;
So horrible he ſeems ! his faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And ſpreading band, admir'd by modern ſaints,
Diſaſt'rous acts forebode ; in his right-hand
Long ſcrolls of paper ſolemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes ; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men.) Behind him ſtalks
Another monſter, not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of aſpect, by the vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whoſe polluted hands the Gods
With force incredible and magic charms
Erſt have endued ; if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill fated ſhoulders lay
Of debtor, ſtrait his body to the touch
Obſequious (as whilom knights were wont)
To ſome inchanted caſtle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance ſtrict detain him, till, in form
Of money, PALLAS ſets the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors, when he walks, beware,
Be circumſpect ; oft with inſidious ken
This caitiff eyes your ſteps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant ſome inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets ſing)
Grimalkin, to domeſtic vermin ſworn
An everlaſting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly-brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtleſs mice
Sure ruin. So her diſembowel'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies : ſhe ſecret ſtands
Within her woven cell ; the humming prey,
Regardleſs of their fate, ruſh on the toils
Inextricable, nor will ought avail
Their arts, or arms, or ſhapes of lovely hue.
The waſp inſidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings

Diſtinct with gold, entangled in her ſnares,
Uſeleſs reſiſtance make. With eager ſtrides
She tow'ring flies to her expected ſpoils;
Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcaſes triumphant drags.
So paſs my days: but when nocturnal ſhades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Perſuades men to repel benumming froſts
With pleaſant wines and crackling blaze of wood,
Me, lonely ſitting, nor the glimm'ring light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal thoughts
My anxious mind; or ſometimes mournful verſe
Indite, and ſing of groves and myrtle ſhades,
Or deſp'rate lady near a purling ſtream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repoſe:
But if a ſlumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager in a dream
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the ſettled thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant phantom curſe.
Thus do I live, from pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the fruits that the ſun's genial rays
Mature, *john-apple*, nor the downy *peach*,
Nor *walnut*, in rough furrow'd coat ſecure,
Nor *medlar*, fruit delicious in decay:
Afflictions great! yet greater ſtill remain;
My *galligaſkins*, that have long withſtood
The winter's fury, and encroaching froſts,
By time ſubdu'd (what will not time ſubdue!)
An horrid chaſm diſcloſe, with orifice
Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the winds,
Eurus and *Auſter*, and the dreadful force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blaſts,

Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ſhip
Long ſail'd ſecure, or thro' th' *Ægean* deep,
Or the *Ionian*, till, cruiſing near
The *Lilybæan* ſhore, with hideous cruſh
On *Scylla* or *Charybdis* (dang'rous rocks!)
She ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd oak,
So fierce a ſhock unable to withſtand,
Admits the ſea; in at the gaping ſide
The crowding waves guſh with impetuous rage,
Reſiſtleſs, overwhelming; horrors ſeize
The mariners, death in their eyes appears,
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they pray!
(Vain efforts!) ſtill the batt'ring waves ruſh in,
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ſhip ſinks found'ring in the vaſt abyſs.

This poem, as we have hinted already, is looked upon as a maſter piece in its kind; but there is another ſort of verſe and ſtyle, which is moſt frequently made uſe of in treating any ſubject in a ludicrous manner, I mean that which is generally called *Hudibraſtic*, from an admirable poem, intitled *Hudibras*, written by the ingenious Mr. *Samuel Butler*. Almoſt every one knows, that this poem is a Satire upon the authors of our civil diſſentions, in the reign of king *Charles* I. wherein the poet has, with abundance of wit and humour, expoſed and ridiculed the hypocriſy or blind zeal of thoſe unhappy times. In ſhort, it is a kind of *Burleſque Epic Poem*, which, for the oddity of the rhymes, the quaintneſs of the ſimilies, the novelty of the thoughts, and that fine raillery which runs through the whole performance, is not to be paralelled. But a few paſſages, ſelected from this work, will give the reader the beſt idea of this ſort of poetry: And, firſt, I ſhall take part of the character of Sir *Hudibras*, the hero of the poem, whoſe qualifications the author thus pleaſantly deſcribes:

We grant, altho' he had much wit,
H' was very ſhy of uſing it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,

Unleſs on holidays, or ſo,
As men their beſt apparel do.
Beſides, 'tis known, he could ſpeak *Greek*
As naturally as pigs ſqueak;
That *Latin* was no more difficile,
Than to a black-bird 'tis a whiſtle:
B'ing rich in both, he never ſcanted
His bounty unto ſuch as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For *Hebrew* roots, altho' they're found
To flouriſh moſt in barren ground,
He had ſuch plenty as ſuffic'd
To make ſome think him circumcis'd.
And truly ſo he was, perhaps,
Not as a proſelyte, but for claps.
He was in *logic* a great critic,
Profoundly ſkill'd in analytic,
He could diſtinguiſh and divide
A hair 'twixt *ſouth* and *ſouth-weſt* ſide;
On either which he would diſpute,
Confute, change hands, and ſtill confute;
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horſe;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a *lord* may be an *owl*,
A calf an *alderman*, a gooſe a *juſtice*,
And rooks *committee-men* and *truſtees*.
He'd run in debt by diſputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by ſyllogiſm, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For *rhetoric*, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his ſpeech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to ſhew why,
And tell what rules he did it by:
Elſe, when with greateſt art he ſpoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk:
For all a *rhetorician*'s rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.

But when he pleas'd to ſhew't, his ſpeech
In loftineſs of ſound was rich;
A *Babyloniſh* dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect:
It was a party-colour'd dreſs
Of patch'd and pye-ball'd languages;
'Twas *Engliſh* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
Like fuſtian heretofore on ſattin.
It had an odd promiſcuous tone,
As if he talk'd three parts in one;
Which made ſome think, when he did gabble,
They heard three labourers of *Babel*,
Or *Cerberus* himſelf pronounce
A leaſh of languages at once.
This he as volubly wou'd vent
As if his ſtock wou'd ne'er be ſpent;
And truly to ſupport that charge,
He had ſupplies as vaſt and large;
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words with little or no wit;
Words ſo debas'd and hard, no ſtone
Was hard enough to touch them on:
And when with haſty noiſe he ſpoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That, had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble ſtones,
When he harrangu'd, but known his phraſe,
He would have us'd no other ways.
In *mathematics* he was greater
Than *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater*;
For he, by geometric ſcale,
Could take the ſize of pots of ale:
Reſolve by ſines and tangents ſtreight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wiſely tell what hour o'th' day
The clock does ſtrike by algebra.
Beſides, he was a ſhrewd philoſopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloſs over;
Whate'er the crabbed'ſt author hath
He underſtood b'implicit faith;
Whatever ſceptic could inquire for,
For ev'ry *why* he had a *wherefore*;

Knew more than forty of 'em do,
As far as words and terms could go:
All which he underſtood by rote,
And, as occaſion ſerv'd would quote:
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either ſaid or ſung.
His notions fitted things ſo well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes miſtook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their neighbours by abſtracts;
Where entity and quiddity,
The ghoſts of defunct bodies fly;
Where truth in perſon does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
As metaphyſic wit can fly.

Then, as to *School Divinity*, the Poet compares his knight to the moſt famous doctors, and tells us, that he was

Profound in all the nominal
And real ways beyond them all;
For he a rope of ſand could twiſt
As tough as learned *Sorboniſt*,
And weave fine cobwebs fit for ſkull
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurniſhed.
He could raiſe ſcruples dark and nice,
And, after, ſolve 'em in a trice;
As if divinity had catch'd
The itch on purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And ſtab herſelf with doubts profound,
Only to ſhew with how ſmall pain
The ſores of faith are cur'd again;
Altho' by woeful proof we find
They always leave a ſcar behind.

He knew the ſeat of paradiſe,
Could tell in what degree it lies;
And, as he was diſpos'd, could prove it
Below the moon, or elſe above it.
What *Adam* dream'd of when his bride
Came from her cloſet in his ſide;
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a *High-Dutch* interpreter;
If either of them had a navel;
Who firſt made muſic malleable;
Whether the ſerpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all:
All this, without a gloſs or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, ſuch as men ſmatter
When they throw out, and miſs the matter.

Soon after this, when the Poet comes to give us an account of the knight's companion in his adventures, he has a pretty ſneer upon the uſe of *rhymes* in poetry, to which good ſenſe is too frequently forced to ſubmit.

A ſquire he had, whoſe name was *Ralph*,
That in th' adventure went his half;
Tho' writers, for more ſtately tone,
Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one:
And when we can with metre ſafe,
We'll call him ſo; if not, plain *Ralph*:
(For rhyme the rudder is of verſes,
With which, like ſhips, they ſteer their courſes.)

When Sir *Hudibras* and *Ralpho* are made priſoners, and ſet in the ſtocks, it is pleaſant to obſerve with what philoſophical reflexions the knight endeavours to comfort himſelf and the ſquire under their afflictions: that tho' the body may be confined, the ſoul is incapable of reſtraint; that our liberty depends upon keeping our paſſions in ſubjection; and that *Diogenes*, contented within the narrow limits of a tub, was more happy than *Alexander*, who is ſaid to have wept becauſe he had not another world to conquer.

But *Hudibras*, who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To fortune, or be ſaid to droop,
Chear'd up himſelf with ends of verſe,
And ſayings of philoſophers.
Quoth he, th' one half of man, his mind,
Is *ſui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not reſtraint or liberty
That makes men priſoners or free,
But perturbations that poſſeſs
The mind or equanimities.
The whole world was not half ſo wide
To *Alexander*, when he cry'd
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a narrow paltry tub to
Diogenes; who is not ſaid
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i'th' eye, and ſob,
Becauſe h' had ne'er another tub.

The reflexion that they had fought bravely, and gained *honour* by the action, tho' they had the misfortune to be beaten, is another alleviation of his diſtreſs.

He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Tho' drubb'd, can loſe no honour by't.
Honour's a leaſe for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant; 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that is in battle ſlain
Be in the *bed* of *honour* lain,
He that is beaten may be ſaid
To lie in honour's *truckle-bed*.
For as we ſee th' eclipſed ſun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He ſhines in ſerene ſky moſt bright;
So valour in a low eſtate
Is moſt admir'd and wonder'd at.

Theſe lines put me in mind of another paſſage in this poem, where the ſeat of *honour* is very humorouſly ſup-

poſed to be in the *breech*, becauſe a kick on that part is looked upon as one of the greateſt indignities that can be offered, and creates an immediate and ſtrong reſentment in the perſon who receives it.

—— *Honour* in the breech is lodg'd,
As wiſe philoſophers have judg'd,
Becauſe a kick in *that part* more
Hurts *honour*, than deep wounds *before*.

Who can forbear ſmiling at that *ſound* and *ſalutary* reaſoning, whereby Squire *Ralpho* demonſtrates the prudence and advantage of a timely flight, rather than ſtaying to be ſlain in battle? It is generally allowed, that a well conducted retreat is almoſt as honourable as a victory; but perhaps the wiſdom of running away from an enemy was never proved by ſuch arguments as are contained in the following lines:

—— I with reaſon choſe
This ſtratagem t' amuſe our foes,
To make an hon'rable retreat,
And wave a total ſure defeat:
For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle ſlain
Can never riſe and fight again.
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art;
By which ſome glorious feats atchieve,
As citizens by breaking thrive;
And cannons conquer armies, while
They ſeem to draw off, and recoil.
'Tis held the gallant'ſt courſe and braveſt,
To great exploits, as well as ſafeſt,
That ſpares th' expence of time and pains,
And dang'rous beating out of brains;
And in the end prevails as certain
As thoſe that never truſt to fortune,
To make their fear do execution
Beyond the ſtouteſt reſolution;
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow.

If th' antients crown'd their braveſt men
That only ſav'd a citizen,
What victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would ſave but one?
Or fight endanger'd to be loſt,
Where all reſolve to ſave the moſt?
By this means, when a battle's won,
The war's as far from being done;
For thoſe that ſave themſelves, and fly,
Go halves at leaſt i' th' victory;
And ſometimes, when the loſs is ſmall,
And danger great, they challenge all;
Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in gazettes;
And when, for furious haſte to run,
They durſt not ſtay to fire a gun,
Have don't with bon-fires, and at home
Made ſquibs and crackers overcome;
To ſet the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame,
Diſperſe the news the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fire-works and with bells:
And, tho' reduc'd to that extreme
They have been forc'd to ſing *Te Deum*,
Yet with religious blaſphemy,
By flatt'ring heaven with a lie,
And for their beating giving thanks,
They've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks:
For thoſe who run from th' enemy
Engage them equally to fly;
And when the fight becomes a chace,
Thoſe win the day that win the race.

But it is time to have done; for to ſelect all the beautiful paſſages of this inimitable poem, we ſhould be obliged to tranſcribe almoſt the whole.

CHAP. XX.

Of DRAMATIC POETRY, *and firſt of the* DRAMA *in general, and its* USE.

IF we except Religion and Politics, there is no ſubject, perhaps, that has occaſioned ſo much debate as the Drama, or that has been debated with ſo much virulence and acrimony: and theſe diſputes have cauſed various viciſſitudes in the Stage; which ſeem to have been favoured or diſcouraged, raiſed or depreſſed, in proportion as liberty and good ſenſe, or ſlavery and ſuperſtition gained the aſcendant.

That the Stage has been often licentious, and its managers eccentric, is beyond all doubt; but this is no argument againſt its uſefulneſs, or any juſt cauſe for its ſuppreſſion. The Pulpit, as well as the Stage, has, by bad men, been ſometimes employed to bad purpoſes; yet no one exclaims againſt that method of inſtruction; nor is there any juſt occaſion for it here. The power is placed in the legiſlator, who ſhould carefully ſuperintend and encourage an inſtitution ſo well calculated for forming proper principles and manners in our youth, and diſcard whatever is perſonal or indecent, whatever tends to inflame the populace, or corrupt the hearts of individuals.

As the Church is the School for Religion and Piety, ſo would the Theatre, under due encouragement and proper inſpection, become a School for Morality and Virtue. Here we ſhould learn, and learn in the moſt lively and affecting manner, the tendency and force of our affections and paſſions, and the great uſe of reaſon in their conduct and regulation; we ſhould ſee the miſchiefs and horrors that reſult from vice; and the happineſs and bleſſings that crown a regular courſe of virtue. The ſight of an hero bleeding in the cauſe of his country would inſpire us with courage, and, what is more, the misfortunes of the brave, the virtuous, and the innocent, would teach us to feel and to weep; and to ſociety it is of no ſmall

conſequence to humanize the mind of man, and render the heart tender and ſuſceptible of theſe impreſſions; ſince it would be a mighty curb to wild ambition and lawleſs power, and prevent the effuſion of much human blood.

Nor are theſe all the advantages that might reſult from a well-regulated Drama; for in the Theatre our youth would learn an elegant taſte, a juſt and graceful deportment and behaviour, and a proper and forcible elocution and pronunciation, which are no where, that I know of, ſo well cultivated as on the Stage.

But to fire youth with the love of virtue, to infuſe into them noble ſentiments, and lead them on in the road to honour and to happineſs, proper examples ſhould not only be ſet before them, but theſe examples be enforced by proper perſons. A lecture on charity by a miſer, on œconomy from an extravagant, on virtue from a debauchee, or on chaſtity from a proſtitute, however well enforced by elocution and pronunciation, is not ſufficiently felt, becauſe we perceive the deception.

If an orator would affect his audience, ſays *Cicero*, he muſt really be affected himſelf; which rule concerns the player as well as the orator, and points out the reaſon why, in ſome caſes, we are ſo little moved by the moſt maſterly imitators; namely, becauſe we know that the character put on is a counterfeit, and that the paſſion aſſumed has not poſſeſſion of the breaſt. Propriety of character is therefore of infinite conſequence on the Stage, as well as in the Pulpit. He who would teach men to live well, ſhould learn to live well himſelf; for there is no other way to recommend virtue forcibly and effectually. And this might be brought about, and an entire reformation made both in the Pulpit and on the Stage, by conveying to both more dignity and honour, and promoting and encouraging none but perſons of ſenſe and virtue.

But the benefit of inſtructing by example (which is the buſineſs of the Stage) ſeems to have been little attended to in any reſpect; and yet the force of example is ſo obvious and ſtriking, that every one gives it the preference to precept.

I remember a gentleman, who endeavoured to educate his own children, complained to me, that he could never

teach his daughter the rules of arithmetic; and yet ſhe had capacity enough to play extremely well at piquet, quadrille, and other games. I told him, that I thought any lady might ſooner, and with more eaſe, learn the firſt four rules in arithmetic, than the game at cribbidge or quadrille, but that ſome method ſhould be found to fix her attention. In ſhort, I undertook to inſtruct her, and in a very few days ſhe was able to ſolve any common queſtion in the rudiments of that ſcience; but then ſhe was taught as much as poſſible by ſenſible objects; proper applications were continually made, and the uſe of the rules applied to the purpoſes of life. By this means the *ſeverity* and *dryneſs* of the precepts were abated by the examples, which, at the ſame time that they relieved the mind, fixed the rules in the memory. Give a boy the dimenſions of a piece of land, or a ſuppoſed room, laid down on paper for him to find the contents, and he will work it as directed, without being a bit the wiſer; for, as the operation is dry and diſagreeable, the firſt pleaſing object he meets, will obliterate, as it were, all traces in the memory: but let the ſame boy actually meaſure a real room, or a piece of land, with a chain, and he will never forget it. This method of inſtruction ſets the precept, as it were, at a diſtance, and turns what was before a taſk into a diverſion; which is the caſe with the ſtage. We go to the Theatre to be diverted, and we return inſtructed. In Tragedy, at the ſame time that we weep at the misfortunes of others, we perceive by what means thoſe misfortunes aroſe, and by this example are taught to guard againſt ſimilar accidents: And in Comedy, when we ſee our own vices, or foibles, ridiculed in others, though we laugh, we are ſtung, and go home and endeavour to correct and conceal them, leſt we ſhould be pointed out as the objects of that ridicule. Thus the Dramatic Poet, whether ſerious or jocoſe, makes our pleaſures conduce to our profit, awakens the heart to a ſenſe of its duty, and gives us leſſons that are permanent and laſting; for the mind treaſures up whatever is conveyed in this pleaſing, ſtriking manner, and with wonderful facility calls forth the ideas occaſionally to its aid.

That the antients, and eſpecially the *Grecians*, paid the

greateſt regard to their Theatres, will appear from a review of the hiſtory of the riſe and progreſs of their Drama; which at firſt indeed was very rude and ſimple, and moſt probably had its riſe from their harveſt and vintage-feaſts; when, after ſinging hymns in honour of their gods and heroes, they uſually diverted themſelves with jocoſe and ſatyrical ſongs, and reciting or acting characters that were either vicious or full of foible, in order to render thoſe whom they ſuited ridiculous and contemptible. The poets, who were the philoſophers and divines of that age, perceiving that this way of puniſhing a man, as it were by ſubſtitution, had more effect on the people than their ſerious admonitions, ſoon took up this method of inſtruction; which they ſaw was well calculated, not only to ridicule folly and diſcountenance vice, but to raiſe in their youth a noble emulation, and inſpire them with the love of liberty, honour and glory: Beſides which, they found, we may ſuppoſe, the people ſollicitous of inſtructions delivered in this manner; they ſaw thoſe crowding to the Theatre, who but little frequented the other ſchools; and, therefore, like prudent phyſicians, they gilt their medicines, or converted them into cordials, when they found their patients were too delicate or too obſtinate to receive them in any other manner. Thus the remedy was ſwallowed, becauſe it was liked; the precept, at the ſame time that it was enforced, was alſo covered by the example; the moſt uſeful leſſons were learned without the trouble or appearance of ſtudy, and the minds of men humanized and poliſhed without the pain of reproof.

The good effects produced by this method of inſtruction raiſed the Theatres to ſuch eſtimation in *Athens*, that the poets were at one time conſidered as the moſt uſeful members of the common-wealth. Their actors were alſo perſons of birth and education, and, if we may believe *Cornelius Nepos*, their poets, their orators, and even kings themſelves, did not diſdain the ſock and buſkin, but frequently trod the ſtage. In *Rome* indeed they were never ſo much careſſed as at *Athens*; yet even there thoſe actors who were men of probity and virtue, and excellent in their profeſſion, were held in much eſteem. In proof of this, I ſhall refer the reader to what has been ſaid of *Roſcius*; who had the honour to inſtruct that prodigy of

eloquence, *Cicero*, in the art of oratory, and was ſo nobly gratified by the people, that, we are told, he left an eſtate to his ſon of the value of Two hundred thouſand pounds ſterling. And it is worthy of remark, that the ever to be admired *Demoſthenes* was partly indebted for his amazing ſucceſs in oratory to the inſtruction he received from *Satyrus* the player.

But he who conſiders what immenſe ſums the antients laid out in conſtructing Theatres (auguſt monuments of which remain to this day) will no longer doubt of their having an high opinion of the uſefulneſs of the Stage. The *Athenians* erected a Theatre of ſtone capable of holding twenty-thouſand people; and the *Romans*, partly from this *Greek* model, conſtructed one which would contain near thirty thouſand. This, by the way, is a proof of their fondneſs for theatrical entertainments, and an evidence of their uſefulneſs; but is, at the ſame time, a proof, that their entertainments were not ſo perfect, ſo natural, and expreſſive, as ours; for it muſt be impoſſible for the words to be articulated diſtinctly at ſo great a diſtance, without the means of ſome art to convey the ſound, which would abate the ſweetneſs of the voice; and, as the players wore maſks, all expreſſion from the muſcles of the face, and eſpecially the eyes, which are as it were the windows of the ſoul, muſt be loſt. Yet, even with theſe diſadvantages, the Stage was capable of conveying leſſons ſo forcibly, that we are told *Alexander*, the tyrant of *Pheræ*, was ſo affected at the repreſentation of the *Hecuba* of *Euripides*, that he left the Theatre before the play was half finiſhed; ſaying that, *he was aſhamed to weep at the misfortunes of* Hecuba *and* Polyxena, *when he daily embrued his hands in the blood of his own citizens.* He, therefore, flew from the Theatre, for fear of being converted from his wicked purpoſes; for the crimes he daily committed, and, even without reflexion, appeared ſo deteſtable in others, and ſtruck him at that time with ſuch horror, that his own actions would probably have been hateful to himſelf, had he ſtayed much longer. — So prevalent and powerful is precept thus delivered by example, and ſo ſtriking and forcible are the leſſons received from the Stage.

But the uſe, and even neceſſity of a well-regulated

Drama, is too obvious to be longer inſiſted on. Should any one doubt the ſuperior influence of the Stage over our paſſions and affections, let him read certain portions of the hiſtory of his own country, and then go and ſee them exhibited at the Theatre, in the manner in which they are deſcribed by *Shakeſpear*. He will perhaps read thoſe facts with little emotion, and with a mind undiſturbed; but he will ſee them, and probably feel them, with tears in his eyes, and with a heart big with manly indignation, or generous compaſſion. His ſoul will be agitated, and that violently, all the tenderneſs of the heart will be awakened, and every virtue in the breaſt rouſed and ſtimulated to a deteſtation of the vices, and their conſequences thus repreſented.

But it is to be obſerved, likewiſe, that the Stage, when properly conducted, has not only been an enemy to vice, and a friend to virtue, but has even powerfully promoted liberty and good ſenſe, in oppoſition to tyranny and ſuperſtition. During the freedom and proſperity of *Greece* and *Rome*, the Stage was for this reaſon held in great eſtimation; but, under their tyrants, it was generally depreſſed; and when the *Roman* empire was over-run by the barbarous and uncultivated nations of the North, polite literature gave way to *Gothic* ignorance and ſuperſtition; and our youth, inſtead of receiving elegant leſſons of life, and having their taſte and manners formed or refined by the Stage, were entertained with abſurd and unmeaning tales of giants, champions, inchanted knights, witches, goblins, and ſuch other monſtrous fictions and reveries, as could only proceed from the groſſeſt ignorance, or a diſtempered brain. Theſe, however, gave way, occaſionally to religious and moral entertainments of the dramatic kind, which were often of ſuch a nature, and ſo abſurd, as to offend both reaſon and decency; for the virtues and vices, and even divine beings, were perſonified and brought on the Stage *. But in the golden

* What ſort of compoſitions theſe were, may be ſeen by thoſe who are pleaſed to read *Adamo*, a celebrated *Florentine* play, dedicated to *Mary de Medicis* Queen of *France*, which has for its ſubject the *Fall of Man*; and the actors are God, the Angels, the Devils, *Adam*, *Eve*, the Serpent, Death, and the Seven Mortal Sins. The ſcene opens with

days of *Elizabeth*, reaſon began to dawn. Then aroſe *Shakeſpear* and *Johnſon*, and the Theatre, tho' void of proper ſcenes and decorations, was honoured with the protection and encouragement of her Majeſty, who dignified the players with the title of her *Majeſty's Servants* and *Sworn Comedians*. In the gloomy and ſuperſtitious days of *Cromwell*, the Stage was again darkened and depreſſed; and in the reign of *Charles* the Second, it grew licentious and profane; but it is no wonder that a court, deſtitute of every virtue, ſhould run from one extreme to the other, from fanaticiſm to licentiouſneſs, and be able to corrupt and poiſon all the fountains of inſtruction.

Before we proceed to Tragedy and Comedy, the only Species of Dramatic Poetry worthy our particular attention, it may be neceſſary to obſerve, that many of the rules laid down by the antients and other critics for the conduct of the Drama, are abſurd or trifling, and ſeem intended rather to curb and embarraſs the poet, than to lead and aſſiſt him.

Of this ſort is that rule (tho' in Tragedy approved by *Voſſius*) which forbids an actor to go off the Stage more than five times; for there can be no reaſon aſſigned why he may not abſent himſelf oftner, if the buſineſs he is engaged in requires it. The confining the perſons of the Drama to any particular number, ſeems altogether as abſurd. *Voſſius*, I think, allows fourteen, which, excluſive of attendants, are indeed more than are generally concerned in works of this nature; but if an author can employ fifteen or ſixteen, or a greater number, to the pleaſure and improvement of the audience, no wiſe man will complain of the innovation. Nor has that rule, which permits only three to ſpeak in one ſcene, any ſhew of truth or reaſon to ſupport it, tho' confirmed by *Horace* himſelf.

"*And in one ſcene no more than three ſhould ſpeak.*"
ROSCOMMON.

For it would ſeem abſurd always to confine a converſation

with a Chorus of Angels, and a Cherubim thus ſpeaks: "Let the "rain-bow be the fiddle-ſtick of the heavens, let the planets be the "notes of our muſic, let time beat carefully the meaſure, and the "winds make the ſharps."

within that number; if more are neceſſary, they are to be introduced, and, when upon the Stage, are to ſpeak and act the parts aſſigned them.

It is difficult to read the works of the great authors of antiquity, without being prejudiced in favour of their opinions. Great abilities often ſanctify and recommend, as it were, foibles and errors; and many a man has left truth and nature to follow *Ariſtotle* and *Horace*, without conſidering (what was probably the caſe) that theſe great critics founded their laws not always on nature, but ſometimes on the practice of their beſt Dramatic Writers. Had truth and nature been conſulted, a converſation on the Stage would never have been confined to three perſons, or their plays preciſely to five acts; ſince, in the firſt caſe, there is no impropriety in bringing in a larger number; and, in the laſt, a different diſtribution may have been altogether as elegant, and ſometimes perhaps more convenient. — But we ſhall quit theſe trifles, to conſider the more eſſential parts of the Drama.

A Play, according to Mr. *Dryden*, is "a juſt and lively "image of human nature, repreſenting its paſſions and "humours, and the changes of fortune to which it is "ſubject, for the delight and inſtruction of mankind." If this definition be perfect, and I don't know where we can find a better, nature muſt be our principal guide, and many of the rules inſiſted on by the critics, will fall to the ground. The Unities, indeed, of Action, Time, and Place, are to be regarded as much as poſſible, becauſe they are correſpondent with nature, and, the more they are obſerved, the more perfect will be the Play. It is the buſineſs of the Drama ſo to deceive the mind, that the Spectator may forget the repreſentation, and conſider the action as real. If the mind by its fixt attention was not miſled or biaſſed in this manner, we ſhould ſeldom weep at Tragedy, or feel the ſatyrical ſtrokes of Comedy; and, in order to raiſe and ſupport this deception, the three Unities we have mentioned, muſt be attended to with care.

If the Action was more than one, it would perplex the audience; it would appear confuſed and improbable, and therefore not ſuſtain the mind in the ſtate of de-

ception before-mentioned. We have indeed in many of our beſt Plays, an Under-plot, which often ſeems like another Action, but is not ſo in reality; for it has its ſource from the principal Action, is dependant on it, and at laſt reſolved into it again.

The Unity of Time is alſo to be obſerved, for the reaſon abovementioned. The critics, I think, have confined this to twenty-four hours; but their determination has no adequate reaſon to ſupport it. As we are here guided by nature, and the audience are ſuppoſed to be ſo far miſled as to conſider the Action as real, and imagine themſelves in company with the characters perſonated by the players, it ſhould, if poſſible, coincide with the time taken up in the repreſentation. This coincidence, however, is not to be expected, much leſs inſiſted on; all that we would infer, therefore, from this obſervation, is, that the Poet ſhould keep as much as may be within the bounds of probability, and not make the portrait he draws from nature ſo much larger than the life as to appear monſtrous and diſtorted. If a man can ſo far deceive himſelf, as to ſuppoſe twenty-four hours included in three, he may, I think, extend his conceptions a little farther, without offering much greater violence to his underſtanding; and many of our Plays, though they take up a larger ſpace of time than is allowed by the critics, are truly valuable.

The Unity of *Place* ſeems to be of more conſequence than that of *Time*, not only becauſe no man can ſo far impoſe on his underſtanding as to conceive that he has travelled from *London* to *Bath*, and from *Bath* to *London*, while he ſat ſtill on the ſame bench; but becauſe theſe ſuppoſed journeys, taking up ſeveral days, would break in upon the Unity of Time itſelf. The Critics, therefore, have very wiſely fixed the Unity of Place to one town or city, which is the utmoſt ſtretch the imagination can be ſuppoſed to bear.

From what has been ſaid, the young ſtudent will perceive that great attention muſt be paid to the Unities of the Drama; and, tho' he cannot always come up to th truth, he ſhould endeavour to keep as near it as poſſible, that no manifeſt incongruity may appear, to make the

audience laugh where he would wiſh to excite a different ſenſation.

And, indeed, the ſame care is to be taken thro' the whole Fable or Plot; for the contrivance, like a piece of elegant muſic, ſhould be ſuch, that all the parts, however multiplied and divided, may harmonize, and become members of the ſame body. No epiſodes or incidents are to be introduced, however beautiful in themſelves, unleſs they are ſubſervient to the Action, and contribute to the main deſign.

With regard to the characters, they are to be uniform in themſelves; that is, each perſon is to have the manners, ſentiments, and diction, ſuitable to his ſtation in life and diſpoſition of mind: and, when they are borrowed from hiſtory, the poet ſhould take care not to contradict the hiſtorian, by giving his perſonages diſpoſitions different from what we are told nature had allotted them, becauſe this would deſtroy probability.

The *Exits* and *Entrances* of the perſons of the Drama are likewiſe to be regarded; and that all the parts may cohere together, every man ſhould be ſeen in purſuit of his own buſineſs, not that of the Poet. To make theſe eaſy and natural, ſome reaſon ſhould appear to the audience, why each perſon goes out and comes in: and, as the ſucceſs of a Play depends much upon the buſineſs tranſacted on the Stage, one part ſhould ſucceed another briskly and naturally: No broken ſcenes ſhould be ſuffered, nor the Stage ever left vacant during the whole act; becauſe this diſcovers the fiction, and removes all appearance of reality.

The ſame effect alſo have Soliloquies, eſpecially when too frequent or too long, or when brought in to relate ſomething to the audience, than which there cannot be a greater abſurdity; ſince this is introducing a man *ſolus* in company with a thouſand. The information uſually given the audience in this manner ſhould be conveyed by a converſation on the Stage, or it will be unnatural, and offend ſpectators of taſte and judgment. Soliloquies appear with more propriety in Tragedy than Comedy; becauſe a perſon elated with joy, or depreſſed with grief, fired with anger, or languiſhing in love, may be

ſuppoſed to converſe with himſelf: And Soliloquies of the deliberative kind when excited by any momentuous affair, are ſometimes natural, and have a good effect; but they ought all to be ſhort, and, in Comedy, tho' ever ſo conciſe, they are rarely to be admitted; for even the ſide whiſper, ſo much affected by ſome of the Comic Poets, very often appears unnatural and impertinent.

The diviſion which has been generally made of the Drama into the *Protaſis*, *Epitaſis*, *Cataſtaſis*, and *Cataſtrophe*, may be natural enough; yet none but the laſt ſhould be preciſely confined to any particular acts of the Play, but left to the Poet's diſcretion. The *Cataſtrophe* indeed muſt be confined to the laſt act, and even to the cloſe of it; for it is the very end of the Action, the point to which every thing is directed, and which, by removing all difficulties, winds up the plot, and diſcloſes the event. This part of the Drama requires great attention and judgment; and ſhould be ſo contrived, that every other part may run into it, as it were ſpontaneouſly, in order that the cloſe may appear natural and eaſy, at the ſame time that it ſtrikes the ſpectators with ſurprize. To produce this effect, the *Cataſtrophe* muſt be ſo carefully concealed, that not a clue may be found, which apparently leads us towards the diſcovery. On this depends the greateſt part of the pleaſure we receive from a well-written Play; for the ſpectator, like a traveller, after being led through a wilderneſs, and embarraſſed with tracts which croſs and interſect each other, finds a double pleaſure in ſeeing all the difficulties thus unexpectedly and ſurprizingly removed.

To this part of the Plot all the incidents, or little events (which ſtart up and give ſo much pleaſure in the courſe of the Drama) ſhould turn, but ſo turn as not to diſcloſe any part of the main deſign; and in the *Cataſtrophe* care muſt be taken to enforce an uſeful moral or leſſon in life, which, at the cloſe or winding up of the event, ſhould be impreſſed on the minds of the audience by a precept delivered in a few elegant lines.

Here it may be proper to ſay ſomething of the decorations of the Stage, about which our managers have been at great expence; and it muſt be owned, that the

Siſter Arts of Poetry, Painting, and Muſic, have in general been well employed; but a ſufficient uſe, or at leaſt a proper uſe, has not been always made of Muſic, eſpecially in Tragedy; where we often find a ſolemn and affecting ſcene introduced by an air from a pantomine entertainment. Theſe performances would, I apprehend, be more perfect and more pleaſing, if new muſic was particularly adapted to every Tragedy, and never played on any other occaſion. This, however, muſt be ſubmitted to the patentees, as alſo muſt the management of their dances; which are often not only ungraceful, and without meaning, but too frequently ill-timed, or miſplaced (not to ſay immodeſt); for a Comic Dance between acts intended to excite terror and pity is an inſufferable abſurdity.

CHAP. XXI.

Of COMEDY.

COMEDY and Tragedy are both directed to the ſame uſeful end: they ſeize our paſſions and affections, to lead us to virtue, and convey inſtructions to the mind, maſked under the mode of pleaſure. But the Poet is to conſider, that he has now left the borders of fairy land, and is got into real life, where his imagination muſt be always bounded by nature. He has now to do with the paſſions and affections, the intrigues, buſineſs, and misfortunes of mankind, and the characters he brings on the Stage muſt ever correſpond with the originals, and be ſuch as are ſeen in life.

Comedy is one of the great parts of *Dramatic* Poetry, repreſenting the *actions*, *humours*, and *cuſtoms* of common life. The deſign of *Comedy* is to make vice and folly appear ridiculous, and to recommend virtue, not ſo much by *Deſcription* as *perſonal Action*, being repreſented by perſons on a Stage, that the ſpectators may ſee and be aſhamed of thoſe failings in others, which they are too apt to overlook or excuſe in themſelves. In a word, Comedy is intended at once to *delight* and *inſtruct* mankind.

Comedies were formerly written in verſe, but our *Engliſh* writers have prudently laid aſide that practice; for

a reaſon very obvious to every man of underſtanding.

The things eſſential to Comedy are, the *Fable*, the *Manners*, the *Sentiments*, and the *Diction*. The *Fable* is the *Subject-matter* of the Poem, the foundation of the whole compoſition, or what we uſually call the *Plot*. As this is the chief thing in a Play, the Poet's firſt and principal care ought to be employed in the contrivance of it; that it be not ſeen through all at once, but open itſelf gradually, till it ends in a happy diſcovery; and that the ſeveral *Incidents*, or particular actions, may ſeem naturally to produce each other, and be all ſubſervient to, and promote the main deſign.

The *Manners* in Comedy, or other poetry, denote the *Temper*, *Genius*, and *Humour* which the Poet gives to his Perſons, and whereby he diſtinguiſhes his Characters. The *Manners* are ſaid to be *good* when they are well expreſſed, that is, when the diſcourſe of the perſons plainly diſcover their inclinations, and what reſolutions they will certainly purſue. In Characters taken from hiſtory, the Poet muſt preſerve a Likeneſs of Manners, that is, he muſt not give a Perſon any quality contrary to thoſe which hiſtory has given him. And in the Characters he draws from life, he muſt take care not to fix upon any perſon of his acquaintance who has any particular foible or affectation by which he may be diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of mankind; for it is the buſineſs of the Comic Poet to ſpread the load equally, and to form his Characters from follies and vices, that are general, in order that many may be inſtructed, and all diverted by his performance. A particular character can hit only a particular perſon, and is therefore of no uſe to any one elſe; nay, it is rather perſonal abuſe than comic humour: but when the poet makes up his characters of follies and abſurdities that are general, and holds up the glaſs for every man to ſee himſelf, the leſſon becomes univerſal, and therefore truly valuable. It is alſo required, that the *Manners* be *ſuitable* to the age, ſex, rank, climate, and condition of the perſon to whom they are attributed. And they muſt be *equal*, that is, conſtant or conſiſtent through the whole character: the *fearful* muſt never be *brave*, the *avaritious* muſt never be *liberal*, &c. In this reſpect, *Shakeſpear*'s Manners are

admirable, and ought to be carefully ſtudied. The Manners ſhould alſo be *neceſſary*, that is no quality or inclination ſhould be given to any perſon in a Play, unleſs it be requiſite to the carrying on of the Action. Upon the whole, the Poet muſt look into nature, muſt ſtudy mankind, and from thence draw the proprieties of Characters or Manners.

Horace, in his *Art of Poetry*, has ſo juſtly deſcribed the Manners that are ſuitable to the ſeveral ſtages of life, that a Poet ſhould always have them in his view. The paſſage is ſuch a beautiful picture of human nature, that I cannot forbear giving the Reader a copy of it from the Earl of *Roſcommon*'s excellent tranſlation.

One that has newly learn'd to *ſpeak* and *go*
Loves *childiſh* plays, is ſoon provok'd and pleas'd,
And changes ev'ry hour his wav'ring mind.
A *youth*, that firſt caſts off his tutor's yoke,
Loves horſes, hounds, and ſports, and exerciſe;
Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,
Proud, careleſs, fond, inconſtant and profuſe.
Gain and ambition rule our *riper years*,
And make us ſlaves to intereſt and pow'r.
Old men are only walking hoſpitals,
Where all defects and all diſeaſes crowd,
With reſtleſs pain, and more tormenting fear;
Lazy, moroſe, full of delays and hopes,
Oppreſs'd with riches which they dare not uſe;
Ill-natur'd cenſors of the preſent age,
And fond of all the follies of the paſt.
Thus all the treaſure of our flowing years
Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
Boys muſt not have th' ambitious cares of *men*,
Nor *men* the weak anxieties of *age*.

As to what we call *Humour*, it is uſually looked on as peculiar to the *Engliſh* Drama; at leaſt our Comic Poets have excelled therein, and carried it beyond thoſe of any other nation. By *Humour* is meant ſome extravagant *habit*, *paſſion*, or *affectation*, by the oddneſs whereof a perſon is diſtinguſhed from the reſt of men; which, being repreſented in a lively and natural manner, moſt frequently begets that pleaſure in the audience which is

teſtified by laughter. The critics conſider *Humour* as a ſubordinate or weaker paſſion, chiefly found among the lower ſort of people, whoſe characters are therefore fitteſt for *Comedy*, in which Humour is reckoned tho trueſt *Wit*. The Duke of *Buckinghamſhire*, a very good judge of theſe matters, makes Humour to be all in all. *Wit*, according to him, ſhould never be uſed but to add an agreeableneſs to ſome juſt and proper ſentiment, which, for want of ſuch a turn, might paſs without its effect.

That ſilly thing men call *Sheer-wit*, avoid,
With which our age ſo nauſeouſly is cloy'd:
Humour is all; *Wit* ſhould be only brought
To turn agreeably ſome proper thought.

With regard to the Sentiments in Dramatic Writings, the Poet muſt take care that they agree with the *Manners* of his Characters. In order to this, he muſt not be content to look into his own mind, to ſee what he himſelf would think in any conjuncture or circumſtance; but he muſt conſider the temper, the quality, the prevailing paſſion of the perſon whoſe character he is to draw: he himſelf muſt aſſume as it were, the *Manners* of that perſon, and then make him think and ſpeak as, it is probable, ſuch a one would really do on the ſame ſubject or occaſion. This requires a thorough knowledge of nature, a ſtrong imagination, and great genius.

The Stile of Comedy ſhould be *pure* and *neat*, but *ſimple* and *familiar*; neither above the reach of ordinary capacities, nor ſullied with baſe and vulgar expreſſions. In all Dramatic Writings the *Language* ſhould naturally expreſs the Sentiments, and be agreeable to the *Character* of the ſpeaker, as *Horace* has well obſerved:

You muſt take care, and uſe quite diff'rent words
When *Servants* ſpeak, or their commanding *Lords*,
When grave *old men*, or headſtrong *youths* diſcourſe,
When ſtately *matrons*, or a buſy *nurſe*,
A cheating *tradeſman*, or a lab'ring *clown*,
A *Greek* or *Aſian*, bred at *court* or *town*.

The parts of a Comedy are four: *viz.* 1. The *Protaſis* or *Entrance*, which proceeds very little into the Action, but ſhews us the characters of the perſons. 2. The *Epitaſis*, or *Working-up of the Plot*, wherein the Play grows warmer, the Deſign or Action draws on and thickens, and we ſee ſomething promiſing. 3. The *Cataſtaſis*, or *Full-growth* of the Plot, which is now brought to its greateſt height; but here the Play takes what we may call a *Counter-turn*, our expectation is deſtroyed, and the Action embroiled in new difficulties. 4. The *Cataſtrophe*, which we call the *Diſcovery* or *Unravelling* of the Plot, wherein we ſee all things ſettling again upon their firſt foundations, and terminating in an unexpected happy iſſue.

A Comedy is divided into five parts called *Acts*; and every Play that has more or leſs than five is reckoned irregular. This was a dramatic law in *Horace*'s time, and ſtands unrepealed to this day; tho' it ſeems to draw its force from the authority of *antiquity*, rather than that of *reaſon* or *nature*. However, ſome pretend, that every juſt Action conſiſts of five diſtinct parts, and accordingly aſſign one to each Act in a Play. The firſt, ſay they, propoſes the Matter or Argument of the Fable, and ſhews the principal Characters. The ſecond proceeds into the Affair or Buſineſs. The third furniſhes Obſtacles and Difficulties. The fourth either removes thoſe Difficulties, or finds new ones in the attempt. The fifth puts an end to all by a fortunate diſcovery. This diviſion of a Play into ſeveral Acts is contrived to give a reſpite or breathing-time both to the actors and ſpectators; for in the interval between the Acts the Stage remains empty, and without any viſible Action, tho' it is ſuppoſed all the while there is one carrying on out of ſight. This diviſion, however, is not made purely for the ſake of the reſpite, but to give things a greater degree of probability, and to render the intrigue more affecting. Add to this, that authors contrive to have the moſt dry and difficult parts of the Drama tranſacted between the Acts, as well to preſerve the Unity of Time, as that the ſpectators may have no notion of theſe, but what their fancy preſents them with at a diſtance, and that nothing may appear on the Stage but

what is natural and entertaining. The *Acts* of a Play are divided into Scenes, the number whereof is not fixed, either by reaſon or experience, but depends on the buſineſs to be done in each Act, and the number of perſons to be employed.—Here it is proper to take notice, that in moſt of our printed Plays a new *Scene* is never expreſſed to begin, but when the Place of Action is ſuppoſed to be changed by ſhifting the moveable Scene in the repreſentation; whereas a Scene, conſidered as a diviſion of an Act, is properly ſo much of it as is ſpoken or acted by any number of perſons preſent upon the Stage at the ſame time. Whenever, therefore, a new actor appears, or an old one diſappears, the Action being changed into other hands, a new Scene then commences. It is one of the laws of the Drama, though not ſufficiently obſerved, that the Scenes be well connected, *i. e.* that they ſucceed one another in ſuch a manner that the Stage be never left quite empty till the end of the Act.

The Reader may perhaps expect, from the method we have hitherto obſerved, that we ſhould now give him a ſpecimen of this ſort of Dramatic Poetry; but as pieces written for the Stage are much too long for the compaſs of our preſent undertaking, we can only refer him to the works of *Shakeſpear*, that great maſter of nature; to thoſe of *Ben Johnſon*, who was a careful obſerver of the laws of the *Drama*; and to the Comedies of *Congreve*, *Steele*, *Vanburgh*, *Cibber*, and other modern Poets, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in this ſpecies of the Drama.——We now proceed to Tragedy.

CHAP. XXII.

Of TRAGEDY.

TRagedy is a *Dramatic Poem* repreſenting ſome *ſignal Action* performed by *illuſtrious perſons*, and which has frequently a fatal iſſue: Or (if you like *Ariſtotle*'s definition of it better) it is the *imitation* of one *grave* and *intire Action*, of a juſt length, and which, without the aſſiſtance of *Narration* raiſes in us *pity* and *terror*, and

refines and purges the paſſions. By refining the paſſions is meant the reducing them to proper bounds; for Tragedy, by ſhewing the miſeries that attend the ſubjection to them, teaches us to watch them more narrowly; and, by ſeeing the great misfortunes of others, the ſenſe of our own is leſſened. Writings of this kind tend to cheriſh and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature; they ſoften inſolence, ſooth affliction, and ſubdue the mind to the diſpenſations of providence.

Our Tragedies are generally written in *blank* verſe, which is a due medium between *proſe* and *rhyme*, and ſeems wonderfully adapted to this kind of Drama. But the Poet frequently ends his Play, or perhaps every Act of it, with two or three couplets, which have an agreeable effect, and give the Actor a graceful *exit*.

In Tragedy, as well as Comedy, the eſſential parts are the *Fable*, *Manners*, *Sentiments*, and *Diction*.

The *Fable* is of Tragedy the end,
To which the *grand deſign* does wholly tend.
The Poet here employs his care and art
To move the paſſions, and incline the heart:
But if, in labour'd Acts, the pleaſing rage
Cannot by turns our *hopes* and *fears* engage,
Nor in our minds a *feeling pity* raiſe,
In vain with learned Scenes he fills his Plays.

As the Fable, or Main-plot, conſiſts of many incidents or Scenes, the Poet ſhould make a draught of theſe before he begins to write, wherein he ſhould mark all the fine touches of the paſſions, and the admirable turns that produce them: and, having thus the whole plan before him, he will the better diſcover and correct its faults before he proceeds to the execution of it. This is a rule laid down by the Duke of *Buckinghamſhire*, who ſays,

Beſide the *main Deſign* compos'd with art,
Each *moving Scene* muſt have a *Plot* apart.
Contrive each little turn, mark ev'ry place,
As painters firſt chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own ſlave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiſs.

Such *Incidents* as are moſt productive of *terror* and *compaſſion*, are the moſt proper for *Tragedy*. Theſe are ſuch as happen among friends and relations; as when a *brother* kills, or is going to kill a *brother*, a *father* or *mother* their *ſon*, or the *ſon* his *father* or *mother*, and the like. We may diſtinguiſh theſe Incidents into three kinds: The firſt, when a perſon has a perfect knowledge of what he does, or intends to do: the ſecond, when the actor does not know the heinouſneſs of his action till after it is done; and the third, when one perſon is going to kill another that is unknown to him, and is prevented by a diſcovery of their relation and friendſhip. Incidents of this laſt ſort are the moſt beautiful. The firſt have ſomething too *horrible*; but the ſecond are agreeable enough; for the crime being committed through *ignorance*, there is nothing in it flagitious or inhuman, and the diſcovery is extremely affecting. This naturally leads me to obſerve, that all Incidents are not to be repreſented on the Stage. Thoſe that are *ſhocking* are beſt tranſacted behind the Scenes, as that of *Medea*'s murdering her children, and ſuch like barbarities, which have too much *horror* in them to be viewed by an audience that does not delight in cruelty and bloodſhed. Add to this, that in all the *Incidents*, as well as in the *main Fable*, the Poet ſhould always keep within the bounds of probability. In the *Plot* great care muſt be taken to make every part, or under-action, contribute to the main-action, and aid the general deſign; for whatever can be left out of the Plot without prejudice to the principal Action, has no buſineſs in the Play. And the Incidents muſt produce each other in a manner unexpected by the audience, and ſo as to occaſion ſurprize, or they will fail of their intended effect both in Tragedy and Comedy.

As to the *Manners* of *Tragedy*, it is ſufficient to refer to what has been ſaid on that ſubject under the head of *Comedy*. What I have there obſerved with regard to the *Sentiments*, ſhould likewiſe be attended to; the ſubſtance of which is well expreſſed in the following lines:

The Poet ſtill muſt look within to find
The ſecret turns of nature in the mind.
He muſt be ſad, be proud, and in a ſtorm,
And to each character his mind conform:

The *Proteus* muſt all ſhapes, all paſſions wear,
If he would have *juſt Sentiments* appear.

With reſpect to the *Diction*, it muſt be adapted to the *Sentiments* and *Characters*; and therefore the Stile of Tragedy ſhould not always be equal and *uniform*, but judiciouſly *diverſified*. Care muſt be taken to make every *paſſion* ſpeak a language ſuitable to its nature. *Anger* is proud, and utters haughty expreſſions, but talks in words leſs fierce and fiery as it abates: *Grief* is more humble, and uſes a language like itſelf, *dejected*, *plain*, and *ſorrowful*.

Wiſe nature by variety does pleaſe,
And diff'ring paſſions wear a diff'ring dreſs.
Bold *anger* in rough haughty words appears;
Sorrow is humble, and diſſolves in tears.
Make not your *Hecuba* with fury rage,
And ſhew a ranting grief upon the Stage.
In ſorrow you muſt ſofter methods keep,
And, to excite our tears, yourſelf muſt weep.
Thoſe bombaſt words, with which bad Plays abound,
Come not from hearts that are in ſadneſs drown'd.

The critics require three *Unities* to be obſerved in every regular Play, *viz*, thoſe of *Action*, *Time*, and *Place*; which, notwithſtanding they are explained in our Chapter of the Drama in general, it may be neceſſary to take ſome notice of here.

By the *Unity* of *Action* they mean, that *one* great Action is to be carried on throughout the Play, on which all the *under* Actions muſt depend, and which they muſt all have a tendency to promote. For, ſay they, if two Actions be equally laboured and driven on by the Poet, the Unity of the Piece will be deſtroyed, and it will no longer be one Play, but two. The Action muſt alſo have a *Beginning*, *Middle*, and *End*; which *F. Boſſu*, a celebrated *French* critic, thus explains: The cauſes and deſigns of undertaking an Action, are the *Beginning*; the effects of thoſe cauſes, and the difficulties met with in the execution of it, are the *Middle*; and the unravelling and removing theſe difficulties, is the *End*.

By *Unity* of *Time* (ſtrictly ſpeaking) is meant, that all the tranſactions repreſented in a Play, may naturally be

ſuppoſed to have paſſed in as little time as is taken up in the repreſentation. This rule indeed is very ſeldom obſerved by Dramatic Poets; and the criticks are not agreed about the matter, ſome allowing *twenty four* hours, others *twelve*, and others but *four* or *five*, for the time of the Action. But, as every Play ought to be a *juſt imitation* of *nature*, the greater the *likeneſs* in this particular, as well as others, the more perfect the Piece muſt be eſteemed.

What is meant by *Unity of Place*, is that the Scene ſhould never be ſhifted throughout the Play, but remain in the ſame place where it was laid at the beginning. This indeed would be to keep cloſe to nature and probability; for what is preſented on the ſame *Stage*, which is never moved, ſhould be ſuppoſed to have paſſed in the ſame houſe, and the ſame apartment. But, as this reſtraint would cramp the Poet too much, and would ſuit very ill with abundance of ſubjects, the *Unity* of *Place* is allowed to be ſufficiently obſerved, if the Action is confined to the ſame town or city: The Scene, however, ought never to be changed in the middle of an Act. In general, the *French*, (in imitation of the antients) obſerve this law more ſtrictly than the *Engliſh*; but the more judicious and accurate of our writers take care not to deviate too far from probability, by ſhifting the Scene between the Acts much farther than the perſons concerned may be ſuppoſed to have gone in the interval, and therefore ſeldom carry it out of the ſame town. Others have no regard at all to *Unity* of *Place*; and moſt of our great *Shakeſpear*'s Plays are faulty in this reſpect.

The *Characters* moſt proper for *Tragedy* are thoſe which are neither *conſummately virtuous* and *innocent*, nor *ſcandalouſly wicked*. To make a perfectly good man unhappy excites *horror*, not *terror* or *compaſſion*. To puniſh a notorious criminal gives us a ſort of ſatisfaction, but neither creates *fear* nor *pity*, which is the buſineſs of Tragedy. The Poets ſhould not make a perſon draw his misfortunes on himſelf by *ſuperlative wickedneſs*, but by ſome *involuntary* fault either committed thro' *ig-*

norance, or the tranſport of a *violent paſſion*. Hear what the Duke of *Buckinghamſhire* ſays upon this ſubject:

Reject that vulgar error, which appears
So fond of making *perfect Characters:*
There's no ſuch thing in nature, and you'll draw
A *faultleſs monſter*, which the world ne'er ſaw.
Some faults muſt be, which his misfortunes drew,
But ſuch as may deſerve compaſſion too.

Tragedy is not always to end with the misfortunes of ſome principal perſon; for ſometimes it may have a happy *Cataſtrophe*, and ſometimes a double one; that is, happy for the *good*, and unhappy for the *guilty*; but the *ſingle* and *unfortunate* Cataſtrophe is reckoned the beſt, as it is moſt likely to produce *terror* and *compaſſion*.—It is a diſpute indeed among the critics, whether *virtue* ſhould *always* be rewarded, and *vice* puniſhed in the Cataſtrophe of a Tragedy; but the reaſons on the negative ſide ſeem the ſtrongeſt.

The *Plot* or *Fable* of a Play is generally unravelled by ſome accidental *diſcovery* of the *name*, *fortune*, *quality*, or other circumſtances of a principal perſon before unkown. Thoſe *diſcoveries*, which are immediately followed by a change of the fortune or condition of ſome chief character, are the moſt beautiful, and have the beſt effect upon the audience. There are ſeveral ſorts of *diſcoveries:* Firſt, by certain marks in the body, either natural or accidental: ſuch as that of *Ulyſſes*, who, having received a wound in his thigh by a boar before the *Trojan* war, is diſcovered by the old nurſe, upon waſhing his legs, after his return home *incognito*. Secondly, by *Tokens*; as the caſket of things, which the prieſt found with *Ion* when he was expoſed, diſcovers *Creuſa*, whom he was going to kill to be his mother. Thirdly, by *Remembrance*; that is when the ſight or hearing of any thing occaſions us to recollect our misfortunes: Thus, when *Ulyſſes* heard *Demodocus* ſing his actions at the ſiege of *Troy*, the memory of them ſo affected him that he could not refrain from tears, which diſcovered him to *Alcinous:* but the fineſt *Diſcoveries* are thoſe which ariſe from the Subject, or *Incidents* of the *Fable*; as that of *Oedipus* from his exceſſive curioſity, or that of *Oreſtes*,

when he diſcovers *Iphigenia* by a letter ſent by *Pylades*, which it was natural for her to ſend on that occaſion.

Thus we have laid down the chief rules and obſervations relating to the *Drama*, as they have been delivered to us by the greateſt critics, antient and modern: but the Reader will excuſe our not giving him an example of *Tragedy*, for the reaſon mentioned at the concluſion of the foregoing chapter. We know, indeed, that one good example, is in a work of this nature worth a thouſand precepts, and, to thoſe who would thoroughly underſtand the nature of this part of Dramatic Poeſy, we muſt recommend the conſtant and careful ſtudy of *Shakeſpear*, *Otway*, *Rowe*, and other Tragic Writers of eſtabliſhed reputation.———We now proceed to other Dramatic or Stage Entertainments, which it may be proper to take ſome notice of, though they are not conformable to the rules of the Drama laid down by the beſt critics.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of FARCE, MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS, OPERA, *and* PANTOMIME.

AFTER Comedy and Tragedy, it may be neceſſary to ſay ſomething of the other Entertainments that are brought upon the Stage, and thoſe, I think, are all included in the preceding title; for we do not conſider Oratorios as within our province, becauſe they are performed without what is properly called Action upon the Stage, and therefore are ſubject to none of the rules of the Drama.

A FARCE is an Entertainment of the comic kind, but 'tis Comedy (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) beyond the reach of reaſon; being founded on improbable and often monſtrous chimæras, and made up of characters and incidents drawn out of nature; ſo that the events are forced and abſurd, and the humour, too frequently,

childiſh and extravagant. It addreſſes the fancy, which has ſome pleaſure in ſeeing improbabilities ſo artfully linked together as not to diſguſt the mind, and, like Comedy, it makes us laugh, tho' often upon different principles.

Of theſe we have very few that deſerve our notice, Mr. *Garrick*'s LETHE, is by far the beſt I have ſeen, and is indeed, too good to be claſſed with theſe performances; for it has many natural and well ſupported characters, and affords a great deal of entertainment and uſeful inſtruction.

The FARCE ſeems in a great meaſure diſplaced by a new kind of Entertainment, which, I think, ſhould be called Little Comedies, ſince they are within the bounds of nature and probability, are made up of characters drawn from life, and have every other eſſential property of the Comedy. And of theſe we have lately been preſented with ſome that are truly valuable by Mr. *Garrick*, Mr. *Murphy*, Mr. *Foote*, and others.

By MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS, I mean thoſe which have a Plot like the Farce, or Little Comedy, and where there is ſpeaking and acting intermixed with ſongs, and ſometimes with recitative. Of theſe we have many ſet to muſic by gentlemen of diſtinguiſhed taſte and judgment; but thoſe that have no recitative, are I think, the beſt, becauſe that is a ſpecies of muſic, which can ſeldom be admitted without doing violence to nature and reaſon.

The OPERA is a Dramatic Entertainment, which the performers ſing to muſical inſtruments. The inſtrumental muſic and the voices are often excellent, and the dreſſes, ſcenes, and machinery very grand and ſurpriſing; but the conduct of the Drama is, I think, an inſult upon the underſtanding. Who can bear to hear affairs of ſtate debated in recitative, or to ſee *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, and *Cæſar*, thoſe mighty conquerors of the world, warbling out orders to their generals in the voice of a woman, reſponſive to the ſoft airs of a fiddle and flute? What can be more prepoſterous than to hear a reprimand, or a common meſſage, quavered to a ſervant? Or what more abſurd than to ſee a perſon ſtop, even when on buſineſs of the utmoſt conſequence, to ſing

a ſong?——Which laſt Mr. *Gay* has very judiciouſly ridiculed in the Second Act of his *Beggar's Opera*; where, at a time when *Lucy* has juſt contrived the means of *Macheath*'s eſcape, and is intent on getting him off undiſcovered, ſhe ſtops him to hear her ſing this ſong.

I like the fox ſhall grieve,
Whoſe mate hath left her ſide,
Whom hounds from morn to eve
Chace o'er the country wide.
Where can my lover hide?
Where cheat the wary pack?
If love be not his guide,
He never will come back.

Yet, notwithſtanding theſe and other abſurdities with which moſt of the Operas abound, it is beyond the power of perſuaſion, and indeed of ridicule, to prevent their being frequently exhibited and applauded: for here we are led away by ſight and by ſound, which, as it were, ſeem united againſt reaſon and common ſenſe; and the eye and the ear are feaſted without any regard to the underſtanding. It muſt be acknowledged, indeed, that ſome of theſe performances have great merit both as to the poetry, the contrivance, and other eſſentials of the Drama, and would prove rational entertainments to perſons of the moſt refined taſte and judgment, were they not rendered unnatural and offenſive by a perpetual recitative, and made ſtill more abſurd by their method of tranſacting the moſt important affairs with a fiddle.

The PANTOMIME had its riſe probably from the ancient Mimes, a ſort of actors who had the art (it is ſaid) of conveying their ideas, ſentiments, and paſſions to the ſpectators, of whatever nation, with amazing dexterity; and that by dumb ſhew or action only. If this be true, we are ſorry the art is loſt, becauſe it muſt, in ſome degree, have anſwered the end of an univerſal language; beſides which it muſt be pleaſant to ſee a tale thus told in the language of the limbs.

Our Pantomine, or *Harlequin* Entertainments, as they are now called, are of a different nature, and are made

pleaſing, rather by ſcenes, muſic, machinery, and antic tricks, than by any expreſſive geſture in the performers, or inſtruction conveyed by the piece; for, if I miſtake not, they are altogether deficient both with regard to Plot and Moral, and can produce no other effect on the ſpectators, than that of making them ſtare and laugh. Beſides which (and there cannot be a greater abſurdity) all theſe Pieces have the ſame Plan or Deſign, and are made up of the ſame Characters; which are *Harlequin*, *Colombine*, *Pantaloon*, *Pierrot*, and a Squire. *Harlequin*, who is ſuppoſed to deal with the infernal powers by means of a necromancer, is in love with *Colombine*, and ſhe with him; but they are croſſed in their affections by *Pantaloon*, her father, *Pierrot* his man, and a Squire, who is alſo an admirer of Miſs *Colombine*. This occaſions a great deal of buſtle and confuſion, and gives *Harlequin* an opportunity of working wonders with his wooden ſword, in which his wit as well as his power ſeems chiefly to conſiſt. After many amazing transformations, and other abſurd tricks, in which *Pantaloon* the father is with the reſt entrapt and puniſhed, to the gratification of his pious daughter and her gallant; ſome powerful being ſteps forth, and puts *Pantaloon* into a good humour, who thereupon makes *Harlequin* a preſent of his dutiful daughter, and thus the hotch-potch ends with a wedding, to the great joy of the critics in the upper gallery.

If the contrivers of theſe Entertainments, who diſtribute magic ſo profuſely to others, were any conjurers themſelves, they might not only introduce new characters, but form plots of a moral tendency, that would leave ſome uſeful leſſon in the minds of the audience; and the moral might be conveyed more forcibly, and perhaps more agreeably, by interſperſing occaſional ſongs that are ſhort and inſtructive; for we are ever to conſider that thoſe pieces, which do not inſtruct as well as divert, have no buſineſs upon the Stage; which was originally intended to ridicule folly and vice, to correct abuſe, to fire the breaſt with noble paſſions, and to preſent ſuch characters as tend to inſpire the ſoul with the love of virtuous and great actions, and which are therefore worthy of our imitation.

CHAP XXIV.

Of PROLOGUES, *and* EPILOGUES.

OF a piece with the Drama are the Prologue and Epilogue; ſince moſt Dramatic Performances, and eſpecially Tragedy and Comedy, are preceded by the one, and followed by the other. Theſe little poems are of ſuch antient date, and ſo many and various in their turn and manner, that an hiſtory of them would be no diſagreeable preſent to the public; eſpecially of the Prologues, in which the audience have occaſionally been ſolicited, implored, cajoled, and even bullied and abuſed.

Dryden wrote numbers of them for his cotemporary authors, at the uſual price of four guineas; and theſe Prologues, as Dr. *Warburton* * obſerves, "we now look "upon with the ſame admiration, that the virtuoſi do "on the *apothecary*'s pots painted by *Raphael*." For this great Poet never drew his pen without leaving behind him evident ſtrokes of the maſter.

We have many modern compoſitions of this kind that are truly excellent, but none perhaps that exceed the following Prologue written by Mr. *Samuel Johnſon*, and ſpoken by Mr. *Garrick* at the opening of the Theatre in *Drury-lane*, in the year 1747.

When learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
Firſt rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKESPEAR roſe;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhauſted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Exiſtence ſaw him ſpurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful ſtrokes preſiding Truth impreſs'd,
And unreſiſted paſſion ſtorm'd the breaſt.

Then JOHNSON came, inſtructed from the ſchool,
To pleaſe in method, and invent by rule;
His ſtudious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach eſſay'd the heart;

* See Note to *Pope*'s Works.

Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For thoſe who durſt not cenſure, ſcarce cou'd praiſe.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like *Egypt*'s kings, a laſting tomb.
The wits of CHARLES found eaſier ways to fame,
Nor wiſh'd for JOHNSON' art, or SHAKESPEAR's flame;
Themſelves they ſtudied, as they felt they writ,
Intrigue was plot, obſcenity was wit.
Vice always found a ſympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like theſe aſpir'd to laſting praiſe,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days:
Their cauſe was gen'ral, their ſupports were ſtrong,
Their ſlaves were willing, and their reign was long;
Till ſhame regain'd the poſt that ſenſe betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.
Then cruſh'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd, while paſſion ſlept,
Yet ſtill did virtue deign the ſtage to tread,
Philoſophy remain'd, though nature fled.
But forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,
She ſaw great *Fauſtus* lay the ghoſt of wit:
Exulting folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her ſway.
But who the coming changes can preſage,
And mark the future periods of the ſtage?
Perhaps, if ſkill could diſtant times explore,
New *Behns*, new *Durfeys* yet remain in ſtore.
Perhaps, where *Lear* has rav'd, and *Hamlet* dy'd,
On flying cars new ſorcerers may ride.
Perhaps (for who can gueſs the effects of chance?)
Here *Hunt* may box, or *Mahomet* may dance.
Hard is his lot, that here by fortune plac'd,
Muſt watch the wild viciſſitudes of taſte;
With every meteor of caprice muſt play,
And chace the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not cenſure term our fate our choice,
The ſtage but echoes back the public voice,
The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
For we, that live to pleaſe, muſt pleaſe to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrant's doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of reſcu'd nature and reviving ſenſe;
To chace the charms of ſound, the pomp of ſhow,
For uſeful mirth and ſalutary woe;
Bid Scenic Virtue form the riſing age,
And truth diffuſe her radiance from the ſtage.

Prologues are of more uſe than Epilogues, and in ſome caſes neceſſary; becauſe like a preface to a book, they prepare the mind for what is to follow, and while they have this propriety, they have a good effect; but if they betray any part of the plot, or recommend an action that deſerves our contempt, or excite in the audience too high an opinion of the play, they are not to be endured. Mr. *Garrick*'s prologue to the farce call'd *Taſte*, tho' otherwiſe an excellent performance, is faulty in this laſt reſpect, and becomes bad by being too good; for it not only anticipated in ſome meaſure the deſign of the farce, but, by the humour it contained, raiſed an expectation in the audience which that performance could not ſatisfy, though in itſelf not unworthy of public attention.

Mr. *Pope's* Prologue to the Tragedy of *Cato*, though admired as a fine piece of writing, is, in my opinion, far from being a good Prologue; becauſe it recommends ſuicide, and raiſes a man to the ſkies, who evidently wanted fortitude, and was guilty of an action that nature abhors. To this it may be objected, that ſelf-murder was, in ſome caſes, eſteemed greatneſs of ſoul among the *Romans*, and was therefore cuſtomary, as it is too much with us; but we are to conſider, that the practice and cuſtoms of any particular nation, or indeed of all nations united, can never ſanctify an action ſo repugnant to nature and reaſon. —— Thoſe lines printed in *Italic* characters, are, I think, particularly exceptionable.

PROLOGUE to CATO, by Mr. POPE. Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

To wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:

For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the Stage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' every age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move,
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more generous cauſe,
Such tears as patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardor riſe,
And calls forth *Roman* drops from *Britiſh* eyes:
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato *thought, and god-like* Cato *was:*
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure heav'n itſelf ſurveys;
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.
While *Cato* gives his little ſenate laws,
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Even when proud *Cæsar*, 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd *Rome* her *Cato*'s figure drawn in ſtate,
As her dead father's rev'rend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt,
The triumph ceas'd — Tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye,
The world's great victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected *Rome* ador'd,
And honour'd *Cæſar*'s leſs than *Cato*'s ſword.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhow you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt-fam'd *Cato* view'd
Rome, *learning arts* * *from* Greece, *whom ſhe ſubdu'd.*
Our ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On *French* tranſlation, and *Italian* ſong:

* It can be no crime to learn arts even from the moſt abject nations, and eſpecially in our time, when kings ſend their ſubjects out to ſteal them. See the life of Sir *Thomas Lombe*.

Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone ſhould pleaſe a *Britiſh* ear,
As *Cato*'s ſelf would not diſdain to hear.

Epilogues, as well as Prologues, are always faulty when they want propriety, and Dr *Garth*'s to the Play abovementioned is, I think, particularly ſo; for, inſtead of ridiculing the *Romans* for thoſe acts of ſuicide, and giving us an antidote to ſelf murder, which an Epilogue to this Play ought to have done, he dwells upon the Love Epiſode only, and takes no notice of the principal Action.

EPILOGUE to CATO, by Dr. GARTH.
Spoken by Mrs. *Porter*.

What odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who would not liſten when young lovers woo?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt;
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancel'd, tho' in convents made.
Would you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves —— you may:
Be ſpiteful! —— and believe the things we ſay;
We hate you when you're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourſelves would chuſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.
Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your breaſt no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth uſurps the power of charms;
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate!
To ſwell in ſhow, and be a wretch in ſtate!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Even churches are no ſanctuaries now:
There golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddeſs that has nought to give.

Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artleſs, and the thoughts ſincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts leſs coveted than groves and ſprings.
Love then ſhall only mourn when truth complains,
And conſtancy feels tranſport in its chains;
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal;
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And every *Lucia* find a *Cato*'s ſon.

In this country, where ſuicide is more frequent than in any other part of the world, ſelf-murder ought not to be applauded on the Stage, or even admitted there, unleſs the force of the impreſſion is removed by a judicious Epilogue, which indeed is the only way of making theſe compoſitions uſeful; for the applying of them at the end of a grave and good leſſon, as they uſually are, merely to make people laugh, ſeems to me impertinent. For why the Moral, which the play was intended to enforce, ſhould be burleſqued and ridiculed, and the impreſſion made on us diſſipated, I cannot conceive. We have already obſerved, that the Stage ought to be made a ſuccedaneum to the Pulpit, ſince it is brought in aid of it to recommend virtue, and diſcountenance vice. Now, granting this affinity, ſuppoſe, that after a clergyman has made a ſerious and affecting diſcourſe, the clerk ſhould impertinently ſtart up, and with an antic geſture endeavour to diſſipate and deſtroy the good impreſſion his ſermon had made, would you not think him mad or ſtupid? Yet this is pretty much our conduct with reſpect to Epilogues; for the greateſt part of them either counter-act the Play they ſucceed, or are deſtitute of that propriety, which is neceſſary to render them of any value.

CHAP. XXV.

Of the EPIC *or* HEROIC POEM.

AN Epic or Heroic Poem is a Diſcourſe formed upon a Story partly real and partly feigned, repre-

ſenting ſome one glorious and fortunate action, that is diſtinguiſhed by a variety of wonderful, yet probable and pleaſing events, and delivered in verſe by way of Narration, in a ſublime and flowing ſtile, to form the manners, and inflame the mind with the love of virtue.

What diſtinguiſhes an *Epic* from a *Dramatic* Poem is, its being a *Narration* that comes immediately from the Poet, and is not repreſented, as in Tragedy, by perſons introduced for that purpoſe.

The chief things to be conſidered in an *Epic* Poem are, firſt, the Fable, that is, the *Form*, and artful repreſentation of the *Action*, which is the *Matter* of the Poem; and as the Action is more or leſs perfect, ſo is the Fable. The Action in an Epic Poem, as well as in Tragedy, muſt be *one*, not all the Actions of a Perſon's life; becauſe the mind is better ſatisfied with the contemplation of a ſingle object that is eaſily underſtood, than when it is perplexed with a variety, and loſt in confuſion. And on this principal Action muſt all the *Epiſodes* or *Under-actions* ſo depend, as to become different yet uſeful members of the ſame body, and contribute to its ſupport. It muſt likewiſe be *entire*, that is, complete in all its parts, or, as *Ariſtotle* deſcribes it, have a *Beginning*, a *Middle*, and an *End*. Nothing ſhould go before, be intermixed with, or follow after this main action, but what is related to it; nor ſhould any ſingle ſtep be omitted in that juſt and regular proceſs, which it muſt be ſuppoſed to take from its origin to its conſummation. The *Epic* Action ought alſo to be great, that it may ſtrike us with awe, and be ſuitable to the dignity of *Princes*, *Heroes*, and *illuſtrious Perſons*, who are ſuppoſed to be ſpeaking and acting in the Poem. It ſhould likewiſe be *intereſting*, that it may engage our paſſions and affections; and *entire*, that the mind may be wholly ſatisfied. As to its duration, it is not circumſcribed within any limited time; but the warmer and more violent the Action is, the ſhorter muſt be its continuance: Thus the *Iliad*, whoſe ſubject is the anger of *Achilles*, contains only forty-ſeven days; but the *Æneid*, whoſe Hero is of a quite different character, takes up a much longer time.

The *Manners* and *Sentiments* fall under the ſame rule as

thoſe of Tragedy * : And as to the *Diction*, it ought to be *perſpicuous*, but, at the ſame time *figurative*, *noble*, and *ſublime*.

See *Boileau*'s thoughts upon Epic Poetry, in the following verſes.

Would you your reader never ſhould be tir'd ?
Chuſe ſome great *Hero*, fit to be admir'd,
In courage ſignal, and in virtue bright ;
Let ev'n his imperfections give delight:
Let his great actions our attention bind :
Like *Cæſar*, or like *Scipio*, frame his mind ;
And not like *Oedipus*'s perjur'd race ;
A common conqueror is a theme too baſe.
Be your beginning plain, and take good heed,
Too ſoon you mount not on the airy ſteed ;
Nor tell your reader, in a thund'ring verſe,
I ſing the Conqueror of the Univerſe.
What can an author after this produce,
The lab'ring mountain muſt bring forth a mouſe.
Chuſe not your *Tale* of *Incidents* too full ;
Too much variety may make it dull.
Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with ſkill,
Abundantly does a whole *Iliad* fill.
Be your Narrations lively, ſhort, and ſmart;
In your Deſcriptions ſhew your nobleſt art ;
'Tis there your Poetry may be employ'd ;
But ev'ry trivial circumſtance avoid.
Let no mean objects ſtay the curious ſight ;
Allow your work a juſt and noble flight.
With figures numberleſs your ſtory grace,
And ev'ry thing in beauteous colours trace:
At once you may be *pleaſing* and *ſublime*,
And ſcorn a *heavy melancholy rhyme*.
Thus *Homer*'s works vaſt treaſures do unfold,
And whatſoe'er he touches turns to gold.
All in his hands new beauty does acquire ;
He always pleaſes, and can never tire.

* See Chap. XXII. on Tragedy.

A happy warmth he ev'ry where may boaſt,
Nor is he in too long Digreſſions loſt.
His verſes without rule a method find,
And of themſelves appear in order join'd.
All without trouble anſwers his intent,
Each ſyllable ſtill tending to th' Event.
Let his example your endeavours raiſe;
To love his writings is a kind of praiſe.

Theſe are the rules laid down by the critics for the Epic Poem, which, we may ſuppoſe, were originally drawn from the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*, and afterwards accommodated to the *Æneid*; for, as Mr. *Voltaire* juſtly obſerves, "the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey* of *Homer* being of a different nature, and the *Æneid* of *Virgil* partaking of both, the critics were obliged to eſtabliſh different rules, to make *Homer* conſiſtent with himſelf, and were afterwards under a neceſſity of forming new rules to reconcile *Virgil* with *Homer*," imitating in this reſpect, thoſe artiſts who are obliged to vary their manners and dimenſions, as faſhion or cuſtom changes the dreſs. This ſimilitude may appear ridiculous; but if ſo, it is of a piece with what has been often advanced by the critics on this head; for it muſt ſeem very abſurd and unreaſonable to refuſe a Poem the title of *Heroic* or *Epic*, merely becauſe it is not written exactly in the manner of *Homer* and *Virgil*. Every Poem ſhould be eſtimated by its merit, and if the Action be great, intereſting, and entire, if the Fable be ſo contrived, that the Epiſodes and Incidents may ariſe out of it in a probable, yet ſurpriſing manner, and appear in the end to aid, and be of a piece with the main Action; if the characters are ſuitable to the dignity of the deſign, and various, yet conſiſtent with themſelves; if the ſentiments are natural yet noble, and ſuitable to the characters; if the diction be in verſe that is truly ſublime; and if the whole convey a moral leſſon of great importance to mankind, and that related in a delightful manner, we may venture to call it an Epic Poem.

Our veneration for the antients would become mere enthuſiaſm and ſuperſtition, ſhould we ſuffer ourſelves to be ſo miſled by it, as to overlook an author's merit who does not appear in a *Grecian* or *Roman* dreſs. A modern

commander may be a great hero, though he fights not with the ſame arms as *Hector* or *Achilles*.

But to thoſe who conſider how ſeldom attempts are made in this manner of writing, and how very few have ſucceeded, this ſtricture on criticiſm will perhaps be thought uſeleſs.

The only authors that have ſo diſtinguiſhed themſelves as to obtain the name of Epic Poets, are (if I miſtake not) *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Milton*, and *Taſſo*, though many others have deſerved well of the public, and among theſe *Fenelon*, *Voltaire*, and *Glover*, ought to be mentioned with reſpect; and eſpecially the firſt; for though his *Telemachus* is written in proſe, and therefore cannot ſo properly be called a Poem, yet it has every other eſſential quality of the Epic, and contains a moral noble in itſelf, and capable of conveying much uſeful inſtruction.

Of Homer.

Homer had ſuch a comprehenſive genius, ſuch a fertile fancy, and was ſo well acquainted with perſons and things, and eſpecially with the paſſions and humours of mankind, that the antients eſteemed him as the great *High Prieſt* of Nature, who was admitted into her inmoſt choir, and inſtructed in her moſt ſolemn *Myſteries*. The characters of his perſons, though very numerous, are drawn with ſo much judgment, with ſuch a ſurpriſing variety, and ſo diſtinguiſhed by their manners and ſentiments, that every one has ſomething peculiar to himſelf, by which he is diſcovered even in his ſpeeches from all the reſt.

The diſtinctions he has obſerved in the different degrees of virtues and vices are extremely exact; and the ſingle quality of courage, which he has given to moſt of his heroes, is ſo wonderfully diverſified, that it appears different in each. Thus, in a fine piece of painting, where ſome particular paſſion is repreſented, every face appears affected; but the attitude and turn of the features ſhew, that each is affected in a different manner, or in a different degree.

If we may credit *Strabo* the Hiſtorian and Geographer, *Homer* has been as exact in his deſcription of countries and cities, as in that of his perſons: but what more particularly recommends him to readers of taſte and genius,

is his amazing imagination, his fertility of invention, which is indeed the very fountain of all Poetry, and diſcovers itſelf in a miraculous manner, not only in his Fable, Allegories, Machinery and Characters, but even in his Deſcriptions, Images and Similies, which are ever bold and animated. Every thing is alive in *Homer*. There is little of Narration; for the perſons appear as it were, before you, and ſpeak for themſelves. He has, as *Ariſtotle* obſerves, found out *living* words, and, by daring tropes and figures, conveys his ſentiments in an unuſual and ſurprizing manner.

In him a weapon *thirſts* to drink the blood of an enemy; an arrow is *impatient* to be on the wing; his Heroes are *cloathed* with courage and with fortitude. Even his Epithets diſcover his ſtrength of invention, and in many caſes anſwer the end of elaborate deſcriptions, eſpecially when compounded in his manner, as the *cloud-compelling* thunderer, the *far-darting Phœbus*, &c. Nor is the force of his invention much leſs obvious in the ſtructure of his verſe, and the dignity and harmony of his numbers; which flow from *Homer* with ſo much eaſe, ſays Mr. *Pope*, thar one would "imagine he had no other care than to tranſcribe as faſt as the *Muſes* dictated; and at the ſame time with ſo much force and inſpiring vigour, that they awaken and raiſe us like the ſound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verſe, the moſt rapid, and yet the moſt ſmooth imaginable."

"Thus, on whatever ſide we contemplate *Homer*, what principally ſtrikes us is his *Invention*. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his Fable more *extenſive* and *copious* than any other, his Manners more *lively* and *ſtrongly marked*, his Speeches more *affecting* and *tranſported*, his Sentiments more *warm* and *ſublime*, his Images and Deſcriptions more *full* and *animated*, his Expreſſion more *raiſed* and *daring*, and his Numbers more *rapid* and *various*.

"What he writes is of the moſt animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought,

you are not coldly informed of what was ſaid or done as from a third perſon; the Reader is hurried out of himſelf by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a ſpectator. The courſe of his verſes reſembles that of the army he deſcribes. *They pour along like a fire that ſweeps the whole earth before it.* 'Tis, however remarkable, that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not diſcovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fulleſt ſplendor. It grows in the progreſs, both upon himſelf and others, and becomes on fire like a charriot wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact diſpoſition, juſt thought, correct elocution, poliſhed numbers, may have been found in a thouſand; but this poetical fire, this *vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in works where all thoſe are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticiſm, and make us admire even while we diſapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with abſurdities, it brightens all the rubbiſh about it, till we ſee nothing but its own ſplendor. This *fire* is diſcerned in *Virgil*, but diſcerned as in a glaſs, reflected from *Homer*, more ſhining than fierce, but every where equal and conſtant. In *Lucan* and *Statius*, it burſts out in ſudden, ſhort, and interrupted flaſhes: In *Milton*, it glows like a furnace, kept up to an uncommon ardour by the force of art: In *Shakeſpear*, it ſtrikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: But in *Homer*, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irreſiſtibly."

"This ſtrong and ruling faculty was like a powerful ſtar, which, in the violence of its courſe, drew all things within its vortex. It ſeemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compaſs of nature; all the inward paſſions and affections of mankind, to ſupply his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his deſcriptions; but, wanting yet an ampler ſphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundleſs walk for his imagination, and created a world for himſelf in the invention of Fable; for that which *Ariſtotle* calls the *Soul of Poetry*, was firſt breathed into it by *Homer*."

Of the ILIAD.

As there was no true hiſtory before the firſt Olympiad, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that *Homer* took the ſubject of his Iliad from thoſe traditional ſtories which were handed down from father to ſon, reſpecting the *Trojan* war; adding ſuch other characters, allegories and circumſtances as were ſuitable to his deſign, which was evidently that of diſplaying to his countrymen, who were *Greeks*, the miſchievous effects of their too frequent diſſentions; and the benefits ariſing from a contrary conduct.

It is to be obſerved that at the time *Homer* wrote this Poem, and for ſome centuries before, the *Grecians* were divided into as many ſmall independent ſtates as they had large cities: And as their body politic and government were diſtinct and different, ſo was too often their intereſt, whence aroſe animoſities and ſometimes wars among themſelves, yet as theſe people had very powerful neighbours, and inveterate enemies, they were often obliged, notwithſtanding their own petty quarrels, to confederate themſelves together under one general for their mutual ſafety: And when they were thus united, and had no contention among them, they were generally victorious, and an over-match even for the *Perſians*; but on the contrary, when by their own feuds and diſſentions, their armies were divided and weakened, their enemies prevailed over them, and part of their country was diſpoiled.

Homer ſaw this, and knowing that an inſtructive leſſon on the ſubject, diſguiſ d under the allegories of an important action, and delivered in an inſinuating pleaſing manner, would do more good with ſuch a people than the moſt powerful oratory and argumentation, he compoſed his Iliad for their uſe; the deſign of which is to ſhew *that unanimity and concord among princes and governors, occaſioned the preſervation and proſperity of ſtates, and that diſcord brought on their deſtruction.* This, therefore is the principal moral of the Poem; and this he has exemplified in the anger of *Achilles* and its conſequences, which forms the action and fable of the poem which is as follows.

Several *Grecian* princes, independent of each other, are united againſt the *Trojans*, to revenge themſelves of an inſult offered to *Menelaus*, king of *Sparta*. They elect *Agamemnon*, brother to the injured prince, their general, who by an act of violence affronts *Achilles*, the moſt valiant of all the confederates; upon which this prince breaks the union, withdraws from the army, and obſtinately refuſes to fight for the common cauſe; whereupon there are contentions among the troops, who grow mutinous, and the *Trojans* taking advantage of the abſence of *Achilles*, and of their diſputes and diviſions; recover new ſpirits, deſtroy a great number of the *Greeks*, and preſs them ſo cloſe, that they are obliged to raiſe fortifications to ſecure their fleet, and are about to quit the *Phrygian* coaſt and to return home with diſhonour. *Agamemnon*, by the advice of the other princes, ſolicits a reconciliation with *Achilles*, but in vain. He continues inexorable and refuſes them aid, even at a time when all their beſt generals were wounded, their fortification deſtroy'd, and the fleet ſet on fire; at laſt, however, he permits his deareſt friend *Patroclus* to fight for the *Greeks* in his armour, who is killed by *Hector*; this draws the fury of *Achilles* on the *Trojans*, and *Agamemnon* and he having both ſeverely ſuffered for their folly, are made friends; *Achilles* returning again to the army, kills *Hector* with his own hand, and the *Trojans* are vanquiſhed. So that in this poem (which does not extend to the deſtruction of *Troy*, but ends with the death of *Hector*, becauſe that puts an end to the anger of *Achilles*, and the action is complete) the poet has fully inculcated his intended moral, by ſhewing the terrible effects which enſued from a diviſion amongſt their princes, and the good effects which attended their union and friendſhip.

To excite curioſity, and raiſe our admiration to the higheſt pitch, he has inſerted many things that are wonderful, and out of nature; but they are generally introduced with the pomp of celeſtial machinery, and by favour of the Gods and Goddeſſes, in order that they may appear probable and obtain belief. We are alſo to obſerve, that as valour was a darling paſſion among the *Greeks*, he has magnified their deeds, that they might read his work with the greater pleaſure, and that

the moral might be more effectually fixed upon the mind.

This great genius however had ſome human failings, which will not eſcape the eyes of the judicious; though they will ever conſider them with candour and concern. We ſhall venture at a few remarks on this poem: and firſt we muſt obſerve that notwithſtanding *Homer*'s amazing invention and ſuperior power in painting, the Iliad does not ſufficiently intereſt the mind of the Reader, or excite that captivating concern and earneſtneſs, which we feel in reading the Odyſſey, Æneid, and ſome other poems. *Homer* often fires the imagination, but ſeldom warms the heart, for the characters of his heroes, though in other reſpects well drawn and nicely diſtinguiſhed, have not virtues ſufficient to render them lovely and engaging. How far he is blameable on this account we ſhall leave the critics to determine. The moral intention of his poem muſt neceſſarily have obliged him to give his characters turbulent tempers, and ſtrong paſſions, in order to ſhew their evil tendency; but this might have been done, perhaps, without rendering them ſo obnoxious to criticiſm, and diſintereſting to the Reader. It is certain that *Achilles*, his principal heroe, is ſo furious, ſelf ſufficient and overbearing, that he rather excites the Reader's indignation than any affection or tender concern for him, and his behaviour to *Agamemnon*, who was by common ſuffrage of all the *Grecian* princes, elected their generaliſſimo and king of kings, is inſufferably inſolent and abuſive, What an audacious ſpeech is this to a ſuperior?

O monſter! mix'd of inſolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambuſh'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.
So much 'tis ſafer through the camp to go,
And rob a ſubject, than diſpoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and baſe!
Sent in *Jove*'s anger on a ſlaviſh race,

Who, loſt to ſenſe of gen'rous freedom paſt,
Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy laſt.

And even after the king had ſent *Ulyſſes*, *Phœnix*, and *Ajax* to offer him large preſents, and ſolicit a reconciliation, he ſtill treats him with the ſame diſdain, and taunts him with like opprobrious terms; in ſhort his revenge is ſo implacable, that it ſtifles every virtue. He pays little regard to thoſe great chiefs who came on the embaſſy, though his favourites and profeſſed friends; and ſeems inclin'd to ſacrifice the blood of all his allies and countrymen to his own reſentment, as will be ſeen in the following ſpeeches, which are perhaps, inferior to none in the Iliad.

Homer, in his introduction to theſe ſpeeches, gives us a fine picture of the ſimplicity and temperance of ancient times.

And now arriv'd, where, on the ſandy bay
The *Myrmidonian* tents and veſſels lay;
Amus'd at eaſe, the godlike man they found,
Pleas'd with the ſolemn harp's harmonious ſound.
(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd *Thæbe* came,
Of poliſh'd ſilver was its coſtly frame;)
With this he ſooths his angry ſoul, and ſings
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty ſtrain:
Full oppoſite he ſate and liſten'd long,
In ſilence waiting 'till he ceas'd the ſong.
Unſeen the *Grecian* embaſſy proceeds
To his high tent, the great *Ulyſſes* leads.
Achilles ſtarting, as the chiefs he ſpy'd,
Leap'd from his ſeat, and laid the harp aſide.
With like ſurprize aroſe *Menetius'* ſon;
Pelides graſp'd their hands, and thus begun.
Princes all hail! whatever brought you here,
Or ſtrong neceſſity, or urgent fear;
Welcome, tho' *Greeks!* for not as foes ye came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.
With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And plac'd in ſeats, with purple carpets ſpread.

Then thus —— *Patroclus*, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open ev'ry ſoul.
Of all the warriors yonder hoſt can ſend,
Thy friend moſt honours theſe, and theſe thy friend.
He ſaid; *Patroclus* o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in a brazen vaſe three chines entire:
The brazen vaſe *Automedon* ſuſtains,
Which fleſh of pork, ſheep and goat contains:
Achilles at the genial feaſt preſides,
The parts transfixes, and with ſkill divides.
Mean while *Patroclus* ſweats the fire to raiſe;
The tent is bright'ned with the riſing blaze:
Then, when the languid flames at length ſubſide,
He ſtrows a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the ſmoaking fragments turns,
And ſprinkles ſacred ſalt from lifted urns;
With bread the glitt'ring caniſters they load,
Which round the board *Menetius'* ſon beſtow'd;
Himſelf, oppos'd t' *Ulyſſes* full in ſight,
Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.
The firſt fat off'rings, to th' immortals due,
Amidſt the greedy flames *Patroclus* threw;
Then each, indulging in the ſocial feaſt,
His thirſt and hunger ſoberly repreſt.
That done, to *Phœnix*, *Ajax* gave the ſign;
Not unperceiv'd; *Ulyſſes* crown'd with wine
The foaming bowl, and inſtant thus began,
His ſpeech addreſſing to the godlike man.
Health to *Achilles!* happy are thy gueſts!
Not thoſe more honour'd whom *Atrides* feaſts:
Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That *Agamemnon*'s regal tent affords;
But greater cares ſit heavy on our ſouls,
Not eas'd by banquets, or by flowing bowls.
What ſcenes of ſlaughter in yon' fields appear?
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful ſtands,
And owns no help but from thy ſaving hands:
Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call;
Their threat'ning tents already ſhade our wall:
Hear how with ſhouts their conqueſt they proclaim,
And point at ev'ry ſhip their vengeful flame!

For them the father of the Gods declares,
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
See, full of *Jove*, avenging *Hector* riſe!
See! heav'n and earth the raging chief defies;
What fury in his breaſt, what lightning in his eyes!
He waits but for the morn to ſink in flame
The Ships, the *Greeks*, and all the *Grecian* name.
Heav'ns! how my country's woes diſtract my mind,
Leſt fate accompliſh all his rage deſign'd.
And muſt we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
In *Trojan* duſt, and this the fatal day?
Return, *Achilles!* Oh return, tho' late,
To ſave thy *Greeks*, and ſtop the courſe of fate;
If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,
Riſe to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, riſe!
The day may come, when all our warriors ſlain,
That heart ſhall melt, that courage riſe in vain.
Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
Thoſe wholeſome counſels which thy father gave.
When *Peleus* in his aged arms embrac'd
His parting ſon, theſe accents were his laſt.
My child! with ſtrength, with glory and ſucceſs,
Thy arms may *Juno* and *Minerva* bleſs!
Truſt that to heav'n: but thou, thy cares engage
To calm thy paſſions, and ſubdue thy rage:
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
And ſhun contention, the ſure ſource of woe;
That young and old may in thy praiſe combine,
The virtues of humanity be thine ——
This now deſpis'd advice thy father gave;
Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.
If thou wilt yield to great *Atrides'* prayers,
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
If not — but hear me, while I number o'er
The proffer'd preſents, and exhauſtleſs ſtore.
Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mould;
Sev'n ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame;
Twelve ſteeds, unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe:

(Rich were the man whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed)
Sev'n lovely captives of the *Leſbian* line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The ſame he choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When *Leſbos* ſunk beneath thy conq'ring arms.
All theſe, to buy thy friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And, join'd with theſe, the long-conteſted maid;
With all her charms, *Briſeis* he'll reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were only thine;
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
Theſe inſtant ſhall be thine; and if the pow'rs
Give to our arms proud *Ilion*'s hoſtile tow'rs,
Then ſhalt thou ſtore (when *Greece* the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs thy loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides full twenty nymphs of *Trojan* race,
With copious love ſhall crown thy warm embrace;
Such as thyſelf ſhall chuſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to *Helen*'s heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me further: when our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on *Argos*' fruitful ſhore,
There ſhalt thou live his ſon, his honour's ſhare,
And with *Oreſtes*' ſelf divide his care.
Yet more —— three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodice and *Iphigenia* fair,
And bright *Chryſothemis* with golden hair;
Her ſhalt thou wed whom moſt thy eyes approve;
He aſks no preſents, no reward for love:
Himſelf will give the dow'r; ſo vaſt a ſtore,
As never father gave a child before.
Sev'n ample cities ſhall confeſs thy ſway,
Thee *Enope*, and *Pheræ* thee obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred *Pedaſus*, for vines renown'd:
Æpea fair, the paſtures *Hira* yields,
And rich *Antheia* with her flow'ry fields:
The whole extent to *Pylo*'s ſandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main.

There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the ſoil.
There ſhalt thou reign with pow'r and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
Such the repentance of a ſuppliant king.
But if all this, relentleſs, thou diſdain,
If honour, and if int'reſt plead in vain;
Yet ſome redreſs to ſuppliant *Greece* afford,
And be, amongſt her guardian gods, ador'd.
If no regard thy ſuff'ring country claim,
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
For now that chief, whoſe unreſiſted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hoſts retire,
Proud *Hector*, now, th' unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deſerve thy hands.
Then thus the goddeſs-born. *Ulyſſes*, hear
A faithful ſpeech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
What in my ſecret ſoul is underſtood,
My tongue ſhall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let *Greece* then know, my purpoſe I retain,
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart deteſts him as the gates of hell.
Then thus in ſhort my next reſolves attend,
Which nor *Atrides*, nor his *Greeks* can bend;
Long toils, long perils in their cauſe I bore,
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the ſame;
Alike regretted in the duſt he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
As the bold bird her helpleſs young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends;
In ſearch of prey ſhe wings the ſpacious air,
And with th' untaſted food ſupplies her care:
For thankleſs *Greece* ſuch hardſhips have I brav'd,
Her wives, her infants by my labours ſav'd;
Long ſleepleſs nights in heavy arms I ſtood,
And ſweat laborious days in duſt and blood.

I ſack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay ſmoking on the *Trojan* plain.
Then at *Atrides'* haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the ſpoils I made.
Your mighty monarch theſe in peace poſſeſt;
Some few my ſoldiers had, himſelf the reſt.
Some preſent too to ev'ry prince was paid;
And ev'ry prince enjoys the gift he made;
I only muſt refund, of all his train;
See what pre-eminence our merits gain!
My ſpoil alone his greedy ſoul delights;
My ſpouſe alone muſt bleſs his luſtful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of *Greece* to *Troy*?
What to theſe ſhores th' aſſembled nations draws,
What calls for vengeance, but a woman's cauſe?
Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
Belov'd by none but thoſe of *Atreus'* race?
The wife whom choice and paſſion both approve,
Sure ev'ry wiſe and worthy man will love.
Nor did my fair-one leſs diſtinction claim;
Slave as ſhe was, my ſoul ador'd the dame.
Wrong'd in my love all proffers I diſdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I truſt not kings again.
Ye have my anſwer —— what remains to do,
Your king, *Ulyſſes*, may conſult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can ſhake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round,
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not theſe, (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of *Priam*'s ſingle ſon?
There was a time ('twas when for *Greece* I fought,)
When *Hector*'s proweſs no ſuch wonders wrought;
He kept the verge of *Troy*, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles' fury at the *Scæan* gate;
He try'd it once, and ſcarce was ſav'd by fate.
But now thoſe ancient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the fav'ring gods implore,
Then ſhall you ſee our parting veſſels crown'd,
And hear with oars the *Helleſpont* reſound.

The third day hence ſhall *Pthia* greet our ſails,
If mighty *Neptune* ſend propitious gales;
Pthia to her *Achilles* ſhall reſtore
The wealth he left for this deteſted ſhore:
Thither the ſpoils of this long war ſhall paſs,
The ruddy gold, the ſteel, and ſhining braſs;
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
And all that reſts of my unraviſh'd prey.
One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave,
And that reſum'd; the fair *Lyrneſſian* ſlave.
Then tell him, loud, that all the *Greeks* may hear,
And learn to ſcorn the wretch they baſely fear;
(For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his ſlaves;
'Tho', ſhameleſs as he is, to face theſe eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies)
Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
Nor ſhare his council, nor his battel join:
For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
No —— let the ſtupid prince, whom *Jove* deprives
Of ſenſe and juſtice, run where frenzy drives;
His gifts are hateful: kings of ſuch a kind
Stand but as ſlaves before a noble mind.
Not tho' he proffer'd all himſelf poſſeſt,
And all his rapine could from others wreſt;
Not, all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled *Orchomenian* town;
Not all proud *Thebes'* unrival'd walls contain,
The world's great empreſs on th' *Ægyptian* plain,
(That ſpreads her conqueſts o'er a thouſand ſtates,
And pours her heroes thro' a hundred gates,
Two hundred horſemen, and two hundred cars
From each wide portal iſſuing to the wars)
Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
Than duſt in fields, or ſands along the ſhore;
Should all theſe offers for my friendſhip call,
'Tis he that offers, and I ſcorn them all.
Atrides' daughter never ſhall be led
(An ill-match'd conſort) to *Achilles'* bed;
Like golden *Venus* tho' ſhe charm'd the heart,
And vy'd with *Pallas* in the works of art.

Some greater *Greek* let thoſe high nuptials grace,
I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
If heav'n reſtore me to my realms with life,
The rev'rend *Peleus* ſhall elect my wife;
Theſſalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
And kings that ſue to mix their blood with mine.
Bleſt in kind love, my years ſhall glide away,
Content with juſt hereditary ſway;
There deaf for ever to the martial ſtrife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all *Apollo*'s *Pythian* treaſures hold,
Or *Troy* once held, in peace and pride of ſway,
Can bribe the poor poſſeſſion of a day!
Loſt herds and treaſures we by arms regain,
And ſteeds unrival'd on the duſty plain:
But from our lips the vital ſpirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the ſilent dead.
My fates long ſince by *Thetis* were diſclos'd,
And each alternate, life or fame propos'd;
Here, if I ſtay, before the *Trojan* town,
Short is my date, but deathleſs my renown:
If I return, I quit immortal praiſe
For years on years, and long-extended days.
Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond miſtake,
And warn the *Greeks* the wiſer choice to make:
To quit theſe ſhores, their native ſeats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended *Troy*.
Jove's arm diſplay'd aſſerts her from the ſkies;
Her hearts are ſtrengthen'd, and her glories riſe.
Go then, to *Greece* report our fix'd deſign;
Bid all your counſels, all your armies join,
Let all your forces, all your arts conſpire,
To ſave the ſhips, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
One ſtratagem has fail'd, and others will:
Ye find, *Achilles* is unconquer'd ſtill.
Go then —— digeſt my meſſage as ye may ——
But here this night let rev'rend *Phœnix* ſtay:
His tedious toils, and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in *Pthia*'s friendly land.

But, whether he remain, or ſail with me,
His age be ſacred, and his will be free.
The ſon of *Peleus* ceas'd: the chiefs around,
In ſilence wrapt, in conſternation drown'd,
Attend the ſtern reply. Then *Phœnix* roſe;
(Down his white beard a ſtream of ſorrow flows)
And while the fate of ſuff'ring *Greece* he mourn'd,
With accents weak theſe tender words return'd.
Divine *Achilles!* wilt thou then retire,
And leave our hoſts in blood, our fleets on fire!
If wrath ſo dreadful fill thy ruthleſs mind,
How ſhall thy friend, thy *Phœnix*, ſtay behind?
The royal *Peleus*, when from *Pthia*'s coaſt
He ſent thee early to the *Achaian* hoſt;
Thy youth as then in ſage debates unſkill'd,
And new to perils of the direful field:
He bad me teach thee all the ways of war;
To ſhine in councils, and in camps to dare.
Never, ah never let me leave thy ſide!
No time ſhall part us, and no fate divide.
Your ſire receiv'd me, as his ſon careſs'd,
With gifts enrich'd, and with poſſeſſion's bleſs'd.
The ſtrong *Dolopians* thenceforth own'd my reign,
And all the coaſt that runs along the main.
By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
And early wiſdom to thy ſoul convey'd:
Great as thou art, my leſſons made thee brave,
A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
Thy infant breaſt alike affection ſhew'd;
Still in my arms (an ever-pleaſing load)
Or at my knee, by *Phœnix* would'ſt thou ſtand;
No food was grateful but from *Phœnix*' hand.
I paſs my watchings o'er thy helpleſs years,
The tender labours, the compliant cares;
The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
And *Phœnix* felt a father's joys in thee:
Thy growing virtues juſtify'd my cares,
And promis'd comfort to my ſilver hairs.
Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, reſign'd;
A cruel heart ill ſuits a manly mind:
The gods (the only great, and only wiſe)
Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and ſacrifice;

Offending man their high compaſſion wins,
And daily pray'rs atone for daily ſins.
Pray'rs are *Jove*'s daughters, of celeſtial race,
Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
With humble mien, and with dejected eyes,
Conſtant they follow, where Injuſtice flies:
Injuſtice ſwift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
While Pray'rs, to heal her wrongs, move ſlow behind.
Who hears theſe daughters of almighty *Jove*,
For him they mediate to the throne above:
When man rejects the humble ſuit they make,
The ſire revenges for the daughters ſake;
From *Jove* commiſſion'd, fierce Injuſtice then
Deſcends, to puniſh unrelenting men.
Oh let not headlong paſſion bear the ſway;
Theſe reconciling Goddeſſes obey:
Due honours to the ſeed of *Jove* belong;
Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the ſtrong.
Were theſe not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage ſtill harbour'd in the haughty king,
Nor *Greece*, nor all her fortunes, ſhould engage
Thy friend to plead againſt ſo juſt a rage.
But ſince what honour asks, the gen'ral ſends,
And ſends by thoſe whom moſt thy heart commends,
The beſt and nobleſt of the *Grecian* train;
Permit not theſe to ſue, and ſue in vain!
Accept the preſents; draw thy conqu'ring ſword;
And be amongſt our guardian gods ador'd.
Thus he: The ſtern *Achilles* thus reply'd.
My ſecond father, and my rev'rend guide:
Thy friend, believe me, no ſuch gifts demands,
And asks no honours from a mortal's hands:
Jove honours me, and favours my deſigns;
His pleaſure guides me, and his will confines:
And here I ſtay, (if ſuch his high beheſt)
While life's warm ſpirit beats within my breaſt.
Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
No more moleſt me on *Atrides*' part:
Is it for him theſe tears are taught to flow,
For him theſe ſorrows? for my mortal foe?

A gen'rous friendſhip no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one reſentment glows;
One ſhould our int'reſts, and our paſſions be;
My friend muſt hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my *Phœnix*, 'tis a gen'rous part,
And ſhare my realms, my honours, and my heart.
Let theſe return: our voyage, or our ſtay,
Reſt undetermin'd 'till the dawning day.
He ceas'd; then order'd for the ſage's bed
A warmer couch with num'rous carpets ſpread;
With that, ſtern *Ajax* his long ſilence broke,
And thus, impatient, to *Ulyſſes* ſpoke.
Hence let us go —— why waſte we time in vain?
See what effect our low ſubmiſſions gain!
Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we muſt relate,
The *Greeks* expect them, and our heroes wait.
Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
Its ſtubborn purpoſe, and his friends diſdains.
Stern, and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
On juſt atonement, we remit the deed;
A ſire the ſlaughter of his ſon forgives;
The price of blood diſcharg'd, the murd'rer lives:
The haughtieſt hearts at length their rage reſign,
And gifts can conquer ev'ry ſoul but thine.
The gods that unrelenting breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
One woman ſlave was raviſh'd from thy arms:
Lo, ſev'n are offer'd, and of equal charms.
Then hear, *Achilles!* be of better mind;
Revere thy roof, and to thy gueſts be kind;
And know the men, of all the *Grecian* hoſt,
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour moſt.
O ſoul of battels, and thy people's guide!
(To *Ajax* thus the firſt of *Greeks* reply'd)
Well haſt thou ſpoke; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my ſoul's on flame:
'Tis juſt reſentment, and becomes the brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the vileſt ſlave!
Return then, heroes! and our anſwer bear,
The glorious combat is no more my care;
Not 'till, amidſt yon' ſinking navy ſlain,
The blood of *Greeks* ſhall dye the ſable main;

Not till the flames, by *Hector*'s fury thrown,
Conſume your veſſels, and approach my own;
Juſt there, the impetuous homicide ſhall ſtand,
There ceaſe his battel, and there feel our hand.

To illuſtrate this point ſtill farther, and to place the diſdainful, imperious, and hateful character of *Achilles* in the light in which it ought to appear, we ſhall beg leave to inſert the conference between him and *Hector*, at the time of that engagement, which prov'd fatal to the laſt-mentioned *Hero*. *Hector* having faced *Achilles*, addreſſes him in this generous manner.

Enough, O ſon of *Peleus!* *Troy* has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief purſu'd.
But now ſome god within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battel let us ſtay,
And for a moment's ſpace ſuſpend the day;
Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
The juſt conditions of this ſtern debate,
(Eternal witneſſes of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treaſur'd vow!)
To them I ſwear; if, victor in the ſtrife,
Jove by theſe hands ſhall ſhed thy noble life,
No vile diſhonour ſhall thy corps purſue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqu'ror's due)
The reſt to *Greece* uninjur'd I'll reſtore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I aſk no more.
Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes)
Deteſted as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact *Achilles* plights with thee:
Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,
To ſuch I call the gods! one conſtant ſtate
Of laſting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceaſing ſtrife,
'Till death extinguiſh rage, and thought, and life.
Rouze then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy ſoul, and call forth all thy pow'r.

No farther ſubterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas* gives thee to my lance.
Each *Grecian* ghoſt by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.

The combat then enſues, in relating which the poet introduces a ſimile not much to his advantage, as he compares *Hector* flying on *Achilles* with his ſword, to an eagle deſcending from the ſky to ſeize a quivering hare. Similies, like portrait painting, ſhould preſerve the likeneſs of the original, and correſpond in every part, or at leaſt in the principal parts, with the ſubjects they are intended to illuſtrate; but this of *Homer* is faulty in that reſpect, for ſo haughty, furious, and dauntleſs a perſon as *Achilles*, can with no propriety be compared to ſuch a weak, inoffenſive, and timorous animal as a hare. The battel however continues, in which *Hector* being mortally wounded, is thus addreſſed by *Achilles*.

At laſt is *Hector* ſtretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for *Patroclus* ſlain:
Then, prince! you ſhould have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles abſent, was *Achilles* ſtill.
Yet a ſhort ſpace the great avenger ſtay'd,
Then low in duſt thy ſtrength and glory laid.
Peaceful he ſleeps, with all our rights adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While caſt to all the rage of hoſtile pow'r,
Thee, birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.
Then *Hector* fainting at th' approach of death.
By thy own ſoul! by thoſe who gave thee breath!
By all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r;
Ah, leave me not for *Grecian* dogs to tear!
The common rites of ſepulture beſtow,
To ſoothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at leaſt,
And *Hector*'s aſhes in his country reſt.
No, wretch accurſt; relentleſs he replies,
(Flames, as he ſpoke, ſhot flaſhing from his eyes)
Not thoſe who gave me breath ſhou'd bid me ſpare,
Nor all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r.

Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!
No ——— to the dogs that carcaſe I reſign.
Should *Troy*, to bribe me, bring forth all her ſtore,
And giving thouſands, offer thouſands more;
Should *Dardan Priam*, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame:
Their *Hector* on the pile they ſhould not ſee,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew;
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The furies that relentleſs breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curſt thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fates decree
And angry gods, ſhall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and *Paris* ſhall avenge my fate,
And ſtretch thee here before this *Scæan* gate.

How different from this is the Dialogue between *Hector* and *Ajax*. Theſe two heroes accoſt each other in a generous manner, and their courage ſeems to be excited by greatneſs of ſoul, or love of glory, and is not the effect of pride, ſelf-conceit, anger, and reſentment like that of *Achilles*. They fight, not becauſe they have any particular diſinclination to each other; but for the honour of their countries, and to end a long and bloody war.

Ajax, agreeably to his character, which is that of a gigantic, brave and reſolute ſoldier, but no orator, accoſts *Hector* in the following ſpeech.

Hector! approach my arm, and ſingly know
What ſtrength thou haſt, and what the *Grecian* foe.
Achilles ſhuns the fight; yet ſome there are,
Not void of ſoul, and not unſkill'd in war:
Let him, unactive, on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;
Whole troops of heroes *Greece* has yet to boaſt,
And ſends thee one, a ſample of her hoſt;
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more —— be ſudden, and begin the fight.
O ſon of *Telamon*, thy country's pride!
(To *Ajax* thus the *Trojan* prince reply'd)
Me, as a boy or woman, would'ſt thou fright,
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?

Thou meet'ſt a chief deſerving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidſt alarms:
I know to ſhift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and anſwer ev'ry call of war;
To right, to left, the dextrous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my ſounding ſhield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I ſteal no conqueſt from a noble foe.

As the ſpeech of *Ajax* is a bold, blunt, and ſoldier-like addreſs, perfectly conſiſtent with the character of a man who thinks and talks of nothing but fighting; ſo is *Hector*'s in return equally brave, and concludes in a manner extremely generous and noble. But *Hector* is ever diſtinguiſhed by his generoſity and greatneſs of ſoul. When his enemies are vanquiſhed, he is ſatisfyed, and does not, like *Achilles*, wreck his vengeance on their dead bodies, by dogs and vultures, and leave them unburied, in order that their ghoſts may wander (as the ancients ſuppoſed they would) on the *Stygian* coaſt. This amiable diſpoſition is ſeen even in the challenge he ſends the *Greeks*.

Hector's character is truly heroic; he fights not to gratify his vengeance, and make mankind miſerable, but to protect his friends and defend his country; yet his love of glory is ſo great, that he eſteems his enemies for being valiant; thus, after *Ajax* and he were parted by the heralds, upon the approach of night, he endeavours to gratify him for his valour, and propoſes an exchange of preſents in theſe words;

But let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange ſome gift; that *Greece* and *Troy* may ſay,
"Not hate, but glory, made theſe chiefs contend;
"And each brave foe was in his ſoul a friend."

With that, a ſword with ſtars of ſilver grac'd,
The baldric ſtudded, and the ſheath enchas'd,
He gave the *Greek*. The gen'rous *Greek* beſtow'd
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.

Thus theſe two heroes, who met without enmity, exchang'd preſents after a bloody encounter, and parted in friendſhip.

Very unlike this is the character of *Achilles*, the principal hero of the poem, which, though ſuitable to the poet's deſign, and aptly enough contriv'd to repreſent the ill conſequences attending diſſentions amongſt powers leagued together in war; is yet ſo far from being lovely, and exciting in us any anxiety or concern, that we are for ever diſguſted with his brutal behaviour, and little ſolicitous about his ſucceſs. This is all we contend for, and this will be readily granted by all who read the Iliad with attention; but the caſe is quite otherwiſe with reſpect to Ulyſſes and Æneas, as will be obſerved when we come to treat of the Odeſſey and Æneid.

Nor was *Homer* inſenſible that this character of his principal hero would rather diſguſt than intereſt the Reader; and therefore he has thrown in the circumſtance of the fore-knowledge *Achilles* had that he ſhould be ſlain before *Troy*, if he returned to the battle again; yet notwithſtanding this certainty of his death, the poet, to raiſe our eſteem, has engag'd him in every action after his reconciliation with *Agamemnon*, and makes him ſacrifice his life in the ſervice of his friends and countrymen.

The character of *Agamemnon* is not much more amiable or intereſting, than that of *Achilles*, tho' *Homer* in his deſcriptions of the perſon and power of this chief, endeavours to lift him as high as poſſible—one inſtance of this may ſuffice—

The king of kings, majeſtically tall,
Tow'rs o'er his armies, and outſhines them all:
Like ſome proud bull that round the paſtures leads
His ſubject-herds, the monarch of the meads.
Great as the Gods, th' exalted chief was ſeen,
His ſtrength like *Neptune*, and like *Mars* his mien,
Jove o'er his eyes celeſtial glories ſpread,
And dawning conqueſt play'd around his head.

The poet has alſo made him eloquent, politic, valiant, and a good general, but he is withall paſſionate proud and cruel. It was his paſſion and pride oppoſed to the turbulent temper of *Achilles*, that occaſioned the

diſſention among the allies, which, tho' neceſſary to introduce the moral of the poem, diminiſhes his character, and had he not diveſted his breaſt of all the tender ſenſations of humanity, he would not have return'd ſuch an anſwer to the prieſt of *Apollo*, when he came to redeem his captive daughter, or have made the following ſpeech to *Menelaus*, at a time when he was about to ſpare the life of a young *Trojan*.

——————— Oh impotent of mind!
Shall theſe, ſhall theſe *Atrides'* mercy find?
Well haſt thou known proud *Troy*'s perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor ſex, nor age,
Shall ſave a *Trojan* from our boundleſs rage:
Ilion ſhall periſh whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breaſt, ſhall fall.

Nay the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, at a time when *Agamemnon* propoſed to quit the *Phrygian* coaſt, accuſes him in the following ſpeech of cowardice; but, be that as it may, his character is far from being amiable, tho' in ſome meaſure it attracts our eſteem.

——————— The ſage *Ulyſſes* thus replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes,
What ſhameful words, unkingly as thou art,
Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous heart?
Oh were thy ſway the curſe of meaner pow'rs,
And thou the ſhame of any hoſt but ours!
A hoſt, by *Jove* endu'd with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus deſert the *Trojan* plain?
And have whole ſtreams of blood been ſpilt in vain?
In ſuch baſe ſentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whiſpers, leſt a *Greek* ſhould hear.
Lives there a man ſo dead to fame, who dares
To think ſuch meanneſs, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſovereign ſway
The banded legions of all *Greece* obey?
Is this a gen'ral's voice, that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his ſoldiers fight?

What more could *Troy?* What yet their fate denies
Thou gav'ſt the foe: all *Greece* becomes their prize.
No more the troops, (our hoiſted ſails in view,
Themſelves abandon'd) ſhall the fight purſue,
Thy ſhips firſt flying with deſpair ſhall ſee,
And owe deſtruction to a prince like thee.

But *Agamemnon*'s reſolution ſeems to have been ſhaken before this; for in the ninth book he was for quitting the field, and behaved ſo as to give umbrage to all the allies. The critics indeed endeavour to exculpate the general here, and ſuppoſe it a repetition of the ſame political ſcheme, which he had employed in the ſecond book, to ſee how the army ſtood affected to him, and to avoid reproach, in caſe their efforts againſt the *Trojans* were unſucceſsful; but as *Homer* has not pointed out this as an artifice, as he did that in the ſecond book, there ſeems to be little foundation for any ſuch conjecture; nor is it reaſonable to ſuppoſe that *Diomed* would have reproached him in the following manner, if he had not been tardy, or that this daring and inſolent ſpeech of that hero, would have been countenanced by the ſage *Neſtor*.

When kings adviſe us to renounce our fame,
Firſt let him ſpeak, who firſt has ſuffer'd ſhame.
If I oppoſe thee, prince, thy wrath with hold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou firſt, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durſt brand my courage, and defame my might:
Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
The *Greeks* ſtood witneſs, all the army heard.
The Gods, O chief! from whom our honours ſpring,
The Gods have made thee but by halves a king;
They gave thee ſcepters, and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the ſeas and land,
The nobleſt pow'r that might the world controul
They gave thee not —— a brave and virtuous ſoul.
Is this a gen'ral's voice, that would ſuggeſt
Fears like his own to ev'ry *Grecian* breaſt?
Confiding in our want of worth, he ſtands,
And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.
Go, thou inglorious! from the embattel'd plain;
Ships thou haſt ſtore, and neareſt to the main.

A nobler care the *Grecians* ſhall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate *Troy*.

And here we muſt obſerve, that the character of *Diomed* would have been more perfect, had not the poet made him wound *Venus*, and even *Mars* in the field of battle; which circumſtances are ſo far ſtretch'd beyond the bounds of probability, that they muſt have exceeded all power of belief even among the *Greeks* themſelves; nor is the allegorical turn, which the critics have given it, ſufficient to remove the abſurdity. But to purſue our point, it is plain that *Neſtor* approv'd of the rebuke which *Diomed* gave *Agamemnon*, or he would not have ſuſtained him in the following manner.

O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd
Such ſtrength of body with ſuch force of mind;
In conduct, as in courage, you excel,
Still firſt to act what you adviſe ſo well.
Thoſe wholeſome counſels which thy wiſdom moves,
Applauding *Greece* with common voice approves,
Kings thou can'ſt blame; a bold, but prudent youth;
And blame ev'n kings with praiſe, becauſe with truth.

There is an imprecation in this ſpeech of *Neſtor*'s, ſo ſententious, humane and philoſophical, that we cannot omit it, tho' it may ſeem foreign to our purpoſe.

Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for publick rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monſter, who delights in war:
Whoſe luſt is murder, and whoſe horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind deſtroy!

The approbation which *Neſtor* gives *Diomed* in prejudice of *Agamemnon*, is the more remarkable, as he has all along endeavoured to ſupport the dignity of that chief, in order to maintain his authority, and cement that union, without which he knew their deſigns would be ineffectual. His wiſdom in this reſpect may be ſeen by the ſpeech he made, when the difference firſt happened between *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, as well as from the advice

he gave *Agamemnon*, to ſolicit a reconciliation with that hero: but his prudence (tho' he ſometimes dwindles into the foibles of age, tho' he commends himſelf, and will not ſuffer any of the preſent heroes to vie with thoſe of paſt times) is in general to be admired; as it is drawn from a knowlege of nature, and founded on the maxims of true policy. And the ſpeech which he addreſſes to *Agamemnon* in conſequence of the uneaſineſs and ſeeming diſſenſion of the army, occaſioned by the departure of *Achilles*, is a remarkable inſtance of this.—The advice alſo which he gave *Agamemnon* to ſeparate the *Greeks* into their different countries, that the conduct and courage of each might be the more eaſily diſtinguiſh'd, was, as things were then circumſtanced, a fine ſtroke of policy, and a maſter-piece of generalſhip; for, by this diviſion, the tumult in the army would the more readily ſubſide, cabals could not be ſo eaſily formed, each particular body would be the more compact and ſtrengthened, as being compoſed entirely of thoſe who were friends and relations to each other; and the troops of one ſtate would, for the honour of their country, vie with the other in great and glorious actions: or, if they at any time miſbehaved, would be the more open and obnoxious to cenſure.

Notwithſtanding *Achilles* is made the hero of the poem, and *Agamemnon* is endow'd with the ſovereign power, the moſt exalted characters among the *Grecians* are, in my opinion, thoſe of *Ulyſſes* and *Neſtor*; who are not deficient either in point of humanity, conduct, or courage; and both prudently employ themſelves to make up the difference between *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, and at the ſame time to preſerve the ſupreme power of the general, which they knew was eſſential to their common ſafety. The following character which *Homer* has drawn of *Therſites*, who, in a ſarcaſtical ſpeech endeavours to ſow more diſſentions in the army, and of the behaviour of *Ulyſſes* on that occaſion, are admirable. But it were to be wiſh'd, that the poet had left out his reflections on the diſtorted form of *Therſites*, and the application he has made thereof to his baſe turn of mind; becauſe reflections on bodily infirmities thus conſidered, are too apt to affect and miſlead weak minds, and tend to render thoſe

who are unhappy, ſtill more miſerable. To which we may add, that theſe ſort of ſarcaſtical reflections have rather too much archneſs and wit for the Epic Poem.

Therſites only clamour'd in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Aw'd by no ſhame, by no reſpect controul'd,
In ſcandal buſy, in reproaches bold:
With witty malice ſtudious to defame;
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.
But chief he glory'd, with licentious ſtile,
To laſh the great, and monarchs to revile.
His figure ſuch as might his ſoul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame:
His mountain-ſhoulders half his breaſt o'erſpread,
Thin hairs beſtrew'd his long miſ-ſhapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart poſſeſt,
And much he hated all, but moſt the beſt.
Ulyſſes or *Achilles* ſtill his theme;
But royal ſcandal his delight ſupreme.
Long had he liv'd the ſcorn of ev'ry *Greek*,
Vext when he ſpoke, yet ſtill they heard him ſpeak.
Sharp was his voice; which, in the ſhrilleſt tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne.
Amidſt the glories of ſo bright a reign,
What moves the great *Atrides* to complain?
'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breaſt inflames,
The golden ſpoil, and thine the lovely dames.
With all the wealth our wars and blood beſtow,
Thy tents are crouded, and thy cheſts o'erflow,
Thus at full eaſe, in heaps of riches roll'd,
What grieves the monarch? Is it thirſt of gold?
Say, ſhall we march with our unconquer'd pow'rs,
(The *Greeks* and I) to *Ilion*'s hoſtile tow'rs,
And bring the race of royal baſtards here,
For *Troy* to ranſom at a price too dear?
But ſafer plunder thy own hoſt ſupplies;
Say, would'ſt thou ſeize ſome valiant leader's prize?
Or, if thy heart to gen'rous love be led,
Some captive fair, to bleſs thy kingly bed?
Whate'er our maſter craves, ſubmit we muſt,
Plagu'd with his pride, or puniſh'd for his luſt.

Oh women of *Achaia!* men no more!
Hence let us fly, and let him waſte his ſtore
In love and pleaſures on the *Phrygian* ſhore.
We may be wanted on ſome buſy day,
When *Hector* comes: ſo great *Achilles* may:
From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,
From him, the fierce, the fearleſs, and the brave:
And durſt he, as he ought, reſent that wrong,
This mighty tyrant, were no tyrant long.
Fierce from his ſeat, at this, *Ulyſſes* ſprings,
In gen'rous vengeance of the king of kings,
With indignation ſparkling in his eyes,
He views the wretch, and ſternly thus replies.
Peace, factious monſter, born to vex the ſtate,
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor raſhly vain
And ſingly mad, aſperſe the ſov'reign reign.
Have we not known thee, ſlave! of all our hoſt,
The man who acts the leaſt, upbraids the moſt?
Think not the *Greeks* to ſhameful flight to bring,
Nor let thoſe lips prophane the name of king.
For our return we truſt the heav'nly pow'rs;
Be that their care, to fight like men be ours.
But grant the hoſt with wealth the gen'ral load,
Except detraction, what haſt thou beſtow'd?
Suppoſe ſome hero ſhould his ſpoils reſign,
Art thou that hero, could thoſe ſpoils be thine?
Gods! let me periſh on this hateful ſhore,
And let theſe eyes behold my ſon no more;
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To ſtrip thoſe arms, thou ill deſerv'ſt to wear,
Expel the council where our princes meet,
And ſend thee ſcourg'd, and howling thro' the fleet.
He ſaid, and cow'ring as the daſtard bends,
The weighty ſceptre on his back deſcends:
On the round bunch the bloody tumors riſe;
The tears ſpring ſtarting from his haggard eyes:
Trembling he ſate, and ſhrunk in abject fears,
From his vile viſage wip'd the ſcalding tears.
While to his neighbour each expreſs'd his thought:
Ye gods! what wonders has *Ulyſſes* wrought!

What fruits his conduct and his courage yield!
Great in the council, glorious in the field.
Gen'rous he riſes in the crown's defence,
To curb the factious tongue of inſolence.
Such juſt examples on offenders ſhown,
Sedition ſilence, and aſſert the throne.

Notwithſtanding this, the great *Ulyſſes* does not in the Iliad command ſo much of our eſteem as to excite in us any great concern for him. We are likewiſe to obſerve, that *Menelaus*, on whoſe account the expedition was undertaken, is far from being an exalted character: and the fair *Helen*, who occaſioned a ten-year's war, in which ſo many princes lives were endangered, or loſt, ſeems to be very indifferent about the matter, and little ſolicitous to which of her two huſbands ſhe is to be conſigned.

The places where ſhe appears to moſt advantage are before the *Trojan* elders; with *Venus* and *Paris*, after the combat between him and her former huſband; and in the following lamentation over *Hector*'s coarſe, which is ſenſible, affectionate and pathetic; and makes us ſtill more in love with the character of that hero.

Ah deareſt friend! in whom the gods had join'd
The mildeſt manners with the braveſt mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
Since *Paris* brought me to the *Trojan* ſhore;
(Oh had I periſh'd, ere that form divine
Seduc'd this ſoft, this eaſy heart of mine!)
Yet was it never my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curſt the auth'reſs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my ſorrows in their flow:
If ſome proud brother ey'd me with diſdain,
Or ſcornful ſiſter with her ſweeping train,
Thy gentle accents ſoften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myſelf in thee,
The wretched ſource of all this miſery!

In ſhort, when we read the Iliad, we are under very little concern for the *Greeks*, tho' they are the heroes of the poem; and the misfortunes of *Priam*, and of *Hector*,

but eſpecially thoſe of the latter, affect us more than any other part of the work, and not without reaſon, ſince he is by much the beſt character. *Hector* is a pious, humane, yet a couragious prince; and tho' concerned in the wrong cauſe, by having more virtue, he engages our affections more than thoſe who are in the right.

From this ſhort view of the characters in the Iliad, it is plain, that if *Homer* intended to lift up the *Grecians* in compliment to his country, and to engage the affection of the reader in their behalf, he has in this point fail'd; yet, that this was his intention, we have abundant evidence in ſeveral parts of the work. When the *Grecian* chiefs make their way in fight, and deſtroy their enemies, *Homer* generally attributes it to their martial ſtrength and valour, but the great deeds of the *Trojan* heroes, are, for the moſt part, aſcribed to the influence and partiality of the gods. Thus, when *Patroclus* is ſlain by *Hector*, we are told, that the deed was perform'd by *Phœbus*, tho' *Hector* had the reputation of it; and, on that hero's driving the *Grecians* from the field, and forcing *Ajax* to retire, *Jove* is accuſed with partiality to the *Trojans*, in order to take off that honour which would otherwiſe have been attributed to the *Trojan* hero, whom he makes to avoid *Ajax*, at a time when that chief trembled at his preſence. We ſhall inſert this, with two ſimilies reſpecting the retreat of *Ajax*, which are truly beautiful.

Ajax he ſhuns, thro' all the dire debate,
And fears that arm, whoſe force he felt ſo late.
But partial *Jove*, eſpouſing *Hector*'s part,
Shot heav'n-bred horror thro' the *Grecian*'s heart;
Confus'd, unnerv'd in *Hector*'s preſence grown,
Amaz'd he ſtood, with terrors not his own.
O'er his broad back his moony ſhield he threw,
And glaring round, by tardy ſteps withdrew.
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beſet with watchful dogs, and ſhouting ſwains,
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly ſtalls,
Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls,
Long ſtands the ſhow'ring darts, and miſſile fires;
Then ſow'rly ſlow th' indignant beaſt retires.

So turn'd ſtern *Ajax*, by whole hoſts repell'd,
While his ſwoln heart at ev'ry ſtep rebell'd.
As the ſlow beaſt with heavy ſtrength indu'd,
In ſome wild field by troops of boys purſu'd,
Tho' round the ſides a wooden tempeſt rain,
Crops the tall harveſt, and lays waſte the plain;
Thick on his ſide the hollow blows reſound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And ſtirs but ſlowly when he ſtirs at laſt.
On *Ajax* thus a weight of *Trojans* hung,
The ſtrokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky ſtrength he ſtands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands:
Now ſtiff recedes, yet hardly ſeems to fly,
And threats his followers with retorted eye.
Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,
While hiſſing darts deſcend in iron ſhow'rs:
In his broad buckler many a weapon ſtood,
Its ſurface briſtled with a quiv'ring wood;
And many a jav'lin, guiltleſs on the plain,
Marks the dry duſt, and thirſts for blood in vain.

And here we muſt obſerve, that the aid which *Homer* attributes to the gods, is often to the diſadvantage of his own heroes, I mean the *Grecian* chiefs; for it is no wonder that thoſe ſhould fight bravely, and betray no ſymptoms of fear, who are aſſur'd of the protection of heaven, and have armour form'd by the celeſtial powers to render them invincible; tho' the great *Ajax* has, I think, no ſupernatural aid, and may therefore be deemed a greater hero than *Achilles*. But the frequent and free uſe which *Homer* makes of the gods, muſt, I apprehend, appear abſurd, even at the time when he wrote his poem, notwithſtanding what the critics may have advanc'd to the contrary. *Juno*'s impoſing upon *Jupiter*, by bribing the god of ſleep to cloſe his eyes, ſo that he might not know what was doing in the world; *Neptune*'s bullying meſſage to *Jupiter*; *Vulcan*'s engagement with the river *Scamander*, and other paſſages of that nature, may perhaps be deem'd allegories, but if they are, the miſtical meaning is ſo conceal'd, as not to be diſcover'd by

human ſagacity; nor are the wounds which the gods receive in battle, nor the ſpeeches made by horſes, more conſiſtent with nature and reaſon.

But though the *Grecian* characters fail in not exciting much of our concern for them, both they and the *Trojans* are otherwiſe drawn with great propriety, well diſtinguiſhed, and nobly ſuſtained throughout the whole poem. And, notwithſtanding our affections are engag'd more in favour of the *Trojans* than the intended heroes of the Iliad; yet the principal moral of the poem is no ways obſtructed by it; for the fatal effects of the diſſention among the *Greeks*, and the good effects of their reconciliation and union are fully diſplay'd.

Another complaint uſually brought againſt *Homer*, is, that the battles take up by far the greateſt part of the Iliad, and that theſe frequent, and almoſt continual encounters, muſt tire the reader as well as the warrior; not but that they are ſometimes ſeaſonably reliev'd by ſhort epiſodes, where the paſſions are often touch'd with exquiſite art. That wherein *Hector*, before he engages, takes leave of his wife *Andromache*, and embraces his young ſon *Aſtyanax*, is one of the moſt beautiful and pathetic in the whole Iliad, the poet having there aſſembled all that love, grief, and compaſſion could inſpire, and ſhewn that his genius was no leſs capable of touching the heart with tenderneſs, than of firing it with glory. *Hector*, not finding *Andromache* at home, is haſtening to the field, and accidently meets her at one of the gates of the city.

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through ſtreets of palaces, and walks of ſtate,
And met the mourner at the *Scæan* gate.
With haſte to meet him ſprung the joyful fair,
His blameleſs wife, *Aetion*'s wealthy heir:
The nurſe ſtood near, in whoſe embraces preſt
His only hope hung ſmiling at her breaſt,
Whom each ſoft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born ſtar that gilds the morn.
Silent the warrior ſmil'd, and, pleas'd, reſign'd
To tender paſſions all his mighty mind:

His beauteous princeſs caſt a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected ſpoke;
Her boſom labour'd with a boding ſigh,
And the big tear ſtood trembling in her eye.
Too daring prince! ah, whither doſt thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and ſon!
And think'ſt thou not how wretched we ſhall be,
A widow I, an helpleſs orphan he!
For ſure ſuch courage length of life denies,
And thou muſt fall, thy virtue's ſacrifice.
Greece in her ſingle heroes ſtrove in vain;
Now hoſts oppoſe thee, and thou muſt be ſlain!
Oh, grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can aſk of heav'n, an early tomb!
So ſhall my days in one ſad tenor run,
And end with ſorrows, as they firſt begun.
No parent now remains my grief to ſhare,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

After having made a pretty long digreſſion upon the greatneſs of her paſt calamities, in the loſs of her parents and ſeven brothers, ſhe thus proceeds:

Yet, while my *Hector* ſtill ſurvives, I ſee
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will periſh, if my *Hector* fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger ſhare:
Oh, prove a huſband's and a father's care!
Let other's in the field their arms employ,
But ſtay my *Hector* here, and guard his *Troy*.

Hector, having anſwer'd *Andromache* in a manner equally noble and affectionate,

——— Th' illuſtrious chief of *Troy*
Stretch'd his fond arms to claſp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurſe's breaſt,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding creſt.
With ſecret pleaſure each fond parent ſmil'd,
And *Hector* haſted to relieve his child,
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground;

Then kiſs'd the child, and, lifting in high air,
Thus to the gods prefer'd a father's pray'r:
O thou whoſe glory fills th' ætherial throne,
And all ye deathleſs pow'rs, protect my ſon!
Grant him, like me, to purchaſe juſt renown,
To guard the *Trojans*, to defend the crown,
Againſt his country's foe the war to wage,
And riſe the *Hector* of the future age!
So when, triumphant from ſucceſsful toils,
Of heroes ſlain he bears the reeking ſpoils,
Whole hoſts may hail him with deſerv'd acclaim,
And ſay, This chief tranſcends his father's fame;
While, pleas'd amidſt the general ſhouts of *Troy*,
His mother's conſcious heart o'erflows with joy.
He ſpoke; and fondly gazing on her charms,
Reſtor'd the pleaſing burden to her arms:
Soft on her fragrant breaſt the babe ſhe laid,
Huſh'd to repoſe, and with a ſmile ſurvey'd.
The troubled pleaſure ſoon chaſtis'd by fear,
She mingled with the ſmile a tender tear.

Never (as the excellent tranſlator obſerves) was a finer piece of painting than this. *Hector* extends his arms to embrace the child, who, affrighted at the glittering of his helmet, and the nodding of the plume, ſhrinks back into the boſom of his nurſe. The chief unbraces his helmet, lays it on the ground, takes the infant in his arms, lifts him towards heaven, and offers a prayer for him to the gods, then returns him to his mother *Andromache*, who receives him with a ſmile of pleaſure; but, at the ſame time, her fears for her huſband make her burſt into tears. After another ſhort ſpeech, wherein *Hector* endeavours to allay his wife's affliction, and adviſes her to mind her domeſtic employments, while he obeys the call of honour, and acts in the proper character of a hero;

——— The glorious chief reſumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with ſhading plumes;
His princeſs parts with a prophetic ſigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,

That ſtream'd at every look; then, moving ſlow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.

But *Homer* has effectually ſhewn his power over the mind, and convinced us, that he could moſt ſenſibly touch the heart, and move all the tender paſſions, in his interview between *Priam* and *Achilles*; than which nothing can be more noble, and at the ſame time more affecting. We have in a * former work obſerved, that *ſeaſonable ſilence has its emphaſis*, and that a mournful exterior, where the heart is to be ſoftened, and the tender paſſions call'd to our aid, is often more effectual, than the moſt elaborate and beautiful oration. Perſuaſive eloquence is addreſs'd to the mind, which immediately calls up reaſon to its aid; but the eloquence of tears, and a deſponding mournful attitude, which ſhews a man o'erwhelm'd with wretchedneſs, makes its way directly to the heart, ſoftens the ſoul with pity and compaſſion, and will not ſuffer reaſon to aſſume any right to determine on the caſe. We here ſee, that the rage and obſtinacy of *Achilles* were not proof againſt it. Before *Priam* appeared in his tent, the hatred of *Achilles* was ſo violent and implacable, that he could have devoured him and all his race; but, as ſoon as the gray-headed old man approached, laden with all his miſeries and misfortunes, embraced his knees, and, bathing thoſe hands in tears which had ſhed his children's blood, beſought him, for the ſake of his own aged father, to pity him; the obdurate heart of this moſt implacable and revengeful man was ſoftened; his ſoul, as it were by ſympathy, caught the *flame*, and he alſo wept. Had *Priam* addreſſed this chief in any other manner, or offered his preſents with an elaborate oration, *Achilles* would have deſpiſed both him and them, and the old king would probably have loſt his life, or been ranſom'd with half the wealth of *Troy*; but, on being addreſſed thus pathetically, by a man overwhelmed with thoſe misfortunes to which the human race is ſubject, and which perhaps might one day happen to his own aged father; conſidering this, I ſay, and that the very man, whoſe ſon he had ſo lately kill'd, placed ſo much confidence in his honour and greatneſs of ſoul, that he flew

* Art of Rhetoric,

to him for protection and relief in his extreme diſtreſs, the furious paſſions of *Achilles*, his revenge and his hatred, could not but ſubſide; and he was conſtrained to grant the old king, even more than he could have aſked. But this is ſo beautifully expreſſed by *Homer*, that our reflections may ſeem uſeleſs. It will be to the reader's advantage to have it in the words of the poet, that he may ſee, and even feel, the truth of what we have aſſerted.

Priam, in his chariot, attended only by an old gray-headed herald, ſets out for the tent of *Achilles*, and is by *Mercury*, who met him on the road, led through the *Grecian* camp undiſcovered. *Mercury* had cloſed the eyes of the guards and attendants of *Achilles*, that *Priam* might paſs with ſafety; and therefore,

Unſeen by theſe, the king his entry made;
And proſtrate now before *Achilles* laid,
Sudden (a venerable ſight!) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
Thoſe direful hands his kiſſes preſs'd, embru'd
Ev'n with the beſt, the deareſt of his blood!
As when a wretch (who conſcious of his crime,
Purſu'd for murder, flies his native clime)
Juſt gains ſome frontier, breathleſs, pale! amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder; thus *Achilles* gaz'd:
Thus ſtood th' attendants, ſtupid with ſurprize;
All mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the ſilence broke,
'Till thus at laſt the kingly ſuppliant ſpoke.
Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
Thoſe ſilver hairs, that venerable face:
His trembling limbs, his helpleſs perſon, ſee!
In all my equal, but in miſery!
Yet now, perhaps, ſome turn of human fate
Expels him helpleſs from his peaceful ſtate;
Think, from ſome pow'rful foe thou ſee'ſt him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet ſtill one comfort in his ſoul may riſe:
He hears his ſon ſtill lives to glad his eyes;

And hearing ſtill may hope, a better day
May ſend him thee, to chaſe that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The beſt, the braveſt of my ſons are ſlain!
Yet, what a race ere *Greece* to *Ilion* came,
The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame:
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched *Priam* bled?
Still one was left, their loſs to recompenſe;
His father's hope, his country's laſt defence.
Him too thy rage has ſlain! beneath thy ſteel
Unhappy in his country's cauſe he fell!
For him, thro' hoſtile camps I bent my way,
For him thus proſtrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
Oh hear the wretched, and the gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpleſs and as old!
Tho' not ſo wretched: there he yields to me,
The firſt of men in ſov'reign miſery.
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
The ſcourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
And kiſs thoſe hands yet reeking with their gore!
Theſe words ſoft pity in the chief inſpire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his ſire.
Then with his hand (as proſtrate ſtill he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the guſh of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a ſon deplore:
But great *Achilles* diff'rent paſſions rend,
And now his ſire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious ſoftneſs thro' the heroes ran;
One univerſal ſolemn ſhow'r began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine *Achilles* roſe;
The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majeſtic gaz'd,

Not unrelenting: then ſerene began
With words to ſooth the miſerable man.
Alas! what weight of anguiſh haſt thou known!
Unhappy prince! thus guardleſs and alone
To paſs thro' foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whoſe fury has deſtroyed thy race!
Heav'n ſure has arm'd thee with a heart of ſteel,
A ſtrength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Riſe then: let reaſon mitigate our care:
To mourn avails not: man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the gods ſevere decree:
They, only they are bleſt, and only free.
Two urns by *Jove*'s high throne have ever ſtood,
The ſource of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Bleſſings to theſe, to thoſe diſtributes ills;
To moſt, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taſte the bad unmix'd, is curſt indeed;
Purſu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,
He wanders, out-caſt both of earth and heav'n.
The happieſt taſte not happineſs ſincere,
But find the cordial draught is daſh'd with care.
Who more than *Peleus* ſhone in wealth and pow'r?
What ſtars concurring bleſt his natal hour?
A realm, a goddeſs, to his wiſhes giv'n,
Grac'd by the gods with all the gifts of heav'n!
One evil yet o'ertakes his lateſt day,
No race ſucceeding to imperial ſway:
An only ſon! and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land!
See him, in *Troy*, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curſe of thine!
Thou too, old man, haſt happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended *Phrygia* own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair *Leſbos*' bliſsful ſeats contain,
And all wide *Helleſpont*'s unmeaſur'd main.
But ſince the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy meaſure from his bitter urn,
What ſees the ſun, but hapleſs heroe's falls?
War, and the blood of man, ſurround thy walls!

What muſt be, muſt be. Bear thy lot, nor ſhed
Theſe unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canſt not call him from the *Stygian* ſhore,
But thou, alas! may'ſt live to ſuffer more!
To whom the king. O favour'd of the ſkies!
Here let me grow to earth! ſince *Hector* lies
On the bare beach, depriv'd of obſequies.
O give me *Hector!* to my eyes reſtore
His corſe, and take the gifts: I aſk no more.
Thou, as thou may'ſt, theſe boundleſs ſtores enjoy;
Safe may'ſt thou ſail, and turn thy wrath from *Troy*,
So ſhall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to ſee the light and live!
Move me no more (*Achilles* thus replies,
While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes)
Nor ſeek by tears my ſteady ſoul to bend;
To yield thy *Hector* I myſelf intend:
For know, from *Jove* my goddeſs-mother came,
(Old *Ocean*'s daughter, ſilver-footed dame)
Nor com'ſt thou but by heav'n; nor com'ſt alone,
Some god impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldeſt of our youth have dar'd
To paſs our out-works, or elude the guard.
Ceaſe; leſt, neglectful of high *Jove*'s command,
I ſhow thee, king! thou tread'ſt on hoſtile land;
Releaſe my knees, thy ſuppliant arts give o'er,
And ſhake the purpoſe of my ſoul no more.
The ſire obey'd him, trembling, and o'eraw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, ruſh'd abroad:
Automedon and *Alcimus* attend,
(Whom moſt he honour'd, ſince he loſt his friend;)
Theſe to unyoke the mules and horſes went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next heap'd on high the num'rous preſents bear
(Great *Hector*'s ranſom) from the poliſh'd car.
Two ſplendid mantles, and a carpet ſpread,
They leave; to cover, and inwrap the dead,
Then call the handmaids with aſſiſtant toil,
To waſh the body, and anoint with oil;
Apart from *Priam*, leſt th' unhappy ſire
Provok'd to paſſion, once more rouze to ire

The ſtern *Pelides*; and nor ſacred age
Nor *Jove*'s command ſhould check the riſing rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corſe they ſpread;
Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd *Patroclus*' ſhade.
If, in that gloom which never light muſt know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghoſts below:
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Reſtoring *Hector*) heav'n's unqueſtion'd will.
The gifts the father gave be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy ſhrine.
He ſaid, and ent'ring, took his ſeat of ſtate,
Where full before him rev'rend *Priam* ſate:
To whom, compos'd, the God-like chief begun.
Lo; to thy pray'r reſtor'd, thy breathleſs ſon;
Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies:
And ſoon as morning paints the eaſtern ſkies,
The ſight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of ſacred night
Demand reflection, and to reſt invite:
Nor thou, O father, thus conſum'd with woe,
The common cares that nouriſh life forego.
Not thus did *Niobe*, of form divine,
A parent once, whoſe ſorrows equall'd thine:
Six youthful ſons, as many blooming maids,
In one ſad day beheld the *Stygian* ſhades;
Theſe by *Apollo*'s ſilver bow were ſlain,
Thoſe *Cynthia*'s arrows ſtretch'd upon the plain.
So was her pride chaſtiz'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright *Latona*'s line;
But two the goddeſs, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
Thoſe boaſted twelve th' avenging two deſtroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the duſt outſpread,
Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none
(For *Jove* had turn'd the nation all to ſtone:)
The gods themſelves at length relenting gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herſelf a rock (for ſuch was heav'n's high will)
Thro' deſarts wild now pours a weeping rill;

Where round the bed whence *Achelous* ſprings,
The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings,
There high on *Sipylus* his ſhaggy brow,
She ſtands her own ſad monument of woe;
The rock for ever laſts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O king! have other parents known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of heav'n thy *Hector* has appear'd,
Nor ſhall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of *Ilion* ſtream around.
He ſaid, and riſing, choſe the victim ewe
With ſilver fleece, which his attendants ſlew.
The limbs they ſever from the reeking hide,
With ſkill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the ſep'rate morſels lays,
And haſty ſnatches from the riſing blaze.
With bread the glitt'ring caniſters they load,
Which round the board *Automedon* beſtow'd:
The chief himſelf to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging ſhar'd in ſweet repaſt.
When now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
The wond'ring hero eyes his royal gueſt;
No leſs the royal gueſt the hero eyes,
His God-like aſpect and majeſtic ſize;
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage,
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the ſilence neither broke,
(A ſolemn ſcene!) at length the father ſpoke.
Permit me now, belov'd of *Jove*! to ſteep
My careful temples in the dew of ſleep:
For ſince the day that number'd with the dead
My hapleſs ſon, the duſt has been my bed,
Soft ſleep a ſtranger to my weeping eyes,
My only food, my ſorrows and my ſighs!
Till now encourag'd by the grace you give,
I ſhare thy banquet, and conſent to live.
With that *Achilles* bad prepare the bed,
With purple ſoft, and ſhaggy carpets ſpread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay.

Then he: Now father ſleep, but ſleep not here;
Conſult thy ſafety, and forgive my fear,
Leſt any *Argive* (at this hour awake,
To aſk our counſel, or our orders take)
Approaching ſudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should ſuch report thy honour'd perſon here,
The king of men the ranſom might defer;
But ſay with ſpeed, if ought of thy deſire
Remains unaſk'd; what time the rites require
T' inter thy *Hector?* For, ſo long we ſtay
Our ſlaught'ring arm, and bid the hoſts obey.
If then thy will permit (the monarch ſaid)
To finiſh all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace accord: to thee are known
The fears of *Ilion*, clos'd within her town,
And at what diſtance from our walls aſpire
The hills of *Ide*, and foreſts for the fire.
Nine days to vent our ſorrows I requeſt,
The tenth ſhall ſee the fun'ral and the feaſt:
The next, to raiſe his monument be giv'n;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!
This, thy requeſt, reply'd the chief, enjoy:
Till then, our arms ſuſpend the fall of *Troy*.

The conduct of this interview ſhews, that *Homer* was moſt intimately acquainted with the human heart. His introducing *Priam* to addreſs *Achilles* in this manner, was a maſter-piece of policy; for *Achilles*, notwithſtanding his turbulent, outragious temper, could not have behaved ill to the old king conſiſtently with his own honour. When a man forſakes a place of ſecurity, flies to the houſe of his enemy, falls at his feet, and implores his clemency and favour, reſentment is diſarmed; and the exaſperated perſon can make no uſe of his force. *Achilles* was here drawn into a dilemma, from which he could not extricate himſelf, and was, in a manner, conſtrained to behave as he did. Had *Priam*'s ſituation been leſs affecting, or the heart of *Achilles* incapable of feeling the misfortunes of others; he could not have deſtroyed the old king, or made him his priſoner, without a violation of the laws of honour and hoſpitality, which would

have rendered him obnoxious and hateful, even to his moſt intimate friends and allies.

When we read theſe maſter-ſtrokes of *Homer*, which are ſeen in almoſt every page of this noble work, it gives us the ſame pain to make any reflections to his diſadvantage, as it would to animadvert on the foibles of a friend, to whom we are under the greateſt obligations, and who deſerves the utmoſt eſteem and veneration of mankind. We cannot, however, retract what we have advanced, reſpecting the characters of his *Grecian* heroes, and the abſurd employments in which he ſometimes engages the gods. To which we might add, what by the way is no new obſervation, that the books of the *Iliad* are ſo far from ariſing naturally one out of the other, that they ſeem in a manner detached, and are ſo independent, that many of them may be tranſpos'd, without much affecting the principal action, and were probably for that reaſon called Rhapſodies. But the warm advocates for *Homer* may ſay, and ſay perhaps with truth and reaſon, that this poem is what he originally intended it: if ſo, many of the ſtrictures we have introduced will be turned from *Homer* on thoſe critics, who laid down rules for Epic poetry many centuries after the *Iliad* was written, and had the preſumption and injuſtice to try *Homer*, by thoſe laws which were not in being at the the time when he liv'd.

We have taken notice of the fable and characters of the *Iliad*, and we ſhould here conſider the ſentiments, the diction and numbers; but our work is too confin'd to admit of ſuch minute particulars; we muſt obſerve therefore, in general, that the ſentiments, ſo far as we can recollect, are conſiſtent with the characters, always juſt and properly elevated, and the diction and numbers are expreſſive and harmonious, beautiful and ſublime. This work of *Homer*'s is alſo replete with the knowledge of ancient times; he piouſly reveres the gods, and he gives us many excellent leſſons of ſound morality and true policy. His epiſodes, tho' ſhort, are beautiful and inſtructive, and his allegories, ſimilies, and deſcriptions are moſt nobly animated, and worthy of the work of *Homer*. His painting, indeed, of every kind is admirable, and deſerves the moſt ſerious attention of the young

ſtudent. What a ſtriking picture has he given us of grief and diſtreſs in *Achilles* weeping over the dead body of *Patroclus:* and in *Priam*'s ſupplicating *Achilles* for the body of his ſon! And what an auguſt, what a terrific deſcription have we of *Jupiter*, in the following lines! From this picture, *Phidias*, a famous *Greek* Statuary, is ſaid to have drawn his *Olympian Jupiter*, which was eſteemed by the ancients a matchleſs piece of art.

He ſpoke, and awful bends his ſable brows;
Shakes his ambroſial curls and gives the nod;
The ſtamp of fate, and ſanction of the God:
High heav'n with trembling the dread ſignal took,
And all *Olympus* to the centre ſhook.

The awful deſcription of the deities engaged in the combat is drawn in the ſame pictureſque and ſublime ſtile.

But when the pow'rs deſcending ſwell'd the fight,
Then tumult roſe; fierce rage and pale affright
Vary'd each face; then diſcord ſounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations ruſh to arms.
Now thro' the trembling ſhores *Minerva* calls,
And now ſhe thunders from the *Grecian* walls.
Mars hov'ring o'er his *Troy*, his terror ſhrouds
In gloomy tempeſts, and a night of clouds:
Now thro' each *Trojan* heart he fury pours
With voice divine from *Ilion*'s top-moſt tow'rs,
Now ſhouts to *Simois*, from her beauteous hill;
The mountains ſhook, the rapid ſtream ſtood ſtill.
Above, the ſire of gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, ſtern *Neptune* ſhakes the ſolid ground;
The foreſts wave, the mountains nod around;
Thro' all their ſummits tremble *Ida*'s woods,
And from their ſources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toſs'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the diſmal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,

Leap'd from his throne, leſt *Neptune*'s arm ſhould lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on *Pluto*'s drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to gods.

The ſimilies in *Homer* are altogether as beautiful and ſublime; for it is well known, that no poet ever equalled him in the number, variety and beauty of his compariſons; and they are ſometimes multiplied or accumulated to ſuch a degree, that we often meet with three, four, or five different ſimilies to illuſtrate the ſame ſubject; yet are they managed with ſo much judgment as not to obſcure the principal object, or embarraſs the reader's mind. The greatneſs of *Homer*'s invention is, perhaps, no where more diſplayed than in his ſimilies, and eſpecially when they are thus multiplied; which not only ſhews the fertility of the poet's fancy, but alſo the immediate ſituation of his mind; for here the imagination ſeems labouring to expreſs ſomething too great to be convey'd in common language, or by a ſingle idea, and therefore flies to ſenſible objects, and multiplies compariſons to impreſs the thought forcibly and effectually on the reader. And here I muſt obſerve, that what often adds more propriety as well as beauty to this mode of ſpeech, is that of its being taken from objects well known and immediately in view, which *Homer*'s often are in the *Iliad*; and which, if I miſtake not, the parables generally are in the New Teſtament.

As an inſtance of *Homer*'s accumulating ſimilies in order to inſtruct the reader, and give him the ſame comprehenſive idea of an object, which he had conceived of it in his own mind, and which ſeems a principal part of the buſineſs and beauty of poetry; we ſhall introduce his deſcription of the *Grecian* army when marching againſt the *Trojans*.

——— The monarch iſſued his commands;
Strait the loud heralds call the gath'ring bands.
The chiefs incloſe their king; the hoſts divide,
In tribes and nations rank'd on either ſide.
High in the midſt the blue-ey'd virgin flies;
From rank to rank ſhe darts her ardent eyes;

The dreadful ægis, *Jove*'s immortal ſhield,
Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field;
Round the vaſt orb an hundred ſerpents roll'd,
Form'd the bright fringe, and ſeem'd to burn in gold.
With this each *Grecian*'s manly breaſt ſhe warms,
Swells their bold hearts, and ſtrings their nervous arms,
No more they ſigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
As on ſome mountain, thro' the lofty grove,
The crackling flames aſcend, and blaze above,
The fires expanding as the winds ariſe,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the ſkies:
So from the poliſh'd arms, and brazen ſhields,
A gleamy ſplendour flaſh'd along the fields.
Not leſs their number, than th' embody'd cranes,
Or milk-white ſwans in *Aſius*' wat'ry plains,
That o'er the windings of *Cayſter*'s ſprings,
Stretch their long necks, and clap their ruſtling wings,
Now tow'r aloft, and courſe in airy rounds;
Now light with noiſe; with noiſe the field reſounds.
Thus num'rous and confus'd, extending wide,
The legions croud *Scamander*'s flow'ry ſide;
With ruſhing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
And thund'ring footſteps ſhake the ſounding ſhore:
Along the river's level meads they ſtand,
Thick as in ſpring the flow'rs adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as inſects play,
The wan'dring nation of a ſummer's day,
That drawn by milky ſteams, at ev'ning hours,
In gather'd ſwarms ſurround the rural bow'rs:
From pail to pail with buſy murmur run
The gilded legions, glitt'ring in the ſun.
So throng'd, ſo cloſe, the *Grecian* ſquadrons ſtood,
In radiant arms, and thirſt for *Trojan* blood.
Each leader now his ſcatter'd force conjoins
In cloſe array, and forms the deep'ning lines.
Not with more eaſe, the ſkilful ſhepherd ſwain
Collects his flock from thouſands on the plain.

Here we have five different ſimilies to illuſtrate one ſubject, namely, the *Grecian* army in its march; but then to prevent crouding the principal object with too

many different images, and ſatiating the mind with ſeeming repetitions, he has applied each ſimile to deſcribe ſome particular properties of the object, or of the effects produced by it. Thus the ſplendor of the *Grecian* armour is illuſtrated by fire; their movements before they can arrange themſelves in order of battle, by the flight of cranes or ſwans; their numbers are compared to leaves and flowers; the ardour with which they run to the combat, is illuſtrated by the flight of a legion of inſects; and the good diſcipline and obedience of the troops, with the care of their officers, is exemplified by different flocks of ſheep, eaſily collected by their own ſhepherds.

Theſe ſort of ſimiles, crouding as it were one upon another, ſhew great fruitfulneſs of imagination, and have a fine effect in the *Iliad*, much better, indeed, than they would have in any other poem; ſince they appear there like beautiful pillars in a fine building, and are not only ornamental, but neceſſary. For, in a work tumultuous as this poem is, whoſe ſubject is only quarrelling, fighting and death, the mind of the reader muſt have ſome relaxation, ſome divertiſement from a continued ſcene of horror, or it would be otherwiſe rendered torpid and inſenſible. The mind cannot always bear the melody of muſic, however variegated and harmonious, how then ſhould it endure the continual din and claſh of arms? Similes, which at once correſpond and differ from the ſubject, could only aid *Homer* in this caſe; for, it is the only mode of writing that can introduce ſcenes continually new and entertaining, without taking off our attention from the principal object. We may conclude therefore, that it was to give the reader this relief, and his poem this variety, that *Homer* introduced ſo many ſimiles; and probably the ſame reaſon might induce him to inſert ſuch a variety of ſpeeches, replete with every branch of oratory, and ſuch a number of dialogues, containing refined maxims in policy, ſound leſſons in morality, and a perfect knowlege of the human heart. However this may be, *Homer* has by an agreeable variety of harangues and dialogues made his *Iliad* more dramatic, than any other Epic poem: But, I think, in ſeveral other reſpects it muſt ſubmit to the

Odyſſey; notwithſtanding what the critics have advanced to the contrary.

As it has been too much the cuſtom for people to take their opinions from others, inſtead of reading, conſulting nature, and drawing obſervations for themſelves, it were to be wiſhed, that thoſe who preſide over the education of youth, would make their pupils acquainted with the fables and cuſtoms of the ancients; and then permit them to read this celebrated author, and make their own remarks on his excellencies and defects; without being embarraſſed and miſled by a croud of commentators, who frequently contradict each other, and often ſet nature and reaſon at a diſtance to eſtabliſh ſome favourite conceit or hypotheſis of their own. Even the great *Euſtathius*, tho' in moſt caſes ſenſible and exact, has his foibles, and ſometimes dwindles into trifling conceits and abſurdity. What an unphiloſophical explication has he given us of its raining droops of blood! We ſhall inſert it in his own words——"Theſe prodigies, with which *Homer* embel-
"liſhes his poetry, are the ſame, ſays he, with thoſe
"which hiſtory relates not as ornaments, but as truths.
"Nothing is more common in hiſtory than ſhowers of
"blood, and philoſophy gives us the reaſon of them:
"the two battles which had been fought on the plains
"of *Troy*, had ſo drenched them with blood, that a
"great quantity of it might be exhaled in vapours, and
"carried into the air, and being there condenſed, fall
"down again in dews and drops of the ſame colour."

This is ſtrange philoſophy, and ſhould not be inſtilled into the minds of youth. Every man, who has paid any attention to the operations of nature, muſt know, that blood cannot be exhaled in this manner, for none but the aqueous or watry part will riſe, unleſs the ſalt and ſpirit be volatilized by putrefaction; but in whatever ſtate you conſider it, and however it is treated, that part which gave the conſiſtence and colour will remain; ſo that no ſuch phænomenon could happen. But the appearance of it might, and was probably occaſioned by extremely ſmall inſects of a red colour, being beat down with a heavy rain, and ſomething of this kind hath been taken notice of by naturaliſts.

We hope the remarks we have made on the *Iliad* will prove a ſtimulus to the minds of young gentlemen and ladies, and incite them to read and think for themſelves, and apply to their ſuperiors in matters that are doubtful, or beyond the ſphere of their apprehenſion; which is the way to be really knowing, and not talkatively ſo. The faults we have pointed out in this great author will, when they come to conſider his excellencies, only ſerve to prove, what has been inſiſted on, and is abundantly known, *that no human performance can be perfect*; and when we conſider the blemiſhes already mentioned, we are the more amazed at the fecundity of *Homer*'s invention, which was ſo copious and vaſt, as to throw in beauties ſufficient to hide his imperfections, and to command the eſteem and admiration of all ages.

Of the ODYSSEY.

We have already obſerved, that the *Iliad* does not extend to the deſtruction of *Troy*, but ends with the death of *Hector*; becauſe, as the anger of *Achilles* was the ſubject of the action, and that ending with the reconciliation between him and *Agamemnon*, and the deſtruction of the *Trojan* hero, *Homer* could not proceed farther with his poem, without deſtroying the unity of his action, and violating the laws of this kind of poetry. And, indeed, a knowledge of what happened after this, could give but little pleaſure to the *Greeks*, tho' recorded in the numbers of *Homer*; for moſt of their princes either died on the *Phrygian* coaſt, or returned but to be miſerable. We are told that *Troy* was taken by the ſtratagem of the wooden horſe, ſoon after the death of *Hector* (the particulars of which may be ſeen in *Virgil*'s Æneid) and that the unhappy *Priam* was killed by *Pyrrhus*. *Achilles*, as *Hector* propheſied at his death, fell before *Troy*, where he was ſhot in the heel, by an arrow from the bow of *Paris*. *Ajax*, ſoon after the death of *Achilles*, had a conteſt with *Ulyſſes* for the armour made by *Vulcan*, and being defeated in his aim, put an end to his own life. *Helen*, after the death of *Paris*, married his brother *Deiphobus*, whom ſhe betray'd at the taking of *Troy*, to reconcile herſelf to *Menelaus*, her firſt huſband. *Agamemnon*, on returning to his native country, was, at the in-

ſtigation of *Clytemneſtra*, his wife, murdered by *Ægyſtus*, who, during his abſence, had diſhonour'd his bed. *Diomede* was expell'd his own country by his adulterous wife *Ægiale*, and ſcarcely eſcaped with life; but was afterwards received by *Daunus* in *Apulia*, and ſhared his kingdom. *Neſtor* returned to *Pyles*, his native country, where he lived in peace with his children. And the many adventures and troubles of the great *Ulyſſes* are recounted in the *Odyſſey*, which we have now under conſideration.

As *Homer* intended the *Iliad* as a leſſon for all the ſtates of *Greece*, when confederated into one body, in order to ſhew them the neceſſity of obſerving a ſtrict union, and avoiding all contention, ſo the *Odyſſey* was written, we may ſuppoſe, for the inſtruction of each particular ſtate ſeparately conſidered, and made up of the prince and his people, or the governors and the governed; and contains not only the duty of the prince and of the people, but the ill conſequences which naturally enſue from a neglect of that duty. This *Homer* has repreſented in the following fable.

A prince had forſaken his native country, and led an army of his ſubjects on a foreign expedition, in conſequence of a league or compact betwixt him and the neighbouring princes. After having performed wonders in this enterprize, by his prudence and valour, and put an end to the war, he was conducting his ſubjects to his own kingdom; but his return is interrupted for ſeveral years by violent ſtorms, which force him into different countries, whoſe manners, laws and politics he had by this means an opportunity of learning; and where, by the many dangerous adventures, in which they were engaged, and by diſobeying his commands, his followers miſerably periſhed. During his abſence, the nobility of his kingdom, who apprehended that he was loſt, and that they ſhould never be puniſhed for their diſobedience, commit great diſorders in the ſtate, waſte his ſubſtance, form a conſpiracy againſt the life of his ſon, and endeavour to diſhonour his bed, or at leaſt to oblige his queen to accept one of them for a huſband. Senſible that an abſence of ſo many years would render his family and ſubjects miſerable, he is on that account

extremely unhappy, and ſurmounts all obſtacles, deſpiſes the pleaſures of life, and refuſes even immortality itſelf for the ſake of his country and friends. At laſt he returns in diſguiſe, and diſcovering himſelf to his ſon, and a few others, who had been faithful to him and his family, he attends at his own court, where he is an eye-witneſs of the virtue and prudence of his queen, and of the inſolence of his enemies, whom he puniſhes according to their deſerts, and reſtores his iſland to its former tranquillity.

This poem therefore, by being adapted to greater numbers, and to princes and people of all nations, is more generally uſeful than the *Iliad*, which is confined only to the ſervice of thoſe ſtates who are obliged to confederate themſelves for their mutual ſecurity. It is alſo to be preferred to the *Iliad* on other accounts; the fable being of the complex kind, excites more of our aſtoniſhment, intereſts us more powerfully, and gives us more pleaſure in its completion.—The voyages, dangers, and misfortunes of *Ulyſſes*, always engage our affections in his favour; and we are delighted with his deſcriptions of the countries and people where he landed; but more particularly ſo with their manners, cuſtoms, laws, politics, and rural life. To which let me add, that as the poem abounds with the moſt admirable ſtrokes of duty, affection and tenderneſs, and recommends piety and the moral virtues, in the ſtrongeſt and moſt lively manner, it is likely to be the more ſerviceable, and eſpecially to youth; for it is in itſelf a very uſeful monitor, an agreeable companion, and a mirrour of human life.

But ſome of the critics have objected to the fable of this poem, and aſſert, that it was inconſiſtent with the character of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, to leave his family and country expoſed to ſo many evils, while he led the flower of his youth into foreign nations, on ſuch a frantic expedition. They allow, that the prudence and knowledge requiſite for a politician is not to be acquired but by long experience, and an intimate acquaintance with the intereſts and forms of government, not only of his own, but of other nations; for a prince ſhould not only be able to give the neceſſary orders; his care muſt alſo extend to their execution, and he ſhould have knowledge

ſufficient to guard him from being impoſed upon. Travel, ſay they, as well as reading and converſation, may be of uſe in this reſpect, and tend greatly to enlighten and enlarge the mind; but, if a prince ever travels, it ſhould be before the reins of government are devolved to him; for it is a maxim in policy, that a king ſhould never leave his own dominions; becauſe the abſence of a monarch generally occaſions great diſorders in the ſtate: and this happen'd at *Ithaca*, where the government would have been ſubverted, and the throne wreſted from the royal family, had it not been for the wiſdom of *Pallas*, in the form of *Mentor*, the virtue and perſeverance of *Penelope*, and the vigilance of *Telemachus*. It is eaſy, however, to extricate *Homer* from this difficulty. Experience tells us, that this maxim may in ſome caſes be diſpenſed with; and we have a recent inſtance of the good effects of a monarch travelling for knowledge, in *Peter* the czar of *Muſcovy*, commonly called *Peter the Great*, who left his own kingdom in diſguiſe, put himſelf under the tuition of a ſhip-builder in *Holland*, worked with the common men to learn that art, thence travelled into *England*, and other parts, to treaſure up more knowledge, and returning home civiliz'd a rude, barbarous and extenſive empire.

But *Homer* has acquitted himſelf of this charge without our aid; for *Ulyſſes* was oblig'd to leave his kingdom, we are to ſuppoſe, in conſequence of a league or compact between him and other *Grecian* princes, ſo that his abſence was not voluntary; and when the war was at an end, he aſſiduouſly ſought his own country, and refuſed even immortality, to return to his family, friends and ſubjects, among whom he thought his abſence might occaſion great commotions. Beſides, what *Homer* has made the ſubject of this poem, is the *return of Ulyſſes, retarded by a great number of obſtacles, which he was to ſurmount*; ſo that his departure from his own kingdom is no part of the action of this poem. It is in this ſenſe *Homer* ought to be underſtood; for when he firſt introduces *Ulyſſes*, which is in the fifth book, he appears in a deſolate iſland, with tears in his eyes, and looking at the ſea as the fatal obſtacle that detains him from his dear country; nay, his grief is ſo great, that the gods are aſ-

ſembled, and, in compaſſion of his ſufferings, *Mercury* is ſent to *Calypſo*, to procure his liberty. We ſhall inſert the whole paſſage, not ſo much in proof of what we have advanced, as becauſe the deſcription of the morning, the deſcent of *Mercury*, and the grotto of the goddeſs are moſt admirably painted.

The ſaffron morn, with early bluſhes ſpread,
Now roſe reſulgent from *Tithonus'* bed:
With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with ſacred light.
Then met th' eternal ſynod of the ſky,
Before the God who thunders from on high,
Supreme in might, ſublime in majeſty.
Pallas, to theſe, deplores th' unequal fates
Of wiſe *Ulyſſes*, and his toils relates;
Her hero's danger touch'd the pitying pow'r,
The nymph's ſeducements, and the magic bow'r.
Thus ſhe began her plaint. Immortal *Jove!*
And you who fill the bliſsful ſeats above!
Let kings no more with gentle mercy ſway,
Or bleſs a people willing to obey,
But cruſh the nations with an iron rod,
And every monarch be the ſcourge of God:
If from your thoughts *Ulyſſes* you remove,
Who rul'd his ſubjects with a father's love.
Sole in an iſle, encircl'd by the main,
Abandon'd, baniſh'd from his native reign,
Unbleſt he ſighs, detain'd by lawleſs charms,
And preſs'd unwilling in *Calypſo's* arms.
Nor friends are there, nor veſſels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeaſurable way.
And now fierce traitors, ſtudious to deſtroy
His only ſon, their ambuſh'd fraud employ,
Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To ſacred *Pylos*, and to *Sparta* came.
What words are theſe (reply'd the pow'r who forms
The clouds of night, and darkens heav'n with ſtorms)
Is't not already in thy ſoul decreed,
The chief's return ſhall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot wiſdom do? Thou may'ſt reſtore
The ſon in ſafety to his native ſhore;

While the fell foes, who late in ambuſh lay,
With fraud defeated meaſure back their way.
Then thus to *Hermes* the command was given,
Hermes, thou choſen meſſenger of heav'n!
Go, to the nymph be theſe our orders born:
'Tis *Jove*'s decree *Ulyſſes* ſhall return:
The patient man ſhall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding gods;
In twice ten days ſhall fertile *Scheria* find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.
The bold *Phæacians* there, whoſe haughty line
Is mix'd with gods, half human, half divine,
The chief ſhall honour as ſome heav'nly gueſt,
And ſwift tranſport him to his place of reſt.
His veſſels loaded with a plenteous ſtore
Of braſs, of veſtures, and reſplendent ore;
(A richer prize than if his joyful iſle
Receiv'd him charg'd with *Ilion*'s noble ſpoil)
His friends, his country he ſhall ſee, though late;
Such is our ſovereign will, and ſuch is fate.
He ſpoke. The God who mounts the winged winds
Faſt to his feet the golden pinions binds,
That high through fields of air his flight ſuſtain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs main.
He graſps the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye:
Then ſhoots from heav'n to high *Pieria*'s ſteep,
And ſtoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So watry fowl, that ſeek their fiſhy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
Now ſailing ſmooth the level ſurface ſweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
Thus o'er the world of waters *Hermes* flew,
Till now the diſtant iſland roſe in view:
Then ſwift aſcending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot, in which the nymph he found,
(The fair-hair'd nymph with ev'ry beauty crown'd)
She ſat and ſung; the rocks reſound her lays:
The cave was brighten'd with a riſing blaze:
Cedar and frankincenſe, an od'rous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the iſle:

While ſhe with work and ſong the time divides,
And thro' the loom the golden ſhuttle guides.
Without the grot a various ſylvan ſcene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quiv'ring play'd,
And nodding cypreſs, form'd a fragrant ſhade;
On whoſe high branches, waving with the ſtorm,
The birds of broadeſt wing their manſion form,
The chough, the ſea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And ſcream aloft, and ſkim the deeps below.
Depending vines the ſhelving cavern ſcreen,
With purple cluſters bluſhing thro' the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clifts diſtil,
And ev'ry fountain pours a ſev'ral rill,
In mazy windings wand'ring down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round.
A ſcene, where, if a god ſhould caſt his ſight,
A god might gaze, and wander with delight!
Joy touch'd the meſſenger of heav'n: he ſtay'd
Entranc'd, and all the bliſsful haunt ſurvey'd.
Him, ent'ring in the cave, *Calypſo* knew,
For pow'rs celeſtial to each other's view
Stand ſtill confeſt, tho' diſtant far they lie,
Or habitants of earth, or ſea, or ſky.
But ſad *Ulyſſes* by himſelf apart,
Pour'd the big ſorrows of his ſwelling heart;
All on the lonely ſhore he ſat to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the reſtleſs deep;
Tow'rd his lov'd coaſt he roll'd his eyes in vain,
Till, dim'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.

Thus we ſee, that the abſence of *Ulyſſes* was ſo far from being voluntary, that he continued inconſolable for the loſs of his country and friends; nor could this delightful ſpot, with all the arts and endearments of the goddeſs, aſſwage his grief, or divert his melancholy.

We are to obſerve, that the firſt four books of this poem, are taken up with the affairs of *Penelope* at *Ithaca*, and with the travels of *Telemachus*, in ſearch of his father; ſo that *Ulyſſes* does not appear till the fifth book, and even there the action does not properly com-

mence, but is deferr'd till the ninth, where he relates his departure from *Troy*; and in this *Homer* is juſtified, and even admired by the beſt judges. It is not neceſſary that the beginning of the poem ſhould alſo begin the action; for there is an artificial order as well as a natural one, and, by making choice of the former, the poet cuts off all languid and unentertaining incidents, paſſes over the time that is void of action, tranſports the reader into the middle of the ſubject, and yet preſerves the continuity of his ſtory: this, among other things, diſtinguiſhes the Epic poem from hiſtory, and in this *Homer* has been imitated by *Virgil*, *Milton*, and others, with ſucceſs.

Beſides the fundamental truth and principal moral of the action, the poet has, in his Epiſodes, conveyed by way of fiction and allegory, many important truths and and uſeful leſſons in morality and politics to mankind.

Thus the miſchiefs attending impertinent curioſity, and of prying into the myſteries of government, are repreſented by the ſailors opening the leathern bags, wherein *Æolus* had ty'd up the adverſe winds, which occaſioned a ſtorm that was fatal to *Ulyſſes*, and all his companions. The conſequences of ſenſuality are alſo pointed out by the ſtory of *Circe*'s feaſting the companions of *Ulyſſes*, and turning them into ſwine.

Soon in the luſcious feaſt themſelves they loſt,
And drank oblivion of their native coaſt.
Inſtant her circling wand the goddeſs waves,
To hogs transforms 'em, and the ſty receives.
No more was ſeen the human form divine,
Head, face, and members briſtle into ſwine:
Still, curſt with ſenſe, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they groan.

And the inchantments of an idle life, and the evils that attend a courſe of inactivity and pleaſure, are allegorically repreſented in the ſtory of the *Sirens* and their ſong, and the caution to reſiſt their allurements comes with great propriety and force from *Circe*, whom *Ulyſſes* had made his friend.

Next, where the *Sirens* dwell, you plow the ſeas;
Their ſong is death, and makes deſtruction pleaſe.

Unbleſt the man, whom muſic wins to ſtay
Nigh the curſt ſhore, and liſten to the lay;
No more that wretch ſhall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
In verdant meads they ſport, and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful ſhore.
Fly ſwift the dang'rous coaſt; let ev'ry ear
Be ſtop'd againſt the ſong! 'tis death to hear!
Firm to the maſt with chains thyſelf be bound,
Nor truſt thy virtue to th' enchanting ſound.
If, mad with tranſport, freedom thou demand,
Be every fetter ſtrain'd, and added band to band.

And it is to be obſerv'd, that the ſong which the *Sirens* addreſs to *Ulyſſes*, is the beſt that could poſſibly have been conceived to gain his attention.

O ſtay, oh, pride of *Greece! Ulyſſes* ſtay!
O ceaſe thy courſe, and liſten to our lay!
Bleſt is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The ſong inſtructs the ſoul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy ſoul ſhall into raptures riſe!
Approach! and learn new wiſdom from the wiſe!
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Atchiev'd at *Ilion* in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the ſun's bright journey lies.
O ſtay, and learn new wiſdom from the wiſe!

But the moral and political leſſons of *Homer*'s Odyſſey are too many to be particularized here; for, as this poem is adapted more to common life than the *Iliad*, the poet has through his whole work endeavoured to infuſe into his readers a veneration for the gods, and a love of prudence, morality, and every kind of virtue.

The characters in *Homer*'s *Odyſſey* are finely drawn, and thoſe of his heroes are ſo amiable, that the heart of the reader is intereſted in all their concerns. *Ulyſſes* engages ſo much of our affection, that we travel with him, and feel his misfortunes; we are in love with the virtue and conſtancy of *Penelope*; and charmed with the

filial piety and manly reſolution of the young *Telemachus*.

With regard to the ſentiments in this poem, they are conſiſtent with the characters, and, where propriety would admit of it, noble and ſublime. But there is not the ſame ſtrain of ſublimity as in the Iliad, becauſe the characters being moſt of them in common life, and concern'd and employ'd in cabals, intrigues or rural affairs, they would not admit of it. To employ lofty thoughts and elevated expreſſions in the common concerns of life, is like placing the regal purple on a clown, which is a moſt certain means of turning him to ridicule.

The diction of the Odyſſey is ſuch as it ought to be, ſuitable to the characters and ſubjects of the poem, and ſo raiſed, as to convey the ſentiments with a becoming dignity, without ſwelling into bombaſt, or ſinking into vulgarity: and it is particularly to be obſerved, that the epithets here, as well as in the *Iliad*, are truly picturesque and deſcriptive of the ſubjects they are intended to illuſtrate.

The buſineſs of language is to convey the thoughts or ſentiments of the characters; but they muſt be conveyed in ſuch expreſſions as the perſons they proceed from are ſuppoſed to underſtand. Where *Homer* cannot ſupport ſublimity, he takes care to preſerve a dignity, or, at leaſt, a propriety; and even in his narrations and dramatic parts of the low and familiar kind, his verſe is ever eaſy, flowing, copious, clear and harmonious. This obſervation is rendered the more neceſſary, by the complaints which have been brought againſt *Homer*, for not keeping up the ſame ſublimity of language in the Odyſſey, that we find in the Iliad, and which is imputed to his having wrote that poem in the decline of life, which concluſion is abſurd and unjuſt, and thoſe who read this poem with due attention to the fable and characters, and conſult nature and reaſon, will not only acquit him of this accuſation, but will admire how he could relate the moſt common things with ſo much dignity, and without the violation of nature and propriety.

The relation he gives us of the dog *Argus*, with the circumſtances of his knowing the voice of *Ulyſſes*, and of

his death (tho' a mean ſubject, and ridiculed by ſome critics) is, in the manner *Homer* has introduced it, not only pleaſing but pathetic, and ſecures as much of our attention as any paſſage in the whole poem.

Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his antient maſter knew;
He, not unconſcious of the voice, and tread,
Lifts to the ſound his ear, and rears his head.
Bred by *Ulyſſes*, nouriſh'd at his board,
But ah! not fated long to pleaſe his lord!
To him, his ſwiftneſs and his ſtrength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
'Till then in ev'ry ſylvan chace renown'd
With *Argus*, *Argus*, rung the woods around;
With him the youth purſu'd the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy lev'ret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Un-hous'd, neglected, in the public way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was ſpread,
Obſcene with reptiles, took his ſordid bed.
He knew his lord; he knew, and ſtrove to meet,
In vain he ſtrove, to crawl, and kiſs his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes
Salute his maſter, and confeſs his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty maſter's ſoul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden ſtole,
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dry'd
The drop humane: then thus impaſſion'd cry'd.
What noble beaſt in this abandon'd ſtate
Lies here all helpleſs at *Ulyſſes'* gate?
His bulk and beauty ſpeak no vulgar praiſe;
If, as he ſeems, he was in better days,
Some care his age deſerves: or was he priz'd
For worthleſs beauty? therefore now deſpis'd?
Such dogs, and men there are, meer things of ſtate,
And always cheriſh'd by their friends, the great.
Not *Argus* ſo, (*Eumæus* thus rejoin'd)
But ſerv'd a maſter of a nobler kind,
Who never, never ſhall behold him more!
Long, long ſince periſh'd on a diſtant ſhore!

Oh had you ſeen him, vig'rous, bold and young,
Swift as a ſtag, and as a lion ſtrong;
Him no fell ſavage on the plain withſtood,
None 'ſcap'd him, boſom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his ſcent how true
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when *Ulyſſes* left his natal coaſt;
Now years un-nerve him, and his lord is loſt!
The women keep the gen'rous creature bare,
A ſleek and idle race is all their care:
The maſter gone, the ſervants what reſtrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a ſlave, takes half his worth away.
This ſaid, the honeſt herdſman ſtrode before:
The muſing monarch pauſes at the door:
The dog whom fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a laſt look, and having ſeen him, dies;
So clos'd for ever faithful *Argus'* eyes!

It requires great invention, as well as judgment to aſſemble low thoughts and images, and dreſs them in ſuch a manner, that they may mix with propriety among thoſe which are ſublime; yet this ſeems natural and eaſy to *Homer*.

Even the manner of waſhing of linnen, than which perhaps there is not a meaner employment, is related by him, with ſuch pleaſing circumſtances, and elegant expreſſions, that it is rendered as agreeable as any part of the poem. It is *Nauſicaa*'s nuptial linnen that is waſhing, and the princeſs herſelf ſuperintends the work. We ſhall inſert the paſſage, becauſe as *Ulyſſes* is awakened by the ſhouts and diverſions of the damſels, and applies to the princeſs for relief, it affords us a lively picture of the noble ſimplicity, hoſpitality and decorum of that age. It is alſo worthy of remark, that this waſhing in ciſterns was perform'd by treading the linen, as they do now in the north of *England* and *Scotland*, and not by rubbing it with their hands.

They ſeek the ciſterns where *Phæacian* dames
Waſh their fair garments in the limpid ſtreams;
Where gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a ſpacious baſon fills.
The mules unharneſs'd range beſide the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.
Then æmulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the veſtures in the cleanſing wave:
(The veſtures cleans'd o'erſpread the ſhelly ſand,
Their ſnowy luſtre whitens all the ſtrand:)
Then with a ſhort repaſt relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuſe ambroſial oil:
And while the robes imbibe the ſolar ray,
O'er the green mead the ſporting virgins play:
(Their ſhining veils unbound) along the ſkies
Toſt, and retoſt, the ball inceſſant flies.
They ſport, they feaſt; *Nauſicaa* lifts her voice,
And warbling ſweet, makes earth and heav'n rejoice.
As when o'er *Erymanth Diana* roves,
Or wide *Taygetus*'s reſounding groves;
A ſylvan train the huntreſs queen ſurrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her ſhoulder ſounds:
Fierce in the ſport, along the mountain brow
They bay the boar, or chaſe the bounding roe;
High o'er the lawn, with more majeſtic pace,
Above the nymphs; ſhe treads with ſtately grace
Diſtinguiſh'd excellence the goddeſs proves;
Exults *Latona* as the virgin moves.
With equal grace *Nauſicaa* trod the plain,
And ſhone tranſcendant o'er the beauteous train.
Mean time (the care and fav'rite of the ſkies)
Wrapt in embow'ring ſhade *Ulyſſes* lies,
His woes forgot! But *Pallas* now addreſt
To break the bands of all-compoſing reſt.
Forth from her ſnowy hand *Nauſicaa* threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And ſwam the ſtream: loud ſhrieks the virgin train,
And the loud ſhriek redoubles from the main.
Wak'd by the ſhrilling ſound, *Ulyſſes* roſe,
And to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his woes.
Ah me! on what inhoſpitable coaſt,
On what new region is *Ulyſſes* toſt?

Poſſeſt by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whoſe boſom tender pity warms?
What ſounds are theſe that gather from the ſhores?
The voice of nymphs that haunt the ſylvan bow'rs?
The fair-hair'd dryads of the ſhady wood,
Or azure daughters of the ſilver flood?
Or human voice? But iſſuing from the ſhades,
Why ceaſe I ſtrait to learn what ſound invades?
Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous bends,
With forceful ſtrength a branch the hero rends;
Around his loins the verdant cincture ſpreads
A wreathy foliage, and concealing ſhades.
As when a lion in the midnight hours
Beat by rude blaſts, and wet with wat'ry ſhow'rs,
Deſcends terrific from the mountain's brow,
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conſcious ſtrength elate, he bends his way,
Majeſtically fierce, to ſeize his prey,
(The ſteer or ſtag:) or with keen hunger bold
Springs o'er the fence, and diſſipates the fold.
No leſs a terror, from the neighb'ring groves,
Rough from the toſſing ſurge *Ulyſſes* moves;
Urg'd on by want, and recent from the ſtorms
The brackiſh ooze his manly grace deforms.
Wide o'er the ſhore with many a piercing cry
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly:
All but the nymph: the nymph ſtood fix'd alone,
By *Pallas* arm'd with boldneſs not her own.
Mean time in dubious thought the king awaits,
And ſelf-conſidering, as he ſtands, debates;
Diſtant his mournful ſtory to declare,
Or proſtrate at her knee addreſs the pray'r.
But fearful to offend, by wiſdom ſway'd,
At awful diſtance he accoſts the maid.
If from the ſkies a goddeſs, or if earth
(Imperial virgin) boaſt thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend; if in that bright diſguiſe
Thou viſit earth, a daughter of the ſkies,
Hail, *Dian*, hail! the huntreſs of the groves
So ſhines majeſtic, and ſo ſtately moves,

So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Bleſt is the father from whoſe loins you ſprung,
Bleſt is the mother at whoſe breaſt you hung,
Bleſt are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To ſuch a miracle of charms ally'd:
Joyful they ſee applauding princes gaze,
When ſtately in the dance you ſwim th' harmonious maze.
But bleſt o'er all, the youth with heav'nly charms,
Who claſps the bright perfection in his arms!
Never, I never view'd till this bleſt hour
Such finiſh'd grace! I gaze and I adore!
Thus ſeems the palm with ſtately honours crown'd
By *Phœbus'* altars; thus o'erlooks the ground;
The pride of *Delos*. (By the *Delian* coaſt
I voyag'd, leader of a warrior hoſt,)
But ah how chang'd! from thence my ſorrow flows;
O fatal voyage, ſource of all my woes!
Raptur'd I ſtood, and as this hour amaz'd,
With rev'rence at the lofty wonder gaz'd:
Raptur'd I ſtand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
A plant ſo ſtately, or a nymph ſo fair.
Aw'd from acceſs, I lift my ſuppliant hands;
For miſery, oh queen, before thee ſtands!
Twice ten tempeſtuous nights I roll'd, reſign'd
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heav'n bade the deep to ſpare! but heav'n my foe
Spares only to inflict ſome mightier woe!
Inur'd to cares, to death in all its forms,
Out-caſt I rove, familiar with the ſtorms!
Once more I view the face of human kind:
Oh let ſoft pity touch thy gen'rous mind!
Unconſcious of what air I breathe, I ſtand
Naked, defenceleſs on a foreign land.
Propitious to my wants, a veſt ſupply
To guard the wretch from th' inclement ſky:
So may the gods who heav'n and earth controul,
Crown the chaſte wiſhes of thy virtuous ſoul,
On thy ſoft hours their choiceſt bleſſings ſhed,
Bleſt with a huſband be thy bridal bed,
Bleſt be thy husband with a blooming race,
And laſting union crown your bliſsful days.

The gods, when they ſupremely bleſs, beſtow
Firm union on their favourites below;
Then envy grieves, with inly pining hate;
The good exult, and heav'n is in our ſtate.
To whom the nymph: O ſtranger, ceaſe thy care.
Wiſe is thy ſoul, but man is born to bear:
Jove weighs affairs of earth in dubious ſcales,
And the good ſuffers, while the bad prevails:
Bear, with a ſoul reſign'd, the will of *Jove*;
Who breathes, muſt mourn: thy woes are from above.
But ſince thou tread'ſt our hoſpitable ſhore,
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,
To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide——
Know, the *Phæacian* tribes this land divide;
From great *Alcinous*' royal loins I ſpring,
A happy nation, and an happy king.
Then to her maids——Why, why, ye coward train
Theſe fears, this flight? ye fear, and fly in vain.
Dread ye a foe? diſmiſs that idle dread,
'Tis death with hoſtile ſtep theſe ſhores to tread;
Safe in the love of heav'n, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes;
'Tis ours this ſon of ſorrow to relieve,
Chear the ſad heart, nor let affliction grieve.
By *Jove* the ſtranger and the poor are ſent,
And what to thoſe we give, to *Jove* is lent.
Then food ſupply, and bathe his fainting limbs
Where waving ſhades obſcure the mazy ſtreams.
Obedient to the call, the chief they guide
To the calm current of the ſecret tide;
Cloſe by the ſtream a royal dreſs they lay,
A veſt and robe, with rich embroid'ry gay:
Then unguents in a vaſe of gold ſupply,
That breath'd a fragrance through the balmy ſky.
To them the king. No longer I detain
Your friendly care: retire, ye virgin train!
Retire, while from my weary'd limbs I lave
The foul pollution of the briny wave:
Ye gods! ſince this worn frame reflection knew,
What ſcenes have I ſurvey'd of dreadful view?

But, nymphs, recede! Sage chaſtity denies
To raiſe the bluſh or pain the modeſt eyes.

Ulyſſes being thus cloathed, and refreſhed with ſuch viands and wines as the princeſs had with her, ſhe directs him to the palace; but with this caution, that he ſhould come after her at a diſtance, leſt the populace ſhould raiſe reports to her diſhonour.

——————————— To me belongs
The care to ſhun the blaſt of ſland'rous tongues;
Leſt malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Should with vile cenſure taint my ſpotleſs name.

And to this ſhe prudently adds,

——————————— Female innocence
Not only flies the guilt, but ſhuns th' offence:
Th' unguarded virgin as unchaſte I blame,
And the leaſt freedom with the ſex is ſhame,
'Till our conſenting ſires a ſpouſe provide,
And public nuptials juſtify the bride.

As what paſſes between *Ulyſſes* and the *Phæacians* is very beautiful and intereſting, but in ſome parts exceptionable, we ſhall beg leave to conſider it more particularly.

After the departure of *Nauſicaa* and the damſels, who had been waſhing her garments, *Ulyſſes* went to the city, where he was met by *Pallas* in the form of a virgin, who gave him ſome excellent advice reſpecting the buſineſs he wanted to negociate at court; and then leading him to the royal palace, there left him with this prudent admonition.

My taſk is done; the manſion you require
Appears before you: enter, and admire.
High-thron'd, and feaſting, there thou ſhalt behold
The ſcepter'd rulers. Fear not, but be bold:
A decent boldneſs ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and ev'n a ſtranger recommends.

After this we are entertain'd with pompous deſcriptions of the royal palace and gardens, which are, I think, ſomewhat exaggerated, and out of nature; eſpecially that of the latter, for it contains a grove for

fruits and ſhade, an allotment for olives and herbs, and a vineyard; beſides two large fountains, one whereof water'd the gardens, and the other ſupplied the palace and town; and yet we are told, that the ſpace of ground which contained all this, was no more than four acres.

Cloſe to the gates a ſpacious garden lies,
From ſtorms defended and inclement ſkies:
Four acres was th' allotted ſpace of ground,
Fenc'd with a green encloſure all around.
Tall thriving trees confeſs'd the fruitful mold;
The red'ning apple ripens here to gold;
Here the blue fig with luſcious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flouriſh round the year.
The balmy ſpirit of the weſtern gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear ſupplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs ariſe;
The ſame mild ſeaſon gives the blooms to blow
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning cluſters in the ſun.
Others to tread the liquid harveſt join,
The groaning preſſes foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r deſcry'd,
Here grapes diſcolour'd on the ſunny ſide,
And there in autumn's richeſt purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the ſcene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole proſpect crown'd,
This thro' the gardens leads its ſtream around,
Viſits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows;
And thence its current on the town beſtows;
To various uſe their various ſtreams they bring,
The people one, and one ſupplies the king.

As *Ulyſſes* is to ſupport the character of a wiſe and prudent prince, and is involved in numberleſs dangers and difficulties, he is frequently obliged to make uſe of the art of diſſimulation, and to offer violence to truth, though not to good manners; for his complimental addreſſes are ever pertinent and pleaſing. That to *Nauſicaa* above recited is, I think, a maſter-piece of its kind, and his addreſs to the queen and court of *Alcinous* is altogether as artful.

Daughter of great *Rhexenor!* (thus began
Low at her knees, the much-enduring man)
To thee, thy conſort, and this royal train,
To all that ſhare the bleſſings of your reign,
A ſuppliant bends: oh pity human woe!
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country ſend,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
So may the gods your better days increaſe,
And all your joys deſcend on all your race,
So reign for ever on your country's breaſt,
Your people bleſſing, by your people bleſt!
Then to the genial earth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the aſhes took his place.

And this inſinuating addreſs had its deſired effect, for,

Silence enſu'd. The eldeſt firſt began,
Echeneus ſage, a venerable man!
Whoſe well taught mind the preſent age ſurpaſt,
And join'd to that the experience of the laſt.
Fit words attended on his weighty ſenſe,
And mild perſuaſion flow'd in eloquence.
O ſight (he cry'd) diſhoneſt and unjuſt!
A gueſt, a ſtranger, ſeated in the duſt!
To raiſe the lonely ſuppliant from the ground
Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle gueſt to grace,
And ſeat him fair in ſome diſtinguiſh'd place.
Let firſt the herald due libation pay
To *Jove*, who guides the wand'rer on his way;
Then ſet the genial banquet in his view,
And give the ſtranger-gueſt a ſtranger's due.

The ſame prudence and addreſs is ſhown after the banquet, when the nobles are gone, and he is left ſeated with *Alcinous* and his queen; for ſhe diſcovering the garment that was lent him by *Nauſicaa*, queſtions him on that head; upon which he diſcloſes the truth, and while he praiſes *Nauſicaa*, artfully throws in a compliment on her majeſty, and concludes with a ſentence, in proof of his attachment to truth, and his abhorrence of a lie.

The queen, on nearer view, the gueſt ſurvey'd,
Rob'd in the garments her own hands had made;
Not without wonder ſeen. Then thus began,
Her words addreſſing to the god-like man.
Cam'ſt thou not hither, wond'rous ſtranger! ſay,
From lands remote, and o'er a length of ſea?
Tell then whence art thou? Whence that princely air?
And robes like theſe, ſo recent and ſo fair?
Hard is the taſk, oh princeſs! you impoſe:
(Thus ſighing ſpoke the man of many woes)
The long, the mournful ſeries to relate
Of all my ſorrows, ſent by heav'n and fate!
Yet what you aſk, attend. An iſland lies
Beyond theſe tracts, and under other ſkies,
Ogygia nam'd in Ocean's wat'ry arms:
Where dwells *Calypſo*, dreadful in her charms!
Remote from gods or men ſhe holds her reign,
Amid the terrors of the rowling main.
Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore
Unbleſt! to tread that interdicted ſhore:
When *Jove* tremendous in the ſable deeps
Launch'd his red lightning at our ſcatter'd ſhips:
Then, all my fleet, and all my foll'wers loſt,
Sole on a plank, on boiling ſurges toſt,
Heav'n drove my wreck th' *Ogygian* iſle to find,
Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
Met by the goddeſs there with open arms,
She brib'd my ſtay with more than human charms;
Nay promis'd, vainly promis'd, to beſtow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.
But all her blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
To baniſh from my breaſt my country's love.

I ſtay reluctant ſev'n continu'd years,
And water her ambroſial couch with tears.
The eighth, ſhe voluntary moves to part,
Or urg'd by *Jove*, or her own changeful heart.
A raft was form'd to croſs the ſurging ſea ;
Herſelf ſupply'd the ſtores and rich array ;
And gave the gales to waft me on the way.
In ſev'nteen days appear'd your pleaſing coaſt,
And woody mountains half in vapours loſt.
Joy touch'd my ſoul : my ſoul was joy'd in vain,
For angry *Neptune* rouz'd the raging main ;
The wild winds whiſtle, and the billows roar ;
The ſplitting raft the furious tempeſts tore ;
And ſtorms vindictive intercept the ſhore.
Soon as their rage ſubſides, the ſeas I brave
With naked force, and ſhoot along the wave,
To reach this iſle : but there my hopes were loſt,
The ſurge impell'd me on a craggy coaſt.
I choſe the ſafer ſea, and chanc'd to find
A river's mouth impervious to the wind,
And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood ;
Then took the ſhelter of the neighb'ring wood.
'Twas night ; and cover'd in the foliage deep
Jove plung'd my ſenſes in the death of ſleep.
All night I ſlept, oblivious of my pain :
Aurora dawn'd, and *Phœbus* ſhin'd in vain,
Nor 'till oblique he ſtop'd his evening ray,
Had *Somnus* dry'd the balmy dews away.
Then female voices from the ſhore I heard :
A maid amidſt them, goddeſs-like, appear'd :
To her I ſu'd, ſhe pity'd my diſtreſs ;
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue leſs.
Who from ſuch youth could hope conſid'rate care ?
In youth and beauty wiſdom is but rare !
She gave me life, reliev'd with juſt ſupplies
My wants, and lent theſe robes that ſtrike your eyes.
This is the truth ; and, oh ye pow'rs on high !
Forbid that want ſhou'd ſink me to a lye.

But tho' *Ulyſſes* is made a prudent character, the poet has taken care not to make him a perfect one ; becauſe he knew there was no ſuch thing in nature. Thus, dur-

ing the *Phæacian* games, when *Laodamas* invites him to take a part in the diverſion, *Ulyſſes* at firſt prudently declines the conteſt; but when *Euryalus* obſerved in a ſarcaſtic manner, that *Ulyſſes* was unlike the ſons of fame, and dreaded the athletic labours of the field, he was ſo fired with indignation, that he defies even all the *Phæacians* to equal him in thoſe exerciſes, and ſeems for ſome time to forget that he is ſupplicating a favour of them; at laſt however he corrects himſelf, and ſets all aright, by making a compliment to *Laodamas* and Friendſhip.

Incens'd *Ulyſſes* with a frown replies,
O forward to proclaim thy ſoul unwiſe!
With partial hands the gods their gifts diſpenſe:
Some greatly think, ſome ſpeak with manly ſenſe;
Here heav'n an elegance of form denies,
But wiſdom the defect of form ſupplies:
This man with energy of thought controuls,
And ſteals with modeſt violence our ſouls,
He ſpeaks reſerv'dly, but he ſpeaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worſe;
In public more than mortal he appears,
And as he moves the gazing croud reveres.
While others, beauteous as th' ætherial kind,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward ſhow heav'n gives thee to excel,
But heav'n denies the praiſe of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my gen'rous ſoul reſents the wrong:
Skill'd in heroic exerciſe, I claim
A poſt of honour with the ſons of fame;
Such was my boaſt, while vigour crown'd my days,
Now care ſurrounds me, and my force decays;
Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,
In ſcenes of death, by tempeſt and by war.
Yet thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the hero—— Slander ſtings the brave.
Then ſtriding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground:
By far more pond'rous, and more huge by far,
Than what *Phæacias'* ſons diſcharg'd in air.

Fierce from his arm th' enormous load he flings;
Sonorous thro' the ſhaded air it ſings;
Couch'd to the earth, tempeſtuous as it flies,
The croud gaze upwards while it cleaves the ſkies.
Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
Down ruſhing, it up-turns a hill of ground.
Then thus aloud (elate with decent pride)
Riſe ye *Phæacians*, try your force, he cry'd;
If with this throw the ſtrongeſt caſter vie,
Still, further ſtill, I bid the diſcus fly.
Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,
Or you, the ſwifteſt racers of the field!
Stand forth, ye wreſtlers, who theſe paſtimes grace!
I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race.
In ſuch heroic games I yield to none,
Or yield to brave *Laodamas* alone:
Shall I with brave *Laodamas* contend?
A friend is ſacred, and I ſtile him friend.
Ungen'rous were the man, and baſe of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful part:
Chiefly the man, in foreign realms confin'd,
Baſe to his friend, to his own intereſt blind.

We are oblig'd to *Homer* for conveying to future times a knowledge of the honours which were heaped on poetry and muſic in thoſe early ages. He every where ſpeaks reſpectfully of the bard; and in drawing the character of *Demodocus* among the *Phæacians*, he ſeems not unmindful of himſelf.

The herald now arrives, and guides along
The ſacred maſter of cœleſtial ſong:
Dear to the Muſe! who gave his days to flow
With mighty bleſſings, mix'd with mighty woe:
With clouds of darkneſs quench'd his viſual ray,
But gave him ſkill to raiſe the lofty lay.
High on a radiant throne ſublime in ſtate,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he ſate:
With ſilver ſhone the throne; his lyre well ſtrung
To rapt'rous ſounds, at hand *Pontonous* hung:
Before his ſeat a poliſh'd table ſhines;
And a full goblet foams with gen'rous wines:

His food a herald bore: and now they fed;
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.
Then fir'd by all the muſe, aloud he ſings
The mighty deeds of demi-gods and kings:
From that fierce wrath the noble ſong aroſe,
That made *Ulyſſes* and *Achilles* foes:
How o'er the feaſt they doom the fall of *Troy*;
The ſtern debate *Atrides* hears with joy:
For heav'n foretold the conteſt when he trod
The marble threſhold of the *Delphic* god,
Curious to learn the counſels of the ſky,
E'er yet he loos'd the rage of war on *Troy*.
Touch'd at the ſong, *Ulyſſes* ſtrait reſign'd
To ſoft affliction all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple veſt he drew,
Induſtrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the muſic paus'd he ceas'd to ſhed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
And lifting to the gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.
Tranſported with the ſong, the liſt'ning train
Again with loud applauſe demand the ſtrain:
Again *Ulyſſes* veil'd his penſive head,
Again unmann'd a ſhow'r of ſorrow ſhed:

And at the feaſt which enſu'd the games, we find the bard again diſtinguiſhed in a peculiar manner.

Now each partakes the feaſt, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each the portion ſhares.
The bard an herald guides: the gazing throng
Pay low obeyſance as he moves along:
Beneath a ſculptur'd arch he ſits enthron'd,
The peers encircling form an awful round.
Then from the chine, *Ulyſſes* carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part:
This, let the maſter of the lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the ſpacious ſkies,
Who ſacred honours to the bard denies?
The muſe the bard inſpires, exalts his mind;
The muſe indulgent loves th' harmonious kind.

The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flatt'ry, nor unpleas'd with praiſe.
When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the lyriſt wiſe *Ulyſſes* ſaid.
O more than man! thy ſoul the muſe inſpires,
Or *Phœbus* animates with all his fires:
For who, by *Phœbus* uninform'd, could know
The woe of *Greece*, and ſing ſo well the woe?
Juſt to the tale, as preſent at the fray,
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day;
The ſong recals paſt horrors to my eyes,
And bids proud *Ilion* from her aſhes riſe.
Once more harmonious ſtrike the ſounding ſtring,
Th' *Epæan* fabric, fram'd by *Pallas*, ſing:
How ſtern *Ulyſſes*, furious to deſtroy,
With latent heroes ſack'd imperial *Troy*,
If faithful thou record the tale of fame:
The god himſelf inſpires thy breaſt with flame:
And mine ſhall be the taſk, henceforth to raiſe
In ev'ry land, thy monument of praiſe.
Full of the god, he rais'd his lofty ſtrain,
How the *Greeks* ruſh'd tumultuous to the main:
How blazing tents illumin'd half the ſkies,
While from the ſhores the winged navy flies:
How ev'n in *Ilion*'s walls, in deathful bands,
Came the ſtern *Grecks* by *Troy*'s aſſiſting hands:
All *Troy* up-heav'd the ſteed: of diff'ring mind,
Various the *Trojans* counſell'd; part conſign'd
The monſter to the ſword, part ſentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave;
Th' unwiſe award to lodge it in the tow'rs,
An off'ring ſacred to th' immortal pow'rs:
Th' unwiſe prevail, they lodge it in the walls,
And by the gods decree proud *Ilion* falls;
Deſtruction enters in the treach'rous wood,
And vengeful ſlaughter, fierce for human blood.
He ſung the *Greeks* ſtern iſſuing from the ſteed
How *Ilion* burns, how all her fathers bleed:
How to thy dome, *Deiphobus!* aſcends,
The *Spartan* king; how *Ithacus* attends,
(Horrid as *Mars*) and how with dire alarms
He fights, ſubdues; for *Pallas* ſtrings his arms.

Thus, while he ſung, *Ulyſſes'* griefs renew,
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew:
Conceal'd he griev'd: the king obſerv'd alone
The ſilent tear, and heard the ſecret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O ceaſe to ſing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful ſtring:
To ev'ry note his tears reſponſive flow
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe;
Thy lay too deeply moves: then ceaſe the lay,
And o'er the banquet every heart be gay.

The effect which this ſong had on *Ulyſſes* leads the king to enquire into his misfortunes, and naturally draws from the hero a diſcovery of himſelf with an account of his adventures.

The relation of his adventures begins in the ninth book, which indeed opens the action of the poem; for he there ſpeaks of the deſtruction of *Troy*, and after that of their invading the *Cicons*, by whom they were repulſed and obliged to put to ſea: when, meeting with a ſtorm, they were driven to the coaſt of the *Lotophagi*, whence they ſail'd to the land of the *Cyclops*, whoſe manners and ſituation are particularly deſcribed; as alſo is the giant *Polyphemus* and his cave, together with his treatment of *Ulyſſes* and his companions, and the manner in which they eſcaped: which laſt, is, in my opinion, one of the moſt exceptionable parts of the poem. After viſiting the *Cyclops* he lands on the iſland of *Æolus*, who gives him proſperous gales, and encloſes the adverſe winds in a bag; but his companions untying it to ſee what wealth it contained, the winds burſt out, a ſtorm enſues, and they are driven back again to the ſame iſland, where they again petition *Æolus* for more favourable winds; but are rejected. (There is an uſeful leſſon couched under this allegory, which we have already pointed out.) Hence they ſail to the land of the *Læſtrigons*, another race of giants, where they loſe eleven of their ſhips, and with the only one remaining, ſail to the iſland of *Circe*. Here *Eurylochus* and ſome others are diſpatched to learn by what people the iſland is inhabited. They all except *Eurylochus* enter the palace of *Circe*, where they are feaſted, and transformed into ſwine, by which

ingenious allegory the poet has finely repreſented the hateful effects of intemperance and ſenſuality. *Ulyſſes* however, by the aid of *Mercury*, who preſents him with the herb *Moly*, as an antidote againſt her charms, overcomes the enchantreſs, and recovers his companions; and after a year's ſtay in this iſland, at the inſtigation of *Circe*, he prepares for his voyage to the infernal ſhades. *Ulyſſes* arrives at the land of the *Cimmerians*, and recites the ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. He deſcribes the manner of his deſcent, the apparition of the ſhades, and his converſation with *Elpenor*, and with *Tireſias*, who informs him of his fortunes to come: then meeting his mother *Anticlea*, he learns of her the ſtate of his family. He viſits the ſhades of the heroines and heroes, and converſes with *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*; but *Ajax*, on account of their quarrel for the armour made by *Vulcan*, keeps at a diſtance, and diſdains to anſwer him. He then ſees *Tityus*, *Tantalus*, *Syſiphus*, and *Hercules*, and is deterred from further curioſity by the apparition of horrid ſpectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments. After his return from the infernal ſhades, he was ſent by *Circe* on his voyage with particular inſtructions how to paſs in ſafety by the coaſt of the *Sirens*, and by the ſtreights of *Sylla* and *Charybdis*. He relates the manner in which he eſcaped thoſe dangers, and how, being caſt on the iſland of *Trinacria*, his companions deſtroyed the oxen of the ſun: in conſequence whereof, they all periſhed by ſhip-wreck, except himſelf, who ſwimming on the maſt of the ſhip, arrived at the iſland of *Calypſo*; and with this the narration concludes.

Some parts of this relation however, are not much to the advantage either of the poet or his hero. We are to remember, that the ſubject of the poem is the return of *Ulyſſes* retarded againſt his will. His ſtay from his native country is therefore ſuppoſed to be involuntary, and 'tis on no other principle that the fable of the poem can be defended, as we have already ſhewn. But how does this agree with his adventure with *Polyphemus?* He went to his cave, not to ſeek neceſſaries for his fleet, but out of meer curioſity: his abſence therefore in this place was voluntary, and he is juſtly chargeable with

the loſs of his men. But the whole of this ſtory of *Polyphemus* is unworthy of *Homer*. The introduction indeed is great:

A giant ſhepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the reſt, and ſolitary reigns,
In ſhelter thick of horrid ſhade reclin'd;
And gloomy miſchiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in ſtature, or in face;
As ſome lone mountain's monſt'rous growth he ſtood,
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.
——————————Lo! he comes at laſt.
Near half a foreſt on his back he bore,
And caſt the pond'rous burden at the door.
It thunder'd as it fell——————————

But the deſcription of the cave under ground, in which ſo many flocks and herds are kept, the giant's devouring two of the companions of *Ulyſſes* every time he wanted to refreſh himſelf, their making him drunk with a rich wine, and then converting a beam into a kind of Gimblet, and boring out his one eye with the end of it, made hot in the fire, are circumſtances that excite horror, not admiration, and are altogether void of probability; to which we muſt add, that the uſe made of the ambiguity of the word or phraſe *No-Man*, tho' applauded by ſome critics, and imitated by ſome poets, has a littleneſs in it unworthy of this kind of poetry. And the converſation between *Polyphemus* and the neighbouring *Cyclops*, whom he had called to his aſſiſtance with a hideous yell, is a pitiful repetition of the ſame paultry pun. Nor was it very prudent in the wiſe *Ulyſſes* to inſult this monſtrous giant, before he was out of his reach; and after he had thrown one mountain at him, which drove his ſhip on ſhore, 'twas inſufferable in the wiſe hero to ſtand ſcoffing till he threw at him another. In ſhort, the whole ſtory is fit only to entertain weak minds, and frighten children, and is the more indefenſible, as it is out of the power of all human invention to draw from it any allegorical or myſtical meaning.

It is amazing that *Virgil* ſhould copy this very part in his Æneid, and that *Longinus*, *Rapin*, and others ſhould commend it. But when the critics appear in ſuch crouds as we ſee about *Homer*, they often intercept the light which nature lent for our guidance, and obſcure thoſe very objects they intended to elucidate. And I muſt here remark, that it is one of the misfortunes of chriſtianity, that we have had too many commentators on the new teſtament; the underſtanding of which (the eſſential part eſpecially) requires nothing but good ſenſe, and a knowledge of the hiſtory and manners of the times in which our Saviour lived; but to underſtand ſome of the commentators a man muſt be a maſter of magic, or he will never be able to untye thoſe knots which they have woven, to torture and perplex the meaning of ſome paſſages in that ſacred work. So true it is that,

A weak advocate is a great adverſary.

The adventure with the *Læſtrigons* is of a ſimilar nature with that above related, and attended with this abſurdity, that the people who were ſent to diſcover the inhabitants, find the king's daughter at a cryſtal ſpring, who, from any thing that is ſaid to the contrary, appears to be no larger than the common race of mankind; but her mother is as big as a mountain, and her father and his ſubjects are giants, and root up trees and rocks, with which they deſtroy the ſhips of *Ulyſſes*.

The account alſo of the deſcent of *Ulyſſes* to the infernal ſhades, is, in my humble opinion, very exceptionable, becauſe it is extremely unnatural, and conveys to the reader no moral to attone for the abſurdity. If an important allegory was couched under theſe dreams that tended to rectify the miſconduct of mankind; the caſe would be different; but we are ſo far from meeting with any thing of that nature in this adventure of *Ulyſſes*, that *Achilles* flatly tells him, he would rather be a porter in the regions above than reign in *Elyſium*.

There is undoubtedly great room for the exerciſe of fancy in an imaginary region beyond the limits of life, and the reader's curioſity may be gratifyed with the account of the ſentiments of *Achilles*, *Agamemnon*, and the

reſt of the heroes after their deceaſe; but every thing that excites curioſity is not to be admitted into compoſitions of this ſerious and noble kind, where admiration and probability together with ſound morality are to be united. I cannot help making this remark, though I know it will call on me the cenſure of the critics, for in this frantic expedition, *Homer* has been copied not only by *Virgil*, but by that celebrated divine the arch-biſhop of *Cambray*.

The learned Dr. *Warburton*, in his Divine Legation, book 2. ſect. 4. has endeavoured to place the account of the deſcent into the infernal ſhades, in a view leſs obnoxious to the human underſtanding. He ſuppoſes theſe adventures of *Ulyſſes* and *Æneas* were no other than figurative deſcriptions of their initiation into the ſacred myſteries.

Theſe myſteries, which were deſigned to hoodwink the common people, and excite in them the utmoſt veneration for their great men and law-givers, were firſt taught, with the addition of pompous ſhews, muſic, and the exhibition of frightful and horrid ſpectacles, in the temple of *Ceres* in *Egypt*; whither the *Grecian* and other heroes went to be initiated. The inſtitution was probably founded on ſound policy; and might, perhaps, tend to cultivate and civilize thoſe rude and barbarous ages; but the deſcent of *Ulyſſes*, whether it be conſidered in that light or in any other, ſeems to anſwer no good purpoſe. In *Virgil*, indeed, the caſe is different; for by giving the deceaſed the ſame diſpoſitions and habits in the ſhades, which they adopted in life, in order that theſe might contribute to their pain or pleaſure after death, and, by placing the wicked in a ſtate of torture, and the good and virtuous in *Elyſium*, or in a ſtate of conſummate bliſs, he has enforced the practice of virtue and diſcountenanced vice.—What ſeems to me extremely abſurd, indeed more ſo than many other parts of this ænigmatical ſtory, is their received opinion, that the ghoſts of thoſe who had not the rites of ſepulture ſhould wander in pain for a hundred years, on the *Stygian* coaſt. This ſome of the learned critics and commentators call a wiſe political notion; but I cannot help thinking it the very reverſe of ſound policy, and that, inſtead of inſpiring

into the people the ſpirit of heroiſm, it muſt tend to make them cowards; for this diſmal proſpect was alone ſufficient to prevent a man hazarding his life, even for his friends or country; for who, without force, or extreme caution, would venture on a deſperate enterpriſe, or go a dangerous voyage at ſea, where life is ſo uncertain, knowing that if he died, he muſt be miſerable for a hundred years? It might anſwer, indeed, a much better purpoſe, when applied to inſolvent debtors, as was at that time cuſtomary in *Egypt*, where they were denied common burial. For this tended to render people induſtrious; to ſecure property, to ſtrengthen public credit, and muſt greatly encourage commerce.

Here I cannot help obſerving, that both *Homer* and *Virgil* might have repreſented the ſituation of the bleſſed, and the tortures of the wicked, in a manner more natural, or at leaſt more conſiſtent with the notions which the heathens then held, reſpecting a future ſtate, by only ſuppoſing the relation of what was tranſacting in the ſhades to have been delivered, during the initiation, by ſome oracle, demon, or ſpectre, who had the power of revealing *the ſecrets of his priſon-houſe*, as *Shakeſpear* expreſſes it; for the ancients univerſally agreed, and the moderns are not averſe to this opinion, that the ſpirits of the dead might return, after their interment, to viſit their ancient domains, and their friends on particular occaſions. A ſuppoſition of this ſort, therefore, offered no violence to the imagination, which that of a man's taking a fortnight's tour into the infernal regions, to viſit the manſions of the bleſſed and the damned, undoubtedly muſt; and he who examines the writings, ſculpture, and architecture of thoſe great people, which (I am ſorry to ſay it) far exceed our own, will never think them capable of giving into an opinion ſo extremely abſurd and ridiculous.

But indeed many of their poets ridiculed even the ceremony of the initiation, which we could eaſily prove, was it to our purpoſe; but our buſineſs here is with the adventure to the infernal ſhades, which, whatever political uſe may be made of it, was poetically bad; ſince this ſort of ſupernatural intelligence points out events before their birth, and by taking off that ſuſpenſion and

curioſity to know what will happen to the hero (which the mind delights in) deprives it of great part of its pleaſure, precludes expectation, and is very inartificial. Neither the reader nor hero ſhould ever know more of the conſequence of the adventure, than what can be drawn from human ſagacity; for the reader grows languid, when he knows what is to happen; and by enſuring the hero's ſucceſs, you rob him of part of his worth, becauſe he then fights as it were by inſpiration, and depends leſs on his own arms, than on divine aſſiſtance.——One of *Homer*'s great faults, therefore, is that of letting his hero, as well as his reader, know what will enſue before the event is ripe for the diſcovery.

The ſtory of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, is alſo void of that probability which is eſſential to the Epic Poem. But ſome of the critics, to paliate the eſcapes of *Homer*, tell us, that theſe monſtrous ſtories were proper for the *Phæacians*, becauſe they were an ignorant people, and might believe any thing. I cannot, however, ſee the force of this argument. The *Phæacians* were, by *Homer*'s account, great navigators, and navigators are not ſuppoſed to be the moſt ignorant of foreign climes; but, if they were ſo, it was baſe in *Ulyſſes* to impoſe on the credulity of a people who had contributed ſo chearfully to his ſupport; and were about to tranſmit him to his wiſh'd-for home. Nor does this apology at all mend the matter; if a man, in company with the ignorant, had artifice enough to paſs off a counter for a guinea, their ignorance would not at all alter the conſtitution of the coin, for the metal would ſtill be baſe, and the tranſaction a fraud, whether it was diſcovered or not.

Now we are on the faults of *Homer*, which are few, very few in compariſon of his many excellencies, we muſt obſerve, that it was not conſiſtent with the filial duty of *Telemachus*, ſo tamely to permit the engagement betwixt his father and the beggar *Irus*.

The manner in which *Ulyſſes* was diſcovered by *Eurycleia*, from the ſcar on his knee, and the effect it had on her is beautifully deſcribed; but the threats with which he enjoins the old nurſe to ſecrecy, are rather too ſevere to be delivered to a perſon who had ſo much affection for him.

Deep o'er his knee inſeam'd, remain'd the ſcar:
Which noted token of the woodland war
When *Euryclea* found, the ablution ceas'd;
Down drop'd the leg, from her ſlack hand releas'd;
The mingled fluids from the vaſe redound;
The vaſe reclining floats the floor around!
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleaſing ſtrife expreſt
Of grief and joy, alternate in her breaſt.
Her flutt'ring words in melting murmurs dy'd;
At length abrupt—my ſon!—my king!—ſhe cry'd.

The prudent manner in which *Ulyſſes* conceals himſelf at his return, is conſiſtent both with the duty as well as ſafety of a king, who ought not to be raſh in his vengeance, nor depend too much on the report of thoſe, whoſe artifice might engage the hand of ſovereignty in their own private reſentments.

The ſuitors not being able to bend the bow, which became ſo pliant in the hand of *Ulyſſes*, and with which he ſhot through all the ringlets, is a beautiful circumſtance, and finely introduced. It abundantly exalts his hero, at the ſame time that it lets down the ſuitors; and, I muſt obſerve, that if ſcoffing is ever to be admitted in Epic Poetry, that of the ſuitors to *Ulyſſes*, concerning the bow, muſt be conſidered as an admirable piece of raillery, becauſe it is natural, and ſuitable to the circumſtances of the perſons, time, and place, which is not the caſe with that wherein *Eumæus* taunts *Melanthius*; for indeed it was extremely abſurd and unnatural in him to ſtand ſcoffing in this manner, when the king his maſter, and the young prince were oppreſſed with ſuch a number of foes, and ſtood in ſo much need of their aſſiſtance.

Homer, to keep up the dignity of the poet, makes *Ulyſſes* ſpare *Phemius*, at the time when the ſuitors are ſlain, and puts an addreſs into the mouth of the bard, in honour of his profeſſion; and we have, at the ſame time, a beautiful inſtance of the juſtice, clemency and friendſhip of *Telemachus*, who ſolicits his father, not only in behalf of the bard, but of *Medon* the herald, who is alſo ſaved.

Phemius alone the hand of vengeance ſpar'd,
Phemius the ſweet, the heav'n-inſtructed bard.
Beſide the gate the rev'rend minſtrel ſtands:
The lyre, now ſilent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to ſupplicate the chief, or fly
To *Jove*'s inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft *Laertes* holy vows had paid,
And oft *Ulyſſes* ſmoaking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he firſt ſet down,
Between the laver and the ſilver throne:
Then proſtrate ſtretch'd before the dreadful man,
Perſuaſive, thus, with accent ſoft began.
O king! to mercy be thy ſoul inclin'd,
And ſpare the poet's ever-gentle kind.
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong,
For dear to gods and men is ſacred ſong.
Self-taught I ſing; by heav'n and heav'n alone
The genuine ſeeds of poeſy are ſown;
And (what the gods beſtow) the lofty lay,
To gods alone, and god-like worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyſelf reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I ſung, was force and not deſire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
And let thy ſon atteſt, nor ſordid pay
Nor ſervile flatt'ry ſtain'd the moral lay.
The moving words *Telemachus* attends,
His ſire approaches, and the bard defends.
Oh mix not, father, with thoſe impious dead
The man divine; forbear that ſacred head;
Medon the herald too, our arms may ſpare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy ſon to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.
Beneath a table, trembling with diſmay,
Couch'd cloſe to earth, unhappy *Medon* lay,
Wrapp'd in a new-ſlain Ox's ample hide,
Swift at the word he caſt his ſkreen aſide,
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice addreſs'd his ears:

O prince! O friend! lo here thy *Medon* ſtands,
Ah ſtop the hero's unreſiſted hands,
Incens'd too juſtly by that impious brood,
Whoſe guilty glories now are ſet in blood.
To whom *Ulyſſes* with a pleaſing eye:
Be bold, on friendſhip and my ſon rely;
Live, an example for the world to read,
How much more ſafe the good than evil deed.

The perplexity and doubt, the hopes and fears which fill the mind of *Penelope*, after *Ulyſſes* was diſcovered to her, and the time that ſhe took to be convinced of the truth of his being her huſband, is conſiſtent with the character of a woman virtuous and prudent, and who had been long ſurrounded with people who wanted to betray her by force or artful inſinuations; and, her prudent precaution, notwithſtanding *Ulyſſes* ſeems to complain of it, muſt greatly augment his veneration and love for her, and render their felicity the more compleat, when ſhe was ſatisfied of the truth and identity of his perſon.

While yet he ſpeaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
She ſickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recov'ring, to his arms ſhe flew,
And ſtrain'd him cloſe, as to his breaſt ſhe grew;
The tears pour'd down amain: and oh, ſhe cries,
Let not againſt thy ſpouſe thine anger riſe!
O vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakneſs of a woman's heart!
The righteous pow'rs that mortal lots diſpoſe,
Decree us to ſuſtain a length of woes,
And from the flow'r of life, the bliſs deny
To bloom together, fade away, and die.
O let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus, to ſpeak my love;
Thus in fond kiſſes, while the tranſport warms,
Pour out my ſoul, and die within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! men, faithleſs men, betray
Our eaſy faith, and make the ſex their prey:
Againſt the fondneſs of my heart I ſtrove,
'Twas caution, oh my lord! not want of love:

Like me had *Helen* fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair miſchief ſet two worlds in arms,
Ere *Greece* roſe dreadful in th' avenging day,
Thus had ſhe fear'd, ſhe had not gone aſtray.
But heav'n, averſe to *Greece*, in wrath decreed,
That ſhe ſhould wander, and that *Greece* ſhould bleed:
Blind to the ills that from injuſtice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why theſe ſorrows, when my lord arrives?
I yield, I yield! my own *Ulyſſes* lives!
The ſecrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to *Actoris* alone,
(My father's preſent in the ſpouſal hour,
The ſole attendant on our genial bow'r)
Since what no eye has ſeen, thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and diſtruſtful as I am, I yield.
Touch'd to the ſoul, the king with rapture hears,
Hangs round her neck, and ſpeaks his joy in tears.

We ſhall conclude our ſuperficial remarks on this poem, with what paſſed between *Ulyſſes* and his father, at the time when he diſcovered himſelf to the good old man, which is moſt beautifully deſcribed, tho' not the moſt prudently; for the method *Ulyſſes* took of calling forth all his father's ſorrows, depreſſing him with grief, and then pouring into his heart a ſudden flood of joy, might have bereft the good *Laertes* of life. We have various inſtances of the fatal effect of theſe paſſions, even in the meridian of our days, and it is, I think, more likely to happen in the evening of life, when the ſmaller veſſels are grown cartilaginous, or bony, and there is not the ſame room for the tumultuous blood to revel. However, if this part of the poem is not philoſophical, it is very poetical, as the reader will perceive by the following extract, which is taken from Mr. *Pope*'s tranſlation, as indeed are all the examples we have inſerted from the *Iliad* and the *Odyſſey*.

But all alone the hoary king he found;
His habit coarſe, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a penſive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goat-ſkin hair:

His buſkin old, in former ſervice torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves againſt the thorn.
In this array the kingly gard'ner ſtood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.
Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his fire, retracing ev'ry line,
The ruins of himſelf! now worn away
With age, yet ſtill majeſtic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their wat'ry ſtore;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he ſtood, if inſtant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiſs his rev'rend face,
With eager tranſport to diſcloſe the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his ſoul?
Not ſo: his judgment takes the winding way
Of queſtion diſtant, and of ſoft eſſay,
More gentle methods on weak age employs
And moves the ſorrows to enhance the joys.
Then to his fire with beating heart he moves,
And with a tender pleaſantry reproves:
Who digging round the plant ſtill hangs his head,
Nor aught remits the work, while thus he ſaid.
Great is thy ſkill, oh father! great thy toil,
Thy careful hand is ſtamp'd on all the ſoil,
Thy ſquadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendant pear;
And not one empty ſpot eſcapes thy care.
On ev'ry plant and tree thy cares are ſhown
Nothing neglected but thyſelf alone.
Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age ſo advanc'd may ſome indulgence claim.
Not for thy ſloth, I deem thy lord unkind;
Nor ſpeaks thy form a mean or ſervile mind:
I read a monarch in that princely air,
The ſame thy aſpect, if the ſame thy care;
Soft ſleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
Theſe are the rights of age, and ſhould be thine.
Who then thy maſter, ſay? and whoſe the land
So dreſs'd and manag'd by thy ſkilful hand?
But chief, oh tell me (what I queſtion moſt)
Is this the far-fam'd *Ithacenſian* coaſt?

For ſo reported the firſt man I view'd,
(Some ſurly iſlander, of manners rude)
Nor farther conference vouchſaf'd to ſtay;
Heedleſs he whiſtled, and purſu'd his way.
But thou! whom years have taught to underſtand,
Humanely hear, and anſwer my demand:
A friend I ſeek, a wiſe one and a brave,
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the beſt)
When at my houſe I lodg'd this foreign gueſt;
He ſaid, from *Ithaca*'s fair iſle he came,
And old *Laertes* was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a gueſt is ow'd
I paid, and hoſpitable gifts beſtow'd;
To him ſev'n talents of pure ore I told,
Twelve cloaks, twelve veſts, twelve tunics ſtiff with gold,
A bowl, that rich with poliſh'd ſilver flames,
And ſkill'd with female works, four lovely dames.
At this the father, with a father's fears
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears)
This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are loſt,
For godleſs men, and rude, poſſeſs the coaſt:
Sunk is the glory of this once-fam'd ſhore!
Thy ancient friend, oh ſtranger, is no more!
Full recompence thy bounty elſe had borne;
For ev'ry good man yields a juſt return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendſhip, not purſuing, ſins.
But tell me, ſtranger, be the truth confeſt,
What years have circled ſince thou ſaw'ſt that gueſt?
That hapleſs gueſt, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my ſon!
If ever man to miſery was born,
'Twas his to ſuffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies a prey to monſters of the main,
Or ſavage beaſts his mangled reliques tear,
Or ſcreaming vultures ſcatter through the air:
Nor could his mother funeral unguents ſhed,
Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead,

Nor his ſad conſort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes, or drop'd a tender tear!
But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or if a merchant in purſuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy veſſel from the main?
Or com'ſt thou ſingle, or attend thy train?
Then thus the ſon. From *Alybas* I came,
My palace there; *Eperitus* my name.
Not vulgar born, from *Aphidas* the king
Of *Polyphemon*'s royal line I ſpring.
Some adverſe dæmon from *Sicania* bore
Our wand'ring courſe, and drove us on your ſhore:
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
Reliev'd our weary veſſel from the ſea.
Five years have circled ſince theſe eyes purſu'd
Ulyſſes parting through the ſable flood;
Proſp'rous he ſail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the ſkies.
Well hop'd we then to meet on this fair ſhore,
Whom heav'n, alas! decreed to meet no more.
Quick through the father's heart theſe accents ran;
Grief ſeiz'd at once, and wrap'd up all the man;
Deep from his ſoul he ſigh'd, and ſorrowing ſpread
A cloud of aſhes on his hoary head.
Trembling with agonies of ſtrong delight
Stood the great ſon, heart-wounded with the ſight:
He ran, he ſeiz'd him with a ſtrict embrace,
With thouſand kiſſes wander'd o'er his face,
I, I am he; oh father! riſe, behold
Thy ſon, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy ſon, ſo long deſir'd, ſo long detain'd,
Reſtor'd and breathing in his native land:
Theſe floods of ſorrow, oh my ſire reſtrain!
The vengeance is complete; the ſuitor-train,
Stretch'd in our palace, by theſe hands lie ſlain.
Amaz'd *Laertes*. "Give ſome certain ſign,
"If ſuch thou art, to manifeſt thee mine."
Lo here the wound, he cries, receiv'd of yore,
The ſcar indented by the tuſky boar,
When by thyſelf and by *Anticlea* ſent,
To old *Autolychus*'s realms I went.

Yet by another ſign thy offſpring know;
The ſeveral trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, theſe fields I lov'd to trace
And trod thy footſteps with unequal pace:
To ev'ry plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,
Whate'er my childiſh fancy aſk'd, beſtow'd;
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendant load,
And ten, that red with bluſhing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the hours produce
Their latent buds, and *Sol* exalts the juice.
Smit with the ſigns which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees ſuſtain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd *Ulyſſes* thrown;
He faints, he ſinks, with mighty joys oppreſt:
Ulyſſes claſps him to his eager breaſt.
Soon as returning life regains its ſeat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulſes beat;
Yes, I believe, he cries, almighty *Jove!*
Heav'n rules us yet, and gods there are above.

As the remarks we have made on this poem were principally intended to give the young ſtudent ſome idea of the beauties of the author, we have been the more liberal in our quotations and examples; for there is no method ſo likely to make criticiſm inſtructive and agreeable to young minds, as that of ſtrowing flowers in the road, and enriching dry precepts and obſervations with beautiful images and deſcriptions from the authors under conſideration.

We have deſignedly paſſed over many of the complaints brought againſt this poem, ſuch as its having too much of the narrative part, and not enough of the dramatic, and the like; becauſe many of thoſe obſervations are not, as we apprehend, founded on the true principles of criticiſm, or are too numerous and trifling to admit of any particular remark. Thoſe who complain of theſe little defects in *Homer*, would do well to write an Epic

Poem themſelves. I propoſe this as the moſt likely method to let down their pride; for a man may be a great warrior, and yet not able to ſhoot in the bow of *Ulyſſes*.

Of VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

This admirable poem was written at a time when the *Roman* people, after various cabals and deſtructive broils, had loſt their liberties, and the government was ſunk from a commonwealth to monarchy. The poet's principal deſign in this work, ſeems to have been that of reconciling his countrymen to the ſituation they were in, that a period might be put to thoſe factions and party diſputes, which had torn the ſtate in pieces, and robb'd both the mother country and its colonies of ſuch prodigious numbers of the moſt conſiderable inhabitants.

Virgil, who was a politician as well as a poet, has ſhewn great adroitneſs in the choice and conduct of his ſubject, and as much addreſs in its application. He ſaw his countrymen had not virtue enough to maintain their liberties, and that the *Roman* power could not ſubſiſt but in a monarchial ſtate; to recommend this form of government, therefore, he took for the ſubject of his poem, the favourite tradition of the landing of *Æneas* the *Trojan* hero in *Italy*, and his laying the foundation of the *Roman* empire. And to point out to *Auguſtus*, what kind of man a monarch ought to be, as well as to ſhew the people what benefits they might receive by electing ſuch a king to reign over them, he has repreſented *Æneas* as a moſt amiable character, made him a pious, virtuous, couragious and generous prince; a wiſe legiſlator, and a juſt monarch. In ſhort, *Virgil* has given him all thoſe good qualities with which a monarch ought to be endow'd; and, by ſtrongly marking ſome virtues, by which *Auguſtus* was diſtinguiſhed, has ingeniouſly made him a compliment of the picture he had been drawing; and pointed out to the people, the man under whoſe influence they might be happy. Nor is *Auguſtus* the only perſon complimented in this oblique and maſterly manner; for *Virgil* has paid the ſame ſort of tribute to other great perſonages about the court, who were men

of eminent abilities, or his friends. That of *Japis* the phyſician to *Æneas*, is ſuppoſed to repreſent *Antonius Muſa*, phyſician to *Auguſtus*. (See Dr. *Atterbury*'s Reflections on this character.) Many of the moſt illuſtrious *Roman* families are alſo thus allegorically complimented in ſome of the combats; and the death of *Marcellus*, whom *Cæſar* deſigned for his ſucceſſor, is moſt beautifully and pathetically deſcribed in the ſixth Æneid, as is evident from the effect it had on *Auguſtus*, and *Octavia*, the mother of the young prince; for *Auguſtus* ſhed tears, while it was reciting, and *Octavia* fainted away; but moſt nobly rewarded the poet for this panegyric on her ſon, as ſoon as ſhe recovered. The conqueſts of *Auguſtus* foretold by *Jupiter*; his perſon ſhewed to *Æneas* in *Elyſium*; the panegyric which *Anchiſes* there makes on him; and the battle of *Actium*, and his victory repreſented on the ſhield of *Æneas*, are maſter ſtrokes of policy, as well as of poeſy; and introduced with infinite addreſs.

In the ſame allegorical manner he has exhibited the characters of others, in no advantageous light, who were either enemies to their country, or to the family and fortunes of his prince and patron. If the character of *Æneas* was drawn for *Auguſtus*, ſo was that of *Turnus*, we may ſuppoſe, for *Mark Anthony*, and of *Latinus* for the weak and irreſolute *Lepidus*; and that the oration of *Drances* is pointed at the ſevere eloquence of *Cicero* in his *Phillippics* is generally allowed. It is ſuppoſed, likewiſe, that *Agrippa* is repreſented by *Achates*, whoſe character is that of a faithful, eaſy, inoffenſive man; but one who is of ſo little conſequence, that he ſcarely gives his opinion, or ſtrikes a blow in any action of the whole poem. *Æneas* therefore eſteemed him, as *Auguſtus* did *Agrippa*, for the good qualities of the heart, and not thoſe of the head. Other perſons then living might have been eaſily pointed out, we may ſuppoſe, by the lineaments and characteriſtic marks which *Virgil* has given of them; and ſome who were long deceaſed might be then known by the circumſtances of their hiſtory.

Thus, *Virgil*, by the characters he drew, and the leſſons and remarks he has inſerted on various ſubjects, has

obliged the world, not only with a ſyſtem of politics, ſeaſoned with ſound morality, but with biographical ſtrictures on many illuſtrious men; ſome valuable remnants of antiquity reſpecting the religious ceremonies, manners and cuſtoms of the early ages; and a compendious hiſtory of the affairs of *Italy* and *Rome* (tho' not in hiſtorical order) intermixed with thoſe of other nations, from before the time of *Saturn*, through the fabulous and heroic ages, and the monarchy and commonwealth of *Rome*, for the ſpace of near four thouſand years; and to within leſs than forty of the birth of Chriſt, of whom he has preſerved a remarkable prophecy, which he probably obtained from the *Jewiſh* writings.

Virgil always appears in a graceful manner, and treats us like a gentleman and a courtier. He is a perfect maſter of his ſubject, which he delivers not only with grandeur and dignity, but with elegance and addreſs; to which his ſituation in life did not a little contribute. Poets in that age were not held at ſuch an unreaſonable diſtance by the great, as they too frequently are now; but were often admitted into their company, confidence and intimacy. *Auguſtus*, who had as much good ſenſe and taſte, and almoſt as much power and dignity as ſome of our modern grandees, punctually anſwer'd the letters of *Virgil* and *Horace*, and would frequently ſit down between them and ſay, facetiouſly, that he ſat between ſighing and tears; alluding to the aſthma of the one, and the weak and ſore eyes of the other. We are told that this emperor often invited *Horace* to aſſiſt him in writing his letters; and, if we are not miſinformed, he made uſe of *Virgil* on a more important occaſion; for *Auguſtus*, fearing he might meet with the ſame fate as his predeceſſor, thought it moſt prudent to ſhew his moderation to the people, as well as to collect the real ſentiments of his courtiers and friends concerning his adminiſtration; and for that purpoſe offered to decline the imperial dignity, and re-eſtabliſh the commonwealth. This was debated in the council of his friends, when *Agrippa*, who was an honeſt man, but had little penetration, adviſed him to reſtore the old form of government; but *Mecænas*, who ſaw through the fineſſe, violently oppoſed it; upon which the emperor aſked *Virgil*'s

opinion, who, knowing that the *Romans* had only the haughty ſpirit and pride of their anceſtors, without any of their virtues, and that without virtue the commonwealth maxims were impracticable, honeſtly delivered his opinion to this purport. *The change of a popular into an abſolute government has generally been of ill conſequence; for betwixt the hatred of the people, and the injuſtice of the prince, it of neceſſity comes to paſs, that they live in diſtruſt, and mutual apprehenſions: But if the commons knew a juſt perſon, whom they intirely confided in, it would be for the advantage of all parties, that ſuch a one ſhould be their ſovereign; wherefore, if you ſhall continue to adminiſter juſtice impartially, as hitherto you have done, your power will prove ſafe to yourſelf, and beneficial to mankind.* Thus, *Virgil* had the honour to determine one of the greateſt points that ever was in debate.

Cromwell, as Mr. *Dryden* has already obſerved, made uſe of an artifice of this ſort, at a time when he wanted to be king, but was too cunning for himſelf; for, by diſſembling too much, and uſing arguments againſt his own exaltation, that the crown might be conferred on him, as it were by force, or with a better grace, he miſled his creatures, who thought him ſincere, and they voted as he deſired, againſt his will.

But we return to *Virgil*, whoſe merit may be known, not from his works only, but from the teſtimony of the age in which he lived; and *Tacitus* aſſures us, he was in ſuch eſteem, that one hundred thouſand *Romans* roſe up when he came into the theatre, and paid him the ſame reſpect which they paid to *Cæſar* himſelf.

The fable which *Virgil* has drawn to cloath the ſubject of his poem, and to convey the moral, is as follows.

A pious and couragious prince, who by divine aſſiſtance eſcaped from the deſtruction of a powerful kingdom, is deſtined by the gods to preſerve its religion, and to found another empire more great and glorious than that which was deſtroyed. This prince, who, by the remainder of his unfortunate countrymen is elected their king, wanders a long time from ſhore to ſhore, conducts them through ſeveral nations, whence his anceſtors originally came, and in this progreſs takes care to learn all that is neceſſary for a king, a legiſlator and

an high-prieſt, in order that he might be able to found ſuch a monarchy as would ſecure peace and happineſs to his followers. At laſt he finds an aſylum in a remote country, whence his anceſtors drew their deſcent; but is here interrupted by the jealouſy and ambition of a neighbouring prince, who, aided by an impious and cruel king, powerfully oppoſes his eſtabliſhment; but the war which is commenced againſt this pious ſtranger, only renders his ſettlement the more ſecure and more glorious; for he defeats his enemies, eſtabliſhes himſelf by right of conqueſt, and lays the foundation of an empire, which was one day to vanquiſh all other kingdoms, and be miſtreſs of the world.

In this fable, all the epiſodes, or under actions are ſo interwoven, that they appear as natural, neceſſary, or at leaſt uſeful members of the ſame body; and are highly ornamented as epiſodes ought to be, ſince they are generally brought in to decorate the poem, and gratify the imagination of the reader: they are, however, ſo artfully contrived, that they may be removed without affecting the principal action, tho' they have an intimate connection with it; they are alſo, for the moſt part, dramatic, and full of life and ſpirit.

The *Æneid* is among other qualities admired for the utility and ſimplicity of the action, which is *the landing of* Æneas *in* Italy, *and there laying the foundation of a city*. This the hero accompliſhes, and therefore the poem ends happily, as it ſhould do; for the crowning of great and glorious actions with ſucceſs, tends to excite others to the performance of noble deeds. I cannot help obſerving, however, that the poem would have been more pleaſing, could *Virgil* have married *Æneas* to *Lavinia*. The action is not only one, but entire, as the critics ſay, and perfect. It is indeed embarraſs'd and perplex'd with difficulties, as it ought to keep up the ſuſpence and attention of the reader, and excite in him ſurpriſe and admiration; for nothing contributes more to this, than turns and changes of fortune, unexpectedly brought about and well repreſented. But in the unravelling of the plot, theſe difficulties are all removed in a natural manner, and to the ſatisfaction of the reader. He has alſo taken care to intereſt us in behalf of his hero, becauſe to give plea-

ſure, and ſecure our attention effectually, it is neceſſary to agitate the paſſions, and his grand moral, *viz.* that piety to the gods, and juſtice and goodneſs to men, together with true valour, will engage the favour of heaven, and make both prince and people victorious, great, and happy, is delivered in a manner grave, majeſtical, and ſublime, agreeably to the true character of the Epic Poem. To this we muſt add, that the poet, in order to ſtrike the mind more forceably, and ſecure the attention, as well as to throw his narration out of the courſe of hiſtory, and to make it novel and engaging, does not begin with the deſtruction of *Troy*, which an hiſtorian would have done; but, in imitation of *Homer*'s *Odyſſey*, breaks through the order of time, opens the poem in the middle of his ſtory, and gives a relation of what preceded that time to *Dido*, in the ſecond and third books; which method our incomparable *Milton* has alſo followed, in his excellent poem on Paradiſe Loſt.

Virgil as well as *Homer* abounds with machinery; but he generally makes his gods and goddeſſes behave with more dignity and decorum than the *Grecian* poet, and they often ſeem introduced rather to gratify the vanity of the *Romans* (who were pleaſed to ſee the celeſtial powers intereſted in the actions of their anceſtors) than to create the marvellous, or give a colour of probability to that, which without divine interpoſition, would be incredible. There are ſome of his machines, however, that are very liable to cenſure, of which we may take ſome notice in the courſe of our remarks.

By this ſketch of *Virgil*'s fable, tho' diveſted of its ornaments, the reader will perceive that it was a ſcheme likely to conciliate and unite the minds of the prince and the people, and be otherwiſe ſerviceable to the ſtate; for the prince is here told, what a monarch ought to be, and how he ought to govern, and the people are taught their duty, and inſtructed how they ſhould obey.

In the proſecution of this deſign, *Virgil* has in ſome places copied *Homer*; but not perhaps ſo often as has been imagined. As *Homer*, in all probability, founded his two poems upon the tradition of the *Trojan* war, and the return of *Ulyſſes*, ſo *Virgil* formed his, we may ſuppoſe, out of the fables, which in his time were current,

and credited, concerning the ſettlement of *Æneas*, the *Trojan* hero, in *Italy*; by which means, in his *Æneid*, he was obliged to take in the whole compaſs of the *Iliad* and part of the *Odyſſey*, and conſequently to treat of the affairs of *Troy*, and the perſons concerned in its reduction; as well as of the gods that *Homer* had intereſted in the conteſt; for indeed this could not be otherwiſe, ſince the *Grecian* gods were likewiſe the gods of the *Romans*: ſo that *Virgil* has been unjuſtly blamed on this account.

The characters of this poem are juſtly conceiv'd, and well ſuſtained. The author has been peculiarly happy in the choice of an hero, who is pious, juſt, merciful, and generous, yet not at all deficient in point of conduct or courage, and is therefore with great reaſon preferred to the heroes of the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*; for the actions of *Achilles* are moſtly incited by revenge; and the wiſdom and prudence of *Ulyſſes*, by having ſuch a mixture of diſſimulation, has too much the appearance of craft and deſign. *Virgil* always engages our affection for *Æneas*, whom we never loſe ſight of thro' the whole poem; whereas *Achilles*, the hero of the *Iliad*, is abſent during more than half the action, and is for that reaſon treated by the reader, with diſeſteem and neglect. *Turnus* is paſſionate, violent, and prone to war, without conſidering whether it be juſt or criminal. In ſhort, anger heightened by love, with a mixture of reſentment, is his peculiar character, which the poet has admirably ſupported to his death. *Dido* claims our pity, becauſe her failings are thoſe of nature, and ſhe has other good qualities to atone for her extravagant love to *Æneas*; for ſhe is courteous, beneficent, hoſpitable, and pays a due regard to meritorious actions. This queen has indeed ſome vices, which the poet prudently mixed in the compoſition of her character, leſt ſhe ſhould excite too much of our concern; ſhe is paſſionate, ambitious, crafty, and perfidious; yet theſe are not ſufficient to prevent the reader from being greatly affected with her misfortunes. *Latinus* is a pious, good prince; but too old, or too weak to ſupport the authority of a king; for he ſuffers *Amata* his queen to diſobey his orders, who appears to be a very turbulent, poſitive woman, and ſo ſtrongly at-

tached to the intereſt of her kinſman *Turnus*, that ſhe is determined he ſhall have her daughter, in oppoſition to the will of Heaven and the king, and in violation of the compact with *Æneas*. The fair *Lavinia* is finely drawn; ſoft, modeſt and reſerved: ſhe is always lovely, but eſpecially when in tears, and her bluſh is the moſt beautiful that modeſty ever excited.

At this a flood of tears *Lavinia* ſhed;
A crimſon bluſh her beauteous face o'erſpread,
Varying her cheeks by turns, with white and red.
The driving colours, never at a ſtay,
Run here and there; and fluſh, and fade away.
Delightful change! thus *Indian* iv'ry ſhows,
Which with the bordering paint of purple glows;
Or lilies damaſk'd by the neighb'ring roſe.

DRYDEN.

The character of *Evander*, his noble ſimplicity of manners, his piety, generoſity, and friendſhip, are finely contraſted with the impious, abandoned, cruel and haughty diſpoſition of *Mezentius*, whoſe acts of inhumanity exceed all deſcription.

What tongue can ſuch barbarities record,
Or count the ſlaughters of his ruthleſs ſword?
Give him, ye gods! if juſtice you regard,
Give him, and all his race, the due reward!
'Twas not enough, the good, the guiltleſs bled;
Still worſe; — he bound the living to the dead.
Theſe, limb to limb, and face to face he join'd,
(Oh! monſtrous crime of unexampled kind!)
Till choak'd with ſtench the lingring wretches lay,
And in the loath'd embraces dy'd away. PITT.

Old *Anchiſes* is admirably drawn, and his piety and attention to prodigies, which ſo ſtrongly mark and diſtinguiſh his character, are blended with great judgment. The inſinuating addreſs, artifice, and deceit of *Sinon*, is a maſterpiece of villainy. The envious, malicious, factious, and yet cowardly character of *Drances*, is well ſuſtained, and helps to brighten up and ſupport the fury and impetuoſity of *Turnus*; as that of *Camilla* does the lovely *Lavinia*. And we have a pattern of the moſt tender and perfect friendſhip,

as well as of filial piety in the epiſode of *Niſus* and *Euryalus*, tho' I think their characters faulty in another reſpect, which we ſhall take ſome notice of before we conclude our remarks.

The ſentiments, or the thoughts and behaviour which the poet aſcribes to the perſons he introduces, are juſt or conformable to the characters, and to the ſubjects about which they are employed; ſo far at leaſt, as is conſiſtent with the deſign of the ſpeaker: for perſons of the ſame diſpoſition, engaged in different purſuits, will generally think and act, as they are prompted by their paſſions and affections. The ſentiments of this poem are, as the Epic requires, often ſublime and noble; but there is not the ſame ſtrain of ſublimity, which we find in the *Iliad*, tho' perhaps there is more propriety. *Virgil* advances with an uniform, majeſtic pace; he maintains a dignity that charms and attracts all beholders, but he ſeldom riſes to any aſtoniſhing heights where he is not led by the *Greek* poet, or ſinks beneath the character he ſhould ſuſtain.

We find in him but few thoughts that are mean and vulgar, nor any turns or witty conceits, for they are beneath the dignity of the Epic Poem, which admits of a noble ſimplicity, but not of archneſs or vulgarity.

We muſt obſerve likewiſe, that *Virgil* has few ſentences and reflections, but what are diſguiſed, or thrown into the character, ſo that we are taught by example, which is more forceable and pleaſing than the method of conveying inſtruction by precept; ſince this laſt ever carries with it a magiſterial air, and an affected ſuperiority of underſtanding. *Virgil*'s ſentiments are admirably adapted to his ſubjects as well as characters, and in the pathetic he has, perhaps, exceeded all other epic poets, as the reader will perceive from the account of the loſs of *Creuſa*, the fate of *Dido*, and other inſtances we ſhall inſert.

The language or ſtile of *Virgil* is to be admired for its purity, perſpicuity, harmony and ſublimity, as well as for its brevity, which is ſo exquiſite and amazing, that a word can hardly be changed without diſmembering ſome part of the work. He is conciſe yet clear; he never exhauſts the ſubject, or runs down a thought, (a fault peculiar to *Ovid* and many others) but implies more than he expreſſes, yet his meaning is always underſtood. He decorates his ſtile

with judicious and expreſſive metaphors and epithets, and to avoid the common modes of ſpeech, often borrows expreſſions from the *Greek*, which the critics call *Helleniſms*. His ſublimity is never debaſed for the ſake of perſpicuity, nor is perſpicuity obſcured or obſtructed by his being ſublime; and with regard to his numbers, they are the moſt noble, harmonious, and expreſſive imaginable.

Virgil has, perhaps, ſhown as much judgment in his deſcriptions, as in any other part of the work. He knew that every thing was not to be deſcribed, and for that reaſon moſt of his deſcriptions are ſhort, and when we meet with them in the midſt of action, they are not introduced to ſhew the luxuriant fancy of the poet, and retard the cataſtrophe, but have generally their effect in promoting the buſineſs of the poem, and are ſo interwoven, that they ſeem neceſſary to the main action. and are connected with it.

The ſimiles of *Virgil*, if we except that of the Top, and a few others, are elegant, beautiful, and for the moſt part ſeaſonable. I ſay for the moſt part, becauſe there are ſome few which ſeem to interrupt the narration, even where it is extremely pathetic, and by being put into the mouth of *Æneas*, while he is relating the deſtruction of *Troy*, makes him, as Mr. *Warton* juſtly obſerves, too much of a poet; for tho' they would have come very well in a narration from *Virgil*, they are in the mouth of the Hero, who we may ſuppoſe felt the calamities he deſcribes, abſurd and unnatural.

It is to be obſerved, that neither *Homer* nor *Virgil* have tied themſelves down to that ſtrict uniformity in compariſon, which is ſo much admired by the moderns; but have often contented themſelves with preſerving the principal part, or moſt ſtriking point of likeneſs, and filled up the reſt with foreign circumſtances, by which means they have given us rather great images, than exact ones; and where the imagination is heated, and the mind labouring to unfold itſelf, theſe ſort of inadequate or complex ſimilitudes, ſometimes have a good effect, eſpecially when multiplied. The principal image (ſays Mr. *Pope*) is more ſtrongly impreſſed on the mind, by a multiplication of ſimiles, which are the natural product of an imagination labouring to expreſs ſomething very great; but finding no ſingle idea ſufficient

to anſwer its conceptions, it endeavours by redoubling the compariſons, to ſupply this defect.

It is to be obſerved of *Virgil*, that the images he gives us, are generally ſuch as would have a fine effect in painting; and even his Epithets in moſt parts, are amazingly picturesque and expreſſive.

Virgil has been as much admired for his judgment, as *Homer* was for his invention; and wherever he copies or imitates the *Grecian* poet, it is not to the reader's diſadvantage, or for any other reaſon, we may ſuppoſe, but that of finding him moſt excellent and worthy of imitation; for that *Virgil*, beſides his accurate judgment, (which ſtands unparallelled) had a moſt comprehenſive genius, will appear to every one who reads and attentively conſiders his poem, the plan of which is regular and well concerted, his conduct in general prudent, and his characters properly ſupported. We are charmed with the propriety and ſublimity of his thoughts, the manly elegance and majeſtic conciſeneſs of his expreſſion, and the pleaſing variety and harmony of his numbers; as well as with the beautiful epiſodes, the ſurpriſing incidents, noble images, deſcriptions, and ſimilies, with which his work is ſo magnificently decorated. There are ſome paſſages, however, which are void of probability, and too exceptionable to bear the teſt of criticiſm, as we ſhall ſee hereafter.

Tho' *Virgil* does not equal *Homer* in the grandeur of his narrations, or the towering ſublimity of his deſcriptions; yet in theſe he is not only elegant but majeſtic. He has not ſo much invention, ſo much force and fire as the *Greek* poet, but he ſeems to have more delicacy, taſte and judgment: and even in thoſe parts of poetry wherein *Homer* excels, we read *Virgil* not only with pleaſure, but with admiration.

The compariſon which Mr. *Pope* has drawn between theſe great poets, ſeems to be extremely juſt. — "No author, or man, ſays he, ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as *Homer* has done this in invention, *Virgil* has in judgment. Not that we are to think *Homer* wanted judgment, becauſe *Virgil* had it in a more eminent degree, or that *Virgil* wanted invention, becauſe *Homer* poſſeſt a larger ſhare of it: each of theſe great authors, had more of both, than perhaps any man beſides,

and are only ſaid to have leſs in compariſon with one another. *Homer* was the greater genius, *Virgil* the better artiſt. In one we moſt admire the man, in the other the work."

Tho' *Virgil* does not abound with ſo many florid and beautiful deſcriptions as *Homer*, yet he is not at all deficient in this reſpect. He has as many as ſeem neceſſary, and they are generally introduced with ſuch propriety, as to lend aid to the action of the poem. Among others, that of *Alecto* has this effect, and is at the ſame time as ſublime and ſpirited as any in the whole *Æneid*.

So fierce her looks! ſuch terrors from her eyes!
Round her grim front ſuch monſtrous ſerpents riſe!
She ſcares ev'n *Pluto*, her immortal ſire;
Her ſiſter furies tremble and retire.

The thought of her ſcaring *Pluto*, and making the other furies tremble and fly from her, is nobly conceiv'd; as alſo is that of her putting on various appearances, and changing her form as the circumſtances required. Thus, when ſhe firſt addreſſed *Turnus*, ſhe hid all her horrors, and appeared in the form of a venerable prieſteſs; but on his diſregarding her meſſage, and bidding her mind her own buſineſs, and leave the province of war to men, ſhe re-aſſumed her own horrid figure.

While yet he ſpoke, her looks the youth confound,
And the black fiend in all her terrors frown'd.
Aghaſt, he ſhook, and trembled with affright,
While all her native horrors blaſt his ſight.
Such a tremendous front the fury ſpread,
So dreadful hiſs'd the ſerpents round her head;
So grim a figure now ſhe ſeem'd to riſe;
That hell, all hell was open'd in her eyes!
Then, ere the fault'ring trembling youth reply'd,
She roll'd her fiery orbs from ſide to ſide;
Snatch'd two black ſerpents from her locks, and ſhook
The ſounding ſcourge, and thund'ring thus ſhe ſpoke:
Behold, behold the wretch, by vain alarms
And age, reduc'd to dream of kings in arms!
A fury from the deeps of hell, I bear;
In theſe dread hands, deſtruction, death and war!

With that a flaming torch the goddeſs threw;
Deep thro' his breaſt the fiery weapon flew.
Strait rouz'd the ſtartled warrior; and a ſtream
Of ſweat ran copious down from every limb.
Thro' the wide dome he raves, with mad alarms,
He runs, he flies, he calls aloud to arms;
Fell wrath and vengeance in his eyes appear,
The thirſt of ſlaughter, and the rage of war.

And here we muſt obſerve, that the circumſtances of her rolling her horrid eyes; the ſpreading of her ghaſtly face, and growing larger to his ſight; the ſerpents hiſſing round her head; her ſnatching two of them from her locks; ſounding her ſcourge; and throwing a flaming torch into the breaſt of *Turnus*, to fire him with rage and reſentment; are all conceived with great ſtrength of imagination.

The deſcription which *Virgil* gives us of a ſtorm raiſed by *Æolus*, at the requeſt of *Juno* to deſtroy the fleet of *Æneas*, is, I think, much to be admired. That God, having pierced with his ſpear, the mountain where the winds are kept in confinement, they ruſh out with the utmoſt impetuoſity.

The winds embattled, as the mountain rent,
Flew all at once impetuous thro' the vent:
Earth, in their courſe with giddy whirls they ſweep,
Ruſh to the ſeas, and bare the boſom of the deep:
Eaſt, Weſt, and South, all black with tempeſts roar,
And roll vaſt billows to the trembling ſhore.
The cordage cracks; with unavailing cries
The *Trojans* mourn, while ſudden clouds ariſe,
And raviſh from their ſight the ſplendor of the ſkies.
Night hovers o'er the floods; the day retires;
The heav'ns flaſh thick with momentary fires;
Loud thunders ſhake the poles; from ev'ry place
Grim death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry face. PITT.

The account of *Neptune*'s appeaſing the ſtorm, and the ſimile introduc'd by the poet on that occaſion, are likewiſe extremely beautiful.

He ſpoke, and ſpeaking chas'd the clouds away,
Huſh'd the loud billows, and reſtor'd the day.

With his huge trident the majeſtic god
Clear'd the wild *Syrtes*, and compos'd the flood:
Then mounted on his radient car he rides,
And wheels along the level of the tides.
As when ſedition fires th' ignoble crowd,
And the wild rabble ſtorms, and thirſts for blood;
Of ſtones and brands a mingled tempeſt flies,
With all the ſudden arms that rage ſupplies:
If ſome grave ſire appears amid the ſtrife,
In morals ſtrict, and innocent of life,
All ſtand attentive, while the ſage controuls
Their wrath, and calms the tumult of their ſouls.
So did the roaring deep their rage compoſe,
When the great father of the floods aroſe.
Rapt by his ſteeds he flies in open day,
Throws up the reins, and ſkims the wat'ry way.

PITT.

Virgil in his account of the deſtruction of *Troy*, introduces a beautiful ſimile copied from *Homer*; but which is ſo copied, that it greatly exceeds the original.

Then fell proud *Ilion*'s bulwarks, tow'rs, and ſpires;
Then *Troy*, tho' rais'd by *Neptune*, ſunk in fires.
So when an aged aſh, whoſe honours riſe
From ſome ſteep mountain tow'ring to the ſkies,
With many an ax by ſhouting ſwains is ply'd,
Fierce they repeat the ſtrokes from every ſide;
The tall tree trembling, as the blows go round,
Bows the high head, and nods to ev'ry wound:
At laſt, quite vanquiſh'd, with a dreadful peal,
In one loud groan rolls craſhing down the vale,
Headlong with half the ſhatter'd mountain flies,
And ſtretch'd out huge in length th' unmeaſur'd ruin lies.

PITT.

The pleaſure with which *Æneas* receiv'd the challenge from *Turnus*, and his precipitately preſſing to the combat, is finely deſcribed; but that part is more particularly beautiful, where he compares *Æneas* and the rattling of his armour as he ſprings to action, to mount *Apennine* ſhaking the frozen foreſts on its ſides; for it raiſes in the mind of the reader an awful idea of the dignity and force of the hero.

Both armies from their bloody work deſiſt:
And, bearing backward form a ſpacious liſt.
The *Trojan* hero, who receiv'd from fame
The welcome ſound, and heard the champion's name,
Soon leaves the taken works, and mounted walls,
Greedy of war, where greater glory calls.
He ſprings to fight, exulting in his force;
His jointed armour rattles in his courſe.
Like *Eryx*, or like *Athos*, great he ſhows,
Or father *Appenine*, when white with ſnows,
His head divine, obſcure in clouds he hides,
And ſhakes the ſounding foreſt on his ſides. DRYDEN.

The poet has enliven'd his deſcription of the combat, and the attention of the ſurrounding troops, with another ſimile drawn from rural affairs, which is very natural and expreſſive.

As when two bulls for their fair female fight,
In *Sila*'s ſhades, or on *Taburnus*' height;
With horns adverſe they meet: the keeper flies:
Mute ſtands the herd, the heifers rowl their eyes;
And wait th' event; which victor they ſhall bear,
And who ſhall be the lord, to rule the luſty year:
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
And puſh for puſh, and wound for wound return:
Their dewlaps gor'd, their ſides are lav'd in blood:
Loud cries and roaring ſounds rebellow thro' the wood:
Such was the combat in the liſted ground;
So claſh their ſwords, and ſo their ſhields reſound.
DRYDEN.

We muſt not paſs over that beautiful but indignant addreſs, with which *Numanus*, after the death of *Niſus* and *Euryalus*, taunts the *Trojan* army; who, for ſecurity had taken refuge within the bulwarks of their camp. In this ſpeech the poet not only informs us, how the people whom the *Trojans* were to conquer had been bred up, and inured to arms, but takes an opportunity to exalt the courage and dexterity of young *Aſcanius*, by whoſe hand *Numanus* is ſlain for his inſolent ſpeech, and at the ſame time pays a compliment to the *Julian* family, and conſequently to *Auguſtus*.

Then young *Aſcanius*, who before this day
Was wont in woods to ſhoot the ſavage prey,
Firſt bent in martial ſtrife the twanging bow;
And exercis'd againſt a human foe.
With this bereft *Numanus* of his life,
Who *Turnus*' younger ſiſter took to wife.
Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,
Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with a ſtride,
In theſe inſulting terms the *Trojans* he defy'd.
Twice conquer'd cowards, now your ſhame is ſhown,
Coop'd up a ſecond time within your town!
Who dare not iſſue forth in open field,
But hold your walls before you for a ſhield:
Thus treat you war, thus our alliance force!
What gods, what madneſs hither ſteer'd your courſe!
You ſhall not find the ſons of *Atreus* here,
Nor need the frauds of ſly *Ulyſſes* fear.
Strong from the cradle, of a ſturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
There bath'd amid the ſtream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
They wake before the day to range the wood,
Kill ere they eat, nor taſte unconquer'd food.
No ſports, but what belong to war they know,
To break the ſtubborn colt, to bend the bow.
Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;
Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.
From ploughs and harrows ſent to ſeek renown,
They fight in fields, and ſtorm the ſhaken town.
No part of life from toils of war is free;
No change in age, or diff'rence in degree.
We plow, and till in arms; our oxen feel,
Inſtead of goads, the ſpur, and pointed ſteel:
Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain;
Ev'n time that changes all, yet changes us in vain:
The body, not the mind: nor can controul
Th' immortal vigour, or abate the ſoul.
Our helms defend the young, diſguiſe the grey:
We live by plunder, and delight in prey.
Your veſts embroider'd with rich purple ſhine;
In ſloth you glory, and in dances join.

Your veſts have ſweeping ſleeves: with female pride,
Your turbants undeneath your chins are ty'd.
Go, *Phrygians*, to your *Dindymus* again;
Go, leſs than women, in the ſhapes of men.
Go, mix'd with Eunuchs, in the mother's rites,
Where with unequal ſound the flute invites.
Sing, dance, and howl by turns in *Ida*'s ſhade;
Reſign the war to men, who know the martial trade.
This foul reproach, *Aſcanius* cou'd not hear
With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.
At the full ſtretch of both his hands, he drew,
And almoſt join'd the horns of the tough Eugh.
But firſt, before the throne of *Jove* he ſtood;
And thus with lifted hands invok'd the god.
My firſt attempt, great *Jupiter*, ſucceed;
An annual off'ring in thy grove ſhall bleed:
A ſnow-white ſteer, before thy altar led,
Who like his mother bears aloft his head,
Buts with his threat'ning brows, and bellowing ſtands,
And dares the fight, and ſpurns the yellow ſands.
Jove bow'd the heav'ns, and lent a gracious ear,
And thunder'd on the left, amidſt the clear.
Sounded at once the bow; and ſwiftly flies
The feather'd death, and hiſſes thro' the ſkies.
The ſteel thro' both his temples forc'd the way:
Extended on the ground *Numanus* lay.
Go now, vain boaſter, and true valour ſcorn;
The *Phrygians*, twice ſubdu'd, yet make this third return.
Aſcanius ſaid no more: the *Trojans* ſhake
The heav'ns with ſhouting, and new vigour take.
Apollo then beſtrode a golden cloud,
To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;
And thus the beardleſs victor, he beſpoke aloud.
Advance illuſtrious youth, increaſe in fame,
And wide from eaſt to weſt extend thy name.
Offspring of gods thyſelf; and *Rome* ſhall owe
To thee, a race of demi-gods below.
This is the way to heav'n: the pow'rs divine
From this beginning date the *Julian* line.
To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,
The conquer'd war is due: and the vaſt world is theirs.

DRYDEN.

But *Virgil* appears to greater advantage in his ſcenes of diſtreſs; for he mixes compaſſion with his terror, and by that means awakens the heart, and more powerfully intereſts us in behalf of his heroes.

His account of the burning of *Troy*, and the warning and admonition *Æneas* then receiv'd from *Hector*'s ghoſt, are extremely pathetic.—— *Sinon* having privatly open'd the wooden horſe, and let out the *Grecians* therein conceal'd,

They ſlay the guards, they burſt the gates, and join
Their fellows, conſcious to the bold deſign.
'Twas now the time when firſt kind heav'n beſtows
On wretched man the bleſſings of repoſe;
When, in my ſlumbers, *Hector* ſeem'd to riſe
A mournful viſion! to my cloſing eyes.
Such he appear'd, as when *Achilles*' car
And fiery courſers whirl'd him thro' the war;
Drawn thro' his ſwelling feet the thongs I view'd,
His beauteous body black with duſt and blood.
Ye gods! how chang'd from *Hector!* who with joy
Return'd in proud *Achilles*' ſpoils to *Troy*;
Flung at the ſhips, like heav'n's almighty fire,
Flames after flames, and wrapt a fleet in fire.
Now gaſh'd with wounds that for his *Troy* he bore,
His beard and locks ſtood ſtiffen'd with his gore.
With tears and mournful accents I began,
And thus beſpoke the viſionary man!
Say, glorious prince, thy country's hope and joy
What cauſe ſo long detains thee from thy *Troy*?
Say, from what realms, ſo long deſir'd in vain,
Her *Hector* comes, to bleſs her eyes again?
After ſuch numbers ſlain, ſuch labours paſt,
Thus is our prince! ah! thus return'd at laſt?
Why ſtream theſe wounds? or who could thus diſgrace
The manly charms of that majeſtic face?
Nought to theſe queſtions vain the ſhade replies,
But from his boſom draws a length of ſighs;
Fly, fly, oh! fly the gathering flames; the walls
Are won by *Greece*, and glorious *Ilion* falls;

Enough to *Priam* and to *Troy* before
Was paid; then ſtrive with deſtiny no more;
Could any mortal hand prevent our fate,
This hand, and this alone, had ſav'd the ſtate.
Troy to thy care commends her wand'ring gods;
With theſe purſue thy fortunes o'er the floods
To that proud city, thou ſhalt raiſe at laſt,
Return'd from wand'ring wide the watry waſte.
This ſaid, he brought from *Veſta*'s hallow'd choir
The ſacred wreaths, and everlaſting fire.

Mean time tumultuous round the walls ariſe
Shrieks, clamours, ſhouts, and mingle in the ſkies.
And (tho' remote my father's palace ſtood,
With ſhades ſurrounded, and a gloomy wood)
Near, and more near, approach the dire alarms;
The voice of woe; the dreadful din of arms.
Rous'd at the deafning peal that roars around,
I mount the dome, and liſten to the ſound.
Thus o'er the corn, while furious winds conſpire,
Rolls on a wide-devouring blaze of fire;
Or ſome big torrent, from a mountain's brow,
Burſts, pours, and thunders down the vale below,
O'erwhelms the fields, lays waſte the golden grain,
And headlong ſweeps the foreſts to the main;
Stun'd at the din, the ſwain with liſt'ning ears
From ſome ſteep rock the ſounding ruin hears.

PITT.

Mr. *Warton*, on occaſion of theſe ſimiles, has given us a ſtricture on the impropriety of *Virgil*'s throwing ſuch florid and affected compariſons into the mouth of *Æneas*, during the pathetic relation of the fate of *Troy*, which is much to his honour; for the obſervation is not only new, but juſt, and is evidently drawn from nature and reaſon, —We ſhall give it the reader in his own words—"It "appears to me, that *Virgil* is injudicious in putting "theſe compariſons into the mouth of *Æneas*. The "hero in this and ſome other paſſages, is by far too "great a poet. *Virgil* ſeems to forget that *Æneas* is "ſpeaking, and not himſelf. What can be more un-"natural and offenſive to propriety, than for *Æneas* to "ſtop in a narration, where he is deſcribing the deſola-

" tion of his own city, to make a labour'd compariſon " of five or ſix lines about a fire ſeizing a field of corn, " or a ſhepherd liſtening to the roarings of a torrent? " In ſhort, I think all the ſimiles *Æneas* uſes in this " ſecond and the third book, during the time he is re- " lating his ſtory and adventures to *Dido*, are as injudi- " cious, and as ill-plac'd as thoſe labour'd compariſons " are, with which the acts of ſeveral celebrated modern " tragedies are concluded."——But to return to our ſubject.

In theſe pathetic ſcenes, *Virgil* renews our acquaintance with the unfortunate *Priam*, whoſe character and deportment ſo affected us in the tent of *Achilles*, when he came to beg the body of his beloved ſon *Hector*.

Perhaps you may of *Priam*'s fate enquire.
He, when he ſaw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his ent'ring foes,
On ev'ry ſide inevitable woes;
In arms, diſus'd, inveſts his limbs decay'd
Like them, with age; a late and uſeleſs aid.
His feeble ſhoulders ſcarce the weight ſuſtain:
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along, with pain;
Deſpairing of ſucceſs; ambitious to be ſlain!
Uncover'd but by heav'n, there ſtood in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew;
Dodder'd with age, whoſe boughs encompaſs round
The houſehold gods, and ſhade the holy ground.
Here *Hecuba*, with all her helpleſs train
Of Dames, for ſhelter ſought, but ſought in vain.
Driv'n like a flock of doves along the ſky,
Their images they hugg, and to their altars fly.
The queen, when ſhe beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his ſide a heavy ſword,
What rage, ſhe cry'd, has ſeiz'd my huſband's mind;
What arms are theſe, and to what uſe deſign'd?
Theſe times want other aids: were *Hector* here,
E'n *Hector* now in vain, like *Priam* wou'd appear.
With us, one common ſhelter thou ſhalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be join'd.

She ſaid, and with a laſt ſalute embrac'd
The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
Behold *Polites*, one of *Priam*'s ſons,
Purſu'd by *Pyrrhus*, there for ſafety runs.
Thro' ſwords, and foes, amaz'd and hurt, he flies
Through empty courts, and open galleries:
Him *Pyrrhus*, urging with his lance, purſues;
And often reaches, and his thruſts renews.
The youth transfix'd, with lamentable cries
Expires, before his wretched parent's eyes.
Whom, gaſping at his feet, when *Priam* ſaw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law.
And ſhaking more with anger, than with age,
The gods, ſaid he, requite thy brutal rage:
As ſure they will, barbarian, ſure they muſt,
If there be gods in heav'n, and gods be juſt:
Who tak'ſt in wrongs an inſolent delight,
With a ſon's death t' infect a father's ſight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conſpire
To call thee his; not he, thy vaunted ſire,
Thus us'd my wretched age: the god's he fear'd,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He chear'd my ſorrows, and for ſums of gold
The bloodleſs carcaſs of my *Hector* ſold.
Pity'd the woes a parent underwent,
And ſent me back in ſafety from his tent.
This ſaid, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which flutt'ring, ſeem'd to loiter as it flew:
Juſt, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinckl'd on the brazen ſhield.
Then *Pyrrhus* thus: go thou from me to fate;
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die: with that he dragg'd the trembling fire,
Slidd'ring thro' clotter'd blood, and holy mire,
(The mingl'd paſte his murder'd ſon had made,)
Haul'd from beneath the violated ſhade;
And on the ſacred pile, the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody faulchion bare;
His left he twiſted in his hoary hair:
Then, with a ſpeeding thruſt, his heart he found:
The lukewarm blood came ruſhing through the wound,
And ſanguine ſtreams diſtain'd the ſacred ground.

Thus *Priam* fell: and ſhar'd one common fate
With *Troy* in aſhes, and his ruin'd ſtate;
He, who the ſcepter of all *Aſia* ſway'd,
Whom monarchs like domeſtic ſlaves obey'd,
On the bleak ſhore now lies th' abandon'd king,
A headleſs carcaſs, and a nameleſs thing.
Then, not before, I felt my crudled blood
Congeal with fear; my hair with horror ſtood:
My father's image fill'd my pious mind;
Leſt equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forſaken wife;
And trembled for my ſon's abandon'd life.
I look'd about; but found myſelf alone:
Deſerted at my need, my friends were gone,
Some ſpent with toil, ſome with deſpair oppreſs'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames conſum'd
the reſt. DRYDEN.

The piety which *Virgil* mixes with tenderneſs and terror in the following ſcene is admirable; and the loſs of *Creuſa*, the diſtreſs of *Æneas* on that fatal accident, and the panic he was in for the ſafety of his aged father and infant ſon, join'd to that of the inhabitants, excites the reader's moſt tender concern, and even obliges him to join in the general lamentation. To which let me add, that the picture of *Æneas* bearing his aged father on his ſhoulders, with the houſhold gods in his old trembling hands, and leading his ſon *Aſcanius* by his ſide, while the unhappy *Creuſa* followed behind, is a moſt excellent painting, and raiſes the piety, filial affection, prudence and tenderneſs of *Æneas* to the moſt exalted pitch of admiration.

The good old man with ſuppliant hands implor'd
The gods protection, and their ſtar ador'd.
Now, now, ſaid he, my ſon, no more delay,
I yield, I follow where heav'n ſhews the way.
Keep (O my country gods) our dwelling place,
And guard this relic of the *Trojan* race.
This tender child; theſe omens are your own;
And you can yet reſtore the ruin'd town.

At leaſt accompliſh what your ſigns foreſhow:
I ſtand reſign'd, and am prepar'd to go.
He ſaid; the crackling flames appear on high,
And driving ſparkles dance along the ſky.
With *Vulcan*'s rage the riſing winds conſpire;
And near our palace rowl the flood of fire.
Haſte, my dear father, ('tis no time to wait,)
And load my ſhoulders with a willing freight.
Whate'er befals, your life ſhall be my care,
One death, or one deliv'rance we will ſhare.
My hand ſhall lead our little ſon; and you
My faithful conſort, ſhall our ſteps purſue.
Next, you my ſervants, heed my ſtrict commands:
Without the walls a ruin'd temple ſtands,
To *Ceres* hallow'd once, a cypreſs nigh
Shoots up her venerable head on high;
By long religion kept: there bend your feet;
And in divided parties let us meet.
Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,
Hold you, my father, in your guiltleſs hands:
In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
Red as I am with ſlaughter, new from war:
Till in ſome living ſtream I cleanſe the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle ſpilt.
Thus, ord'ring all that prudence cou'd provide,
I cloath my ſhoulders with a lion's hide;
And yellow ſpoils: then, on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take.
While on my better hand *Aſcanius* hung,
And with unequal paces tript along.
Creuſa kept behind: by choice we ſtray
Through ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious way.
I, who ſo bold and dauntleſs juſt before,
The *Grecian* darts and ſhock of lances bore,
At ev'ry ſhadow now am ſeiz'd with fear:
Not for my ſelf, but for the charge I bear.
'Till near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at laſt,
Secure, and deeming all the danger paſt;
A frightful noiſe of trampling feet we hear;
My father looking through the ſhades, with fear,
Cry'd out, haſte, haſte my ſon, the foes are nigh;
Their ſwords, and ſhining armour I deſcry.

Some hoſtile god, for ſome unknown offence,
Had ſure bereft my mind of better ſenſe:
For while thro' winding ways I took my flight;
And ſought the ſhelter of the gloomy night;
Alas! I loſt *Creuſa:* hard to tell
If by her fatal deſtiny ſhe fell,
Or weary ſate, or wander'd with affright;
But ſhe was loſt for ever to my ſight.
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends, at *Ceres'* now deſerted ſeat;
We met: not one was wanting, only ſhe
Deceiv'd her friends, her ſon, and wretched me.
What mad expreſſions did my tongue refuſe!
Whom did I not of gods or men accuſe!
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd *Troy* before.
Stung with my loſs, and raving with deſpair,
Abandoning my now forgotten care,
Of counſel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My ſire, my ſon, my country gods, I left.
In ſhining armour once again I ſheath
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And ſeek the danger I was forc'd to ſhun.
I tread my former tracks: through night explore
Each paſſage, ev'ry ſtreet I croſs'd before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the ſilence of the night.
Then, to my father's houſe I make repair,
With ſome ſmall glimpſe of hope to find her there:
Inſtead of her the cruel *Greeks* I met;
The houſe was fill'd with foes, with flames beſet.
Driv'n on the wings of winds, whole ſheets of fire,
Through air tranſported, to the roofs aſpire.
From thence to *Priam's* palace I reſort;
And ſearch the citadel, and deſart court.
Then, unobſerv'd, I paſs by *Juno's* church;
A guard of *Grecians* had poſſeſs'd the porch:
There *Phœnix* and *Ulyſſes* watch the prey:
And thither all the wealth of *Troy* convey.

The ſpoils which they from ranſack'd houſes brought;
And golden bowls from burning altars caught.
The tables of the gods, the purple veſts;
The people's treaſure, and the pomp of prieſts.
A mighty train of ſhricking mothers bound,
Stood with their captive children trembling round.
Then, with ungovern'd madneſs, I proclaim,
Through all the ſilent ſtreets, *Creuſa*'s name.
Creuſa ſtill I call: at length ſhe hears;
And ſudden, through the ſhades of night appears.
Appears, no more *Creuſa*, nor my wife:
But a pale ſpectre, larger than the life.
Aghaſt, aſtoniſh'd, and ſtruck dumb with fear,
I ſtood; like briſtles roſe my ſtiffen'd hair.
Then thus the ghoſt began to ſooth my grief:
Nor tears, nor cries can give the dead relief;
Deſiſt, my much lov'd lord, t' indulge your pain:
You bear no more than what the gods ordain.
My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great comptroller of the ſky.
Long wand'ring ways for you the pow'rs decree:
On land hard labours, and a length of ſea.
Then, after many painful years are paſt,
On *Latium*'s happy ſhore you ſhall be caſt:
Where gentle *Tiber* from his bed beholds
The flow'ry meadows, and the feeding folds.
There end your toils: and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:
There fortune ſhall the *Trojan* line reſtore;
And you for loſt *Creuſa* weep no more.
Fear not that I ſhall watch with ſervile ſhame,
Th' imperious looks of ſome proud *Grecian* dame:
Or, ſtooping to the victor's luſt, diſgrace
My goddeſs mother, or my royal race.
And now, farewel: the parent of the gods
Reſtrains my fleeting ſoul in her abodes:
I truſt our common iſſue to your care.
She ſaid: and gliding paſs'd unſeen in air.
I ſtrove to ſpeak, but horror ty'd my tongue;
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung;
And thrice deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.

Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blaſt of wind, ſhe ruſh'd away.
Thus, having paſs'd the night in fruitleſs pain,
I, to my longing friends, return again.
Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
Of men, and matrons mix'd, of young and old:
A wretched exil'd crew together brought,
With arms appointed, and with treaſure fraught.
Reſolv'd, and willing under my command,
To run all hazards both of ſea and land.
The morn began, from *Ida*, to diſplay
Her roſy cheeks, and *Phoſphor* led the day;
Before the gates the *Grecians* took their poſt:
And all pretence of late relief was loſt.
I yield to fate, unwillingly retire;
And loaded, up the hill convey my ſire.

DRYDEN.

But of all the pathetic and affecting parts in this poem, there is none, perhaps, wrought up with ſuch wonderful art as the paſſion of *Dido*. *Virgil* has here proved himſelf a perfect maſter of the female mind, when inflamed with love and pride, jealouſy and reſentment. All the degrees of that paſſion from the firſt kindling of her affection to the conſuming flame which proved her deſtruction; together with the redoublings of her diſtreſs; her artifice, penetration, rage, diſtraction, and ſoothing allurements, are repreſented in a manner the moſt maſterly and affecting imaginable, and ornamented with language ſuitable to the diſtreſs and dignity of the ſubject.

As *Dido* had ſhewn ſo much humanity and tenderneſs, in preſerving the *Trojans* when caſt upon her coaſt, and treated them with ſuch hoſpitality and friendſhip during their ſtay at *Carthage*, *Virgil* ſeems to be under ſome difficulty to bring off his hero with honour; for ſhe had entertained the ſhipwreck'd companions of *Æneas*, before ſhe ever ſaw him; and therefore this generous and noble action muſt be conſidered as the reſult of her humane and good diſpoſition; and not the effect of her love for a perſon whom ſhe never beheld. When we conſider this, and that *Æneas* in the relation he gives her

of the *Trojan* affairs (which is a ſequel to the *Iliad*) had raiſed himſelf and his country men as much as poſſible, excited all her tenderneſs with the pathetic account of their ſufferings, and had diſplay'd his own piety to the gods, his filial affection to his father, his tender concern for his ſon, and above all his extreme love for his former wife *Creuſa*, and the diſtreſs he was in for the loſs of her, whom, regardleſs of his own life he ſought through hoſts of foes and ſtreets of fire; I ſay, all theſe things conſidered, it is no wonder that *Dido* ſhould conceive an affection for him, ſince thoſe who have been themſelves unfortunate are the moſt apt to feel for others; and when *Venus* had artfully and ungenerouſly thrown *Cupid* into her boſom, diſguis'd like young *Aſcanius*, we are not to be ſurpriſed that this affection grew into a flame, or that ſhe gave her hand to *Æneas*, when her heart was thus entrapp'd, and *Juno* and *Venus*, two goddeſſes, had combined together to bring about the union. The critics tell us, that this was inſerted to gratify the people of *Rome*, and to account for the enmity which ſubſiſted for ſo many years between the *Roman* and *Carthaginian* ſtates, till the latter was wickedly deſtroyed. I ſay wickedly, becauſe the *Romans* behaved baſely upon the occaſion, and heaven ſeems to have puniſhed them for the unjuſt deed. After the deſtruction of *Carthage*, the *Romans* having little employment for their ſwords abroad, began to ſhed blood at home, then enſued the civil broils of *Scylla* and *Marius*, *Pompey* and *Cæſar*, which robb'd *Rome* of ſo many inhabitants, and at laſt of its liberty; ſo that the deſtruction of *Carthage* may be conſidered as a diſtant cauſe of the deſtruction of *Rome*.

But let us leave this to the politicians, and return to *Dido*, whoſe misfortunes will ever affect us, notwithſtanding what has been ſaid by this author, and by the critics, to ſuppreſs our concern; and tho' we admire *Virgil* as a poet, we ſhall ever look upon *Æneas* as a very ſcurvy gallant.

Virgil never ſtood in more need of a celeſtial machine than in this place, for it was the only means by which he could bring off his hero with any ſhow of reputation *Mercury*, therefore, the uſual meſſenger of the gods is diſpatched by *Jupiter* to command *Æneas* to quit *Car-*

thage, and purſue his voyage to *Italy*. And here we muſt obſerve, that the deſcription of this celeſtial meſſenger, and his deſcent is beautiful, but not equal to *Milton*'s deſcription of *Raphael*, inſerted in the 5th chapter of this book, under the head *of the beauty of thought in poetry*. His deſcription of mount *Atlas*, on which the god reſted is alſo picturesque and noble.

From far huge *Atlas*' rocky ſides he ſpies,
Atlas, whoſe head ſupports the ſtarry ſkies:
Beat by the winds and driving rains, he ſhrouds
His ſhady forehead in ſurrounding clouds;
With ice his horrid beard is cruſted o'er;
From his bleak brows the guſhing torrents pour;
Out-ſpread, his mighty ſhoulders heave below
The hoary piles of everlaſting ſnow.

Mercury finds *Æneas* dreſſed in an embroidered robe of *Tyrian* dye, intent on raiſing the domes and palace of *Carthage*, and delivers his meſſage, at which the prince ſeems greatly aſtoniſhed and diſtreſſed; however, he ſoon collects himſelf, and commands two of his friends to rig the fleet, and ſummon the *Trojans* together, with the utmoſt ſecreſy and ſilence, while he diſcovers his purpoſe to *Dido*; but love is the parent of jealouſy, and jealouſy is *Argus*-ey'd. The queen perceiv'd the *Trojans* uncommonly buſy, and, penetrating their deſign before ſhe had been informed of it by *Æneas*, ſhe, mad with deſpair, flies round the city to find the hero, and thus upbraids him.

And could'ſt thou hope, diſſembler, from my ſight,
Ah! wretch perfidious! to conceal thy flight?
In ſuch baſe ſilence from my realms to ſail?
Nor can our vows and plighted hands prevail,
Nor *Dido*'s cruel death thy flight detain?
For death, death only can relieve my pain:
And are thy veſſels launch'd, while winter ſweeps
With the rough northern blaſts the roaring deeps?
Barbarian! ſay, if *Troy* herſelf had ſtood,
Nor foreign realms had call'd thee o'er the flood,

Would'ſt thou thy ſails in ſtormy ſeas employ,
And brave the ſurge to gain thy native *Troy?*
Me will you fly, to tempt the dangerous wave?
Ah! by the tears I ſhed, the hand you gave;
(For theſe ſtill mine, and only theſe remain;
The tears I ſhed, the hand you gave in vain!)
By thoſe late ſolemn nuptial bands I plead;
By thoſe firſt pleaſures of the bridal bed;
If e'er, when folded in your circling arms,
You ſigh'd, and prais'd theſe now-neglected charms:
If pray'r can move thee, with this pray'r comply,
Regard, *Æneas*, with a pitying eye
A falling race, and lay thy purpoſe by.
For thee *Numidian* kings in arms conſpire;
For thee have I incens'd the ſons of *Tyre*;
For thee I loſt my honour and my fame,
That to the ſtars advanc'd my glorious name.
Muſt I in death thy cruel ſcorn deplore,
My barbarous gueſt!—but ah!—my ſpouſe no more!
What—ſhall I wait, till fierce *Pygmalion* pours
From *Tyre* on *Carthage*, and deſtroys my tow'rs?
Shall I in proud *Iarba*'s chains be led
A ſlave, a captive to the tyrant's bed?
Ah!—had I brought, before thy fatal flight,
Some little offſpring of our loves to light;
If in my regal hall I could ſurvey
Some princely boy, ſome young *Æneas* play;
Thy dear reſemblance but in looks alone!
I ſhould not ſeem quite widow'd, and undone.

The attitude in which *Virgil* places his hero during this reproof, is very natural, for his eyes are fixed on the ground, overwhelmed, as the poet ſays, with grief, yet he is ſtill determined and relentleſs.

After ſome pauſe, he confeſſes his obligations to *Dido*, aſſures her he intended to inform her of his purpoſe, and that he would not have left *Carthage*, but he was commanded by the Gods to ſeek his deſtined kingdom; that his father's ſpirit had often reproached him with his ſtay, and that he had juſt received a meſſenger from *Jove*, commanding him to ſail for *Italy*; not a word of which the queen believes, as appears from her reply.

For while he ſpoke, with high diſdain and pride
She roll'd her wrathful eyes on every ſide,
That glance in ſilence o'er the guilty man,
And, all inflam'd with fury, ſhe began:
Perfidious monſter! boaſt thy birth no more;
No hero got thee, and no goddeſs bore.
No! — thou wert brought by *Scythian* rocks to day,
By tigers nurs'd, and ſavages of prey;
But far more rugged, wild, and fierce than they.
For why, ah! why the traitor ſhould I ſpare?
What baſer wrongs can I be doom'd to bear?
Did he once deign to turn his ſcornful eyes?
Did he once groan at all my piercing ſighs?
Drop'd he one tear in pity to my cries?
Calm he look'd on, and ſaw my paſſion burſt.
Which, which of all his inſults was the worſt?
And yet great *Jove* and *Juno* from the ſky
Behold his treaſon with a careleſs eye;
Guilt, guilt prevails; and juſtice is no more.
The needy wretch juſt caſt upon my ſhore,
Fool as I was! with open arms I led
At once a partner to my throne and bed;
From inſtant death I ſav'd his famiſh'd train,
His ſhatter'd fleet I ſtor'd and rigg'd again.
But ah! I rave; — my ſoul the furies fire;
Now great *Apollo* warns him to retire;
With all his oracles forbids to ſtay;
And now through air the feather'd ſon of *May*
Conveys *Jove*'s orders from the bleſt abodes;
A care well worthy to diſturb the gods!
Go then; I plead not, nor thy flight delay;
Go, ſeek new kingdoms through the watry way:
But there may every god, thy crime provokes,
Reward thy guilt, and daſh thee on the rocks;
Then ſhalt thou call, amid the howling main,
On injur'd *Dido*'s name, nor call in vain;
For, wrapt in fires, I'll follow through the ſky,
Flaſh in thy face, or glare tremendous by.
When death's cold hand my ſtruggling ſoul ſhall free,
My ghoſt in every place ſhall wait on thee:
My vengeful ſpirit ſhall thy torments know,
And ſmile with tranſport in the realms below.

With that, abrupt ſhe took her ſudden flight;
Sick of the day, ſhe loaths the golden light;
And turns, while fault'ring he attempts to ſay
Ten thouſand things, diſdainfully away;
Sunk in their arms the trembling handmaids led
The fainting princeſs to the regal bed.

Æneas endeavours to comfort the queen in her extreme affliction, but finding her not inclined, or not in a condition to receive his conſolation, he gets all things ready, and prepares his fleet for ſailing.

At that ſad proſpect, that tormenting ſcene,
What thoughts, what woes were thine, unhappy queen!
How loud thy groans, when from thy lofty tow'r
Thy eyes ſurvey'd the tumult on the ſhore;
When on the floods thou heard'ſt the ſhouting train
Plow with reſounding oars the watry plain?
To what ſubmiſſions, of what low degree,
Are mortals urg'd, imperious love by thee?
Once more ſhe flies to pray'rs and tears, to move
Th' obdurate prince; and anger melts to love;
Tries all her ſuppliant female arts again
Before her death; —— but tries 'em all in vain:
Siſter, behold, from every ſide they pour
With eager ſpeed, and gather to the ſhore.
Hark! — how with ſhouts they catch the ſpringing gales
And crown their ſhips, and ſpread their flying ſails.
Ah! had I once foreſeen the fatal blow,
Sure, I had borne this mighty weight of woe.
Yet, yet, my *Anna*, this one trial make
For thy deſpairing, dying ſiſter's ſake.
For ah! the dear perfidious wretch, I ſee,
Lays open all his ſecret ſoul to thee.
In all his thoughts you ever bore a part,
You know the neareſt paſſage to his heart.
Go then, dear ſiſter, as a ſuppliant go,
Tell, in the humbleſt terms, my haughty foe,
I ne'er conſpir'd at *Aulis* to deſtroy
With vengeful *Greece*, the hapleſs race of *Troy*;
Nor ſent one veſſel to the *Phrygian* coaſt,
Nor rak'd abroad his father's ſacred duſt.

From all the prayers a dying queen prefers,
Why will he turn his unrelenting ears?
Whither, ah whither, will the tyrant fly?
I beg but this one grace before I die,
To wait for calmer ſeas and ſofter gales
To ſmooth the floods, and fill his opening ſails.
Tell my perfidious lover, I implore
The name of wedlock he diſclaims no more:
No more his purpos'd voyage I detain
From beauteous *Latium*, and his deſtin'd reign.
For ſome ſmall interval of time I move,
Some ſhort, ſhort ſeaſon to ſubdue my love;
Till reconcil'd to this unhappy ſtate,
I grow at laſt familiar with my fate:
This favour if he grant, my death ſhall pleaſe
His cruel ſoul, and ſet us both at eaſe.
Thus pray'd the queen; the ſiſter bears in vain
The moving meſſage, and returns again.
He ſtands inflexible to pray'rs and tears,
For *Jove* and fate had ſtop'd the hero's ears.
As, o'er th' aerial *Alps* ſublimely ſpread,
Some aged oak uprears his reverend head;
This way and that the furious tempeſts blow,
To lay the monarch of the mountains low;
Th' imperial plant, tho' nodding at the ſound,
Tho' all his ſcatter'd honours ſtrow the ground,
Safe in his ſtrength, and ſeated in the rock,
In naked majeſty defies the ſhock:
High as the head ſhoots tow'ring to the ſkies,
So deep the root in hell's foundation lies.
Thus is the prince beſieg'd by conſtant pray'rs:
But though his heart relents at *Dido*'s cares,
Still firm the dictates of his ſoul remain,
And tears are ſhed, and vows preſer'd in vain.
Now tir'd with life, abandon'd *Dido* grows;
Now bent on fate, and harraſs'd with her woes,
She loaths the bay, ſhe ſickens at the ſky,
And longs in bitterneſs of ſoul, to die.
To urge the ſcheme of death already laid,
Full many a direful omen ſhe ſurvey'd:
While to the gods ſhe pour'd the wine, ſhe view'd
The pure libation turn'd to ſable blood.

This horrid omen to herſelf reveal'd,
Ev'n from her ſiſter's ear ſhe kept conceal'd;
Yet more—a temple, where ſhe paid her vows,
Roſe in the palace to her former ſpouſe;
A marble ſtructure; this ſhe dreſs'd around
With ſnowy wool; with ſacred chaplets crown'd.
From hence, when gloomy night ſucceeds the day,
Her huſband ſeems to ſummon her away.
Perch'd on the roof the bird of night complains,
In one ſad length of melancholy ſtrains;
Now dire predictions rack her mind, foretold
By preſcient ſages, and the ſeers of old;
Now ſtern *Æneas*, her eternal theme,
Haunts her diſtracted ſoul in ev'ry dream;
In ſlumber now ſhe ſeems to travel on,
Through dreary wilds, abandon'd and alone;
And treads a dark uncomfortable plain,
And ſeeks her *Tyrians* o'er the waſte in vain.
At length diſtracted, and by love o'ercome,
Reſolv'd on death, ſhe meditates her doom:
Appoints the time to end her mighty woe;
And takes due meaſures for the purpos'd blow.
Then her ſad ſiſter ſhe with ſmiles addreſs'd,
Hope in her looks, but anguiſh at her breaſt.

Dido to conceal her dreadful purpoſe from her ſiſter, pretends to have conſulted a prieſteſs who was able to diſſipate her ſorrow, and who for that purpoſe had ordered her to burn the robes and preſents of the *Trojan* hero, together with the bridal bed, his image, and whatever belonged to him, on a funeral pile. The ſiſter, at her requeſt, cauſes a pile to be erected in the open court, which the queen bedecks with wreaths, greens, and garlands; after this an extraordinary, and I think frantic ceremony, is performed by the prieſteſs, at which the queen aſſiſts. And here the poet introduces a deſcription of the ſtillneſs of the night, contraſted with the turbulent paſſions and agonizing pains of the unhappy *Dido*; which is ſo exquiſitely fine and ſuitable to the ſubject, that we cannot omit it.

'Twas night; and, weary with the toils of day,
In ſoft repoſe the whole creation lay.
The murmurs of the groves and ſurges die,
The ſtars roll ſolemn through the glowing ſky;
Wide o'er the fields a brooding ſilence reigns,
The flocks lie ſtretch'd along the flow'ry plains;
The furious ſavages that haunt the woods,
The painted birds, the fiſhes of the floods;
All, all, beneath the general darkneſs, ſhare
In ſleep, a ſoft forgetfulneſs of care;
All but the hapleſs queen;——for love denies
Reſt to her thoughts, and ſlumber to her eyes.
Her paſſions grow ſtill fiercer, and by turns
With love ſhe maddens, and with wrath ſhe burns.
The ſtruggling tides in different motions roll,
And thus ſhe vents the tempeſt of her ſoul.

It is to be obſerved here, as well as in other parts of this excellent poem, that *Virgil* does not throw in deſcriptions in order to ſay fine things, and to ſhow his ſkill in painting: for his deſcriptions generally tend to heighten ſome paſſion, and forward the buſineſs of the poem, as is evidently the caſe of this before us——The ſoliloquy which immediately follows it, wherein the queen is repreſented in the dead of night, expoſtulating with herſelf, and propoſing expedients one moment which ſhe rejects the next, is naturally expreſſive of the diſtreſs'd, perplex'd, and agonizing ſtate of her mind.—There is, perhaps, no paſſion or ſtate of the ſoul, in which people take ſo much pains to deceive themſelves, and give countenance to their foibles, as in matters of love; thus, in the infancy of her paſſion, *Dido* endeavours to perſuade herſelf, that ſhe was not in love with the perſon of *Æneas*, but with his virtue and exalted merit; becauſe that makes the breach of her vows of celibacy ſeem leſs criminal; and when ſhe finds that love would be her ruin, and that her attachment to *Æneas* had brought on her deſtruction, ſhe endeavours to throw the blame on her ſiſter, becauſe ſhe had been her confidant, and too eaſily gave into an opinion, which, perhaps, ſhe ſaw it would be imprudent to oppoſe. However, as minds violently agitated ſeldom fix long on the

ſame particular point, ſhe, by a ſudden tranſition, ſeems to acquit her ſiſter, and takes the blame to herſelf, by conſidering her misfortunes as the conſequence and juſt puniſhment of the breach of thoſe vows ſhe had made to the manes of her former huſband. This is nature, and there are many exquiſite touches of the ſame ſort in the epiſode now under conſideration.

What ſhall I do?—ſhall I in vain implore
The royal lovers I diſdain'd before?
Or, ſlighted in my turn with haughty pride,
Court the fierce tyrant whom I once deny'd?
Shall I the *Trojans* baſe commands obey,
Their ſlave, their ſuppliant, through the watry way?
Yes—for my bounties, and my former aid
By *Troy* already ſtand ſo well repaid!
And yet ſuppoſe I were inclined to go;
The haughty ſailors would but mock my woe.
Haſt thou not yet; not yet, *Eliza*, known
The perjur'd ſons of proud *Laomedon*?
What!—ſhall I follow through the roaring main,
Sole and abandon'd their triumphant train,
Or drive 'em through the deeps with ſword and fire,
With all my armies, all the ſons of *Tyre*?
But can I draw to ſea thoſe *Tyrian* bands
I drew reluctant from their native lands?
Die then as thou deſerv'ſt; in death repoſe;
The ſword, the friendly ſword, ſhall end thy woes.
You firſt, dear ſiſter, by my ſorrows mov'd,
Expos'd me raſhly to the wretch I lov'd;
Your prompt obedience, and officious care
Fann'd the young flame, and plung'd me in deſpair.
Oh! had I learn'd like ſavages to rove,
And never known the woes of bridal love!
I prov'd unfaithful to my former ſpouſe,
And now I reap the fruits of broken vows!
Thus vents the mournful queen, by love oppreſt,
The grief that rag'd tumultuous in her breaſt.

Virgil places *Æneas* in a ſituation very different from that of *Dido*. He is deſcribed ſleeping, and regardleſs of the miſeries he had brought on that unhappy queen;

and, on *Mercury*'s deſcending to him with a ſecond ſummons, he cuts the hauſer with his own ſword, and leads the ſhips to ſea, which compleated the misfortunes of the wretched *Dido*, who from a watch tower, which ſhe aſcended at the firſt approach of day, ſaw the *Trojan* fleet in full ſail, and fell into the moſt extreme agonies of deſpair and madneſs.

Now o'er the glittering lawns *Aurora* ſpread
Her orient beam, and left her golden bed.
Soon as the queen at early dawn beheld
The navy move along the watry field,
In pomp and order, from her lofty tow'r;
And ſaw th' abandon'd port, and empty ſhore;
Thrice her fierce hands in madneſs of deſpair
Beat her white breaſt, and tore her golden hair.
Then ſhall the traitor fly, ye gods! (ſhe ſaid)
And leave my kingdom, and inſulted bed?
And ſhall not *Carthage* pour in arms away?
Run there, and launch my navies on the ſea.
Fly, fly with all your ſails, ye ſons of *Tyre*;
Hurl flames on flames; involve his fleet in fire.
What have I ſaid?—ah! impotent and vain!
I rave, I rave—what madneſs turns my brain?
Now can you, *Dido*, at ſo late a time,
Reflect with horror on your former crime?
Well had this rage been ſhown, when firſt you led
The wretch, a partner to your throne and bed.
This is the prince, the pious prince, who bore
His gods and relics from the *Phrygian* ſhore!
And ſafe convey'd his venerable ſire
On his own ſhoulders through the *Trojan* fire!
Could I not tear, and throw him for a prey,
Baſe wretch! to every monſter of the ſea?
Stab all his friends, his darling ſon deſtroy,
And to his table ſerve the murder'd boy?
For, bent on death, and valiant from deſpair,
Say—could I dread the doubtful chance of war?
No—but my flames had redden'd all the ſeas;
Wrapt all the flying navy in the blaze;
Deſtroy'd the race, the father and the ſon,
And crown'd the general ruin with my own.

Thou, glorious ſun! whoſe piercing eyes ſurvey
Theſe worlds terreſtrial in thy fiery way,
And thou, O *Juno!* bend thy awful head,
Great queen, and guardian of the bridal bed;
Hear thou, dire *Hecate!* from hell profound,
Whoſe rites nocturnal through the ſtreets reſound,
Hear all ye furies, fiends, and gods who wait
To pay due vengeance for *Eliza's* fate!
If to the deſtin'd port the wretch muſt come,
If ſuch be *Jove's* unalterable doom:
Still let him wander, toſs'd from place to place,
Far from his country, and his ſon's embrace,
By barbarous nations harraſs'd with alarms;
And take the field with unſucceſsful arms;
For foreign aid to diſtant regions fly,
See all his friends a common carnage lie;
And when he gains, his ruin to complete,
A peace more ſhameful than his paſt defeat;
Nor life nor empire let him long maintain,
But fall, by murd'rous hands untimely ſlain,
And lie unburied on the naked plain!
This vow, ye gods, *Eliza* pours in death
With her laſt blood, and her laſt gaſping breath!
Oh!—in the ſilent grave when *Dido* lies,
Riſe in thy rage, thou, great avenger, riſe!
Againſt curs'd *Troy*, go mighty ſon of *Tyre*,
Go, in the pomp of famine, ſword, and fire!
And you, my *Tyrians*, with immortal hate,
In future times, purſue the *Dardan* ſtate.
No peace, no commerce with the race be made:
Pay this laſt duty to your princeſs' ſhade;
Fight, when your pow'r ſupplies ſo juſt a rage;
Fight now, fight ſtill, in every diſtant age;
By land, by ſea, in arms the nation dare,
And wage, from ſon to ſon, eternal war!
This ſaid, ſhe bends her various thoughts to cloſe
Her hated life, and finiſh all her woes.
Then to her huſband's nurſe ſhe gave command,
(Her own lay bury'd in her native land)
Go, *Barce*, go, and bid my ſiſter bring
The ſable victims for the *Stygian* king,
But firſt beſprinkled from the limpid ſpring.

Thus let her come; and, while I pay my vows,
Thou too in fillets bind thy aged brows.
Fain would I kindle now the ſacred pyre
And ſee the *Trojan* image ſink in fire.
Thus I complete the rites of *Stygian Jove*,
And then farewel—a long farewel to love!
She ſaid; the matron, ſtudious to obey,
With duteous ſpeed runs trembling all the way.
Now to the fatal court fierce *Dido* flies,
And rolls around her fiery glaring eyes:
Though pale and ſhivering at her purpos'd doom,
And every dreadful thought of death to come:
Yet many a crimſon fluſh, with various grace,
Glows on her cheek, and kindles in her face.
Furious ſhe mounts the pyre, and draws the ſword,
The fatal preſent of the *Dardan* lord;
For no ſuch end beſtow'd;—the conſcious bed,
And robes ſhe view'd; and tears in ſilence ſhed;
Stood ſtill, and paus'd a moment;—then ſhe caſt
Her body on the couch, and ſpoke her laſt:
Ye dear, dear relicks of the man I lov'd!
While fate conſented, and the gods approv'd,
Relieve my woes, this rage of love controul,
Take my laſt breath, and catch my parting ſoul.
My fatal courſe is finiſh'd, and I go
A ghoſt majeſtic to the realms below.
Well have I liv'd to ſee a glorious town
Rais'd by theſe hands, and bulwarks of my own;
Of all its trophies robb'd my brother's ſword,
And on the wretch reveng'd my murther'd lord.
Happy! thrice happy! if the *Dardan* band
Had never touch'd upon the *Libyan* land.
Then preſſing with her lips the *Trojan* bed,
Shall I then die, and unreveng'd? (ſhe ſaid.)
Yet die I will,—and thus, and thus, I go——
Thus—fly with pleaſure to the ſhades below.
This blaze may yon proud *Trojan* from the ſea,
This death, an omen of his own, ſurvey.
Mean time, the ſad attendants, as ſhe ſpoke,
Beheld her ſtrike, and ſink beneath the ſtroke.
At once her ſnowy hands were purpl'd o'er,
And the bright faulchion ſmoak'd with ſtreaming gore.

Her ſudden fate is blaz'd the city round;
The length'ning cries from ſtreet to ſtreet reſound;
To female ſhrieks the regal dome replies,
And the ſhrill echoes ring amidſt the ſkies;
As all fair *Carthage*, or her mother *Tyre*,
Storm'd by the foe, had ſunk in floods of fire;
And the fierce flame devour'd the proud abodes,
With all the glorious temples of the gods.

The painting in this affecting ſtory is exquiſite, and evidently ſhows the advantage which poetry has over hiſtory. The hiſtorian repreſents facts plainly and faithfully, as they come to his knowledge; but the poet calls in fancy to his aid, and aſſimilates ſuch additional circumſtances and decorations, as ſtrike the imagination, and repreſent things more pictureſque and pleaſing. In ſhort, hiſtory, if I may be allow'd the expreſſion, records paſt tranſactions with preciſion to preſerve the memory of them to poſterity; but poetry, by its power of reanimating every thing, and calling forth ſubjects, as it were, into life, repreſents thoſe things which have happen'd, as now actually exiſting and before the eye; and therefore fixes a more lively and permanent idea on the mind. Thus, in *Virgil* we not only read of *Dido*'s love, but we ſee the cruel effects of it; the circumſtances of her rage and deſpair are plac'd before our eyes, we hear her ſpeak, as it were, to the picture and ſword which *Æneas* had left behind him, and behold the abandoned queen pauſe and burſt into tears at the ſight of the bed and robes of the *Trojan* hero. The repetition alſo of the word *thus* and *thus*, when ſhe ſtrikes the poniard into her boſom, points out the action in ſuch a lively ſtriking manner, that we ſee, as it were, the blood guſhing out, and ſtaining her ſnowy hands; and from what follows, we ſeemingly hear the ſhrieks and cries of the miſerable courtiers and inhabitants of the city. To which, let me add, that the behaviour of her wretched ſiſter, whom ſhe had deceived, and the queen's repeatedly lifting up her head, and opening her eyes to ſpeak to her, when ſhe was dying and unable to utter a ſyllable, is extremely pathetic and affecting. In ſhort, when we read, or rather hear and ſee this, we forget the poet and his rela-

tion, and fancy ourſelves at *Carthage* amidſt this ſcene of horror, and confuſion.

Her b eathleſs ſiſter runs with eager pace,
And beats her throbbing breaſt, and beauteous face.
Fierce through the parting crowds the virgin flies,
And on her dying dear *Eliza* cries.
Was this, my *Dido*, ah! was this the way
You took, your eaſy ſiſter to betray?
Was it for this my hands prepar'd the pyre,
The fatal altar, and the funeral fire?
Where ſhall my plaints begin?—ah! wretch undone!
Now left abandon'd to my woes alone!
Was I unworthy then, to yield my breath,
And ſhare thy ſweet ſociety in death?
Me, me you ſhould have call'd, your fate to ſhare
From the ſame weapon, and the ſame deſpair.
And did theſe hands the lofty pile compoſe?
Did I invoke our gods with ſolemn vows?
Only—ah cruel! to be ſent away
From the ſad ſcene of death I now ſurvey?
You by this fatal ſtroke, and I, and all,
Your ſenate, people, and your *Carthage* fall.
Bring, bring me water; let me bathe in death
Her bleeding wounds, and catch her parting breath.
Then up the ſteep aſcent ſhe flew, and preſt
Her dying ſiſter to her heaving breaſt;
With cries ſucceeding cries her robes unbound,
To ſtanch the blood that iſſu'd from the wound.
Her boſom groaning with convulſive pain,
She ſtrives to raiſe her heavy lids in vain,
And in a moment ſinks, and ſwoons again.
Prop'd on her elbow, thrice ſhe rear'd her head,
And thrice fell back, and fainted on the bed;
Sought with her ſwimming eyes the golden light,
And ſaw the ſun, but ſicken'd at the ſight.
Then mighty *Juno*, with a melting eye,
Beheld her dreadful anguiſh from the ſky;
And bad fair *Iris*, from the ſtarry pole,
Fly, and enlarge her agonizing ſoul:
For as ſhe dy'd by love before the time,
Nor fell by fate, nor periſh'd for a crime;

Nor yet had *Proſerpine*, with early care,
Clip'd from her head the fatal golden hair;
The ſolemn offering to the pow'rs below,
To free the ſpirit, and relieve her woe.
Swift from the glancing ſun the goddeſs drew
A thouſand mingling colours, as ſhe flew:
Then radiant hover'd o'er the dying fair;
And lo; this conſecrated lock I bear
To *Stygian Jove:* and now, as heav'n ordains,
Releaſe thy ſoul from theſe corporeal chains.
The goddeſs ſtretch'd her hand, as thus ſhe ſaid,
And clipt the ſacred honours of her head;
The vital ſpirit flies, no more confin'd,
Diſſolves in air, and mingles with the wind.

The defenders of *Virgil* have taken great pains to clear *Æneas* of his cruel and perfidious behaviour to *Dido*; they ſay it was done to account for the animoſity that ſubſiſted between the *Roman* and *Carthaginian* ſtates, as we have already obſerved; but this reply affords ſmall ſatisfaction to the unbias'd mind: nor is it any great compliment to his country men, if you ſuppoſe the ſtory of *Æneas*'s landing in *Italy* to be true; ſince it is throwing the fault on their founder, who was undoubtedly the aggreſſor. Some plead the deſtiny of the gods, and admire the machinery by which *Virgil* has haſtened the departure of *Æneas*; and the admonition he repeatedly receives from his father's ſpirit. By others again, this machinery is ridiculed, and particularly by Mr. *Dryden*, who ſeems to think it was brought in, only to remove a difficulty with which the poet was embarraſſed. Theſe machines, as to their nature and uſe have been very well explained by Mr. *Spence* in his *Polymetis*.

"The greateſt of the ancient poets, ſays he, ſeem to have held, that every thing in the moral, as well as the natural world, was carried on by the influence and direction of the ſupreme being. It was *Jupiter* that actuated every thing, and in ſome ſenſe may be ſaid to do every thing that was done. This univerſal principal of action they conſidered, for their own eaſe, as divided into ſo many ſeveral perſonages, as they had occaſion

for cauſes. Hence every part of the creation was filled by them with deities; and no action perfo med without the aſſiſtance of ſome god or other, for every power ſuperior to man they called by that name.

The very beſt of the ancient poets, and the greateſt patterns for writing that ever were, introduces the gods perpetually and without reſerve. *Homer* ſcarce does any thing without them; and *Virgil* follows *Homer* more cloſely in this, than in any other point I know of; for he has employed machinery ſo much and ſo freely in his *Æneid*, that almoſt the whole of the ſtory is carried on by the intervention of the gods."

Theſe obſervations, which are very natural and juſt, ſhew how difficult it is for moderns to equal the ancients in Epic Poetry; for under the Chriſtian diſpenſation this ſort of machinery is not to be tollerated: or, if it was, it would fail of the effect it had amongſt the heathens.

We have ſeen the light in which Mr. *Spence* conſiders theſe machines, now let us enquire how they effect *Æneas* in his ſituation with *Dido*. Mr. *Spence* clears *Virgil* of the charge Mr. *Dryden* brought againſt *Mercury's* being ſent to *Æneas*, as a forced machine; but his hero ſtill ſtands arraigned. "What the vulgar believed to be brought about by the will of their gods, ſays he, the poets deſcribed as carried on by a viſible interpoſition of thoſe gods; and this to me ſeems the whole myſtery of the machinery of the ancients.—When the gods are thus introduced in a poem, to help on any fact with which they are particularly ſuppoſed to be concerned, I call that machinery eaſy and obvious: and when the god thus introduced is the moſt proper, that could be employed on that particular occaſion, I call it well adapted. This I take to be the caſe in *Virgil's* introducing *Mercury*, on the occaſion abovementioned. It was a ſuppoſed fact, among the *Romans*, that *Æneas* came into *Italy* in conſequence of the will of heaven, and the expreſs order of the gods, declared in oracles and prophecies. What they thus ſuppoſed, *Virgil* realizes. The fates, or will of heaven, in *Virgil*, is *Jupiter* giving his orders; and the declaration of it to *Æneas* is expreſſed by *Mercury*,

(the uſual meſſenger of the will of heaven) coming down to him, and giving him the orders he had from *Jupiter*. This machinery then is both obvious and well adapted: and we may add, that it could ſcarce be better tim'd, than when *Æneas* was at the greateſt ſtop he met with in his whole voyage to *Italy*; and when he was moſt in danger of quitting his deſign."

This is indeed clearing the poet, but it does not diſcharge the hero; for if only the vulgar believed that the gods were thus engaged, we cannot ſuppoſe that *Dido* gave into it; and this accounts for the ſcoffing reply ſhe made to *Æneas*, when he mention'd the command he had receiv'd from *Mercury*. But I cannot ſee why ſo much pains ſhould be taken to defend *Virgil*, where he needs no defence, or to wipe off a ſtain from the hero, which the poet, as I apprehend, intended to mark him with. The beſt thing that can be urged in favour of *Æneas*, is the meſſage he received from the ſhade of his deceaſed wife *Creuſa*, concerning his ſettling in *Italy* and marrying there, and which he related to *Dido* at their firſt interview: this, I ſay, would weigh with *Dido* (who diſbelieved the deſcent of *Mercury*) more than any thing that has been offered in favour of *Æneas*; but, when we conſider what paſſed between the two lovers afterwards, it will be found inſufficient to diſcharge the hero from the accuſation of perfidy and ingratitude; nor did the poet ſeem to intend it ſhould have that effect. *Virgil* was too well acquainted with mankind to draw any perfect character; he knew it would be out of nature, and conſidered as a chimæra, or monſter, and therefore he has ſet this mark upon his hero, partly to ſhew, that, with all his excellent qualities, he was but human, and ſubject to the infirmities of nature, and partly, perhaps, to paliate an action of this ſort in *Auguſtus*, who, if we are rightly informed, had ſometime before this, divorced one wife and taken to himſelf another.

As to what is ſaid concerning *Virgil*'s miſtake in the chronology reſpecting *Dido*, we think it of little conſequence to the poem, which is evidently a work of invention, founded upon the *Iliad*, the *Odyſſey*, and the old traditions concerning the ſettlement of the *Trojans* in *Italy*; and therefore is not to be tryed by the laws of

hiſtory, whoſe foundation is, or ought to be, truth; for whether we call this unfortunate woman *Dido*, or by any other name, and make her the queen of *Carthage*, or of any other place, the poem will ſtill have the ſame merit, and afford us the ſame inſtruction and entertainment.

When we conſider the defects of the *Æneid*, we cannot help obſerving, that the humanity of *Æneas* ſeems to be let down, by his ſeizing ſo many youths to be ſacrificed to the manes of his friend *Pallas*, as that of *Achilles* undoubtedly was, in offering up twelve at the tomb of *Patroclus*; but while we criticiſe on theſe ancient cuſtoms, we ought to conſider ourſelves in the ſtate of the ancients, prejudiced and miſled by their ideas and manners, or we ſhall never be able to form an adequate judgment in matters of this kind; and a conſideration of this ſort will perhaps induce the reader to look with an eye of candour, on many ſeeming eſcapes of the poet, in this admirable work.

As to the ſhips being metamorphoſed into nymphs, which is as extraordinary as any thing in the whole poem, *Virgil* has endeavoured to juſtify it, by telling us, it was an ancient tradition; but traditions of this kind are, if we miſtake not, too abſurd for Epic Poetry; perhaps, the ſame fault may be found with the myrtle's dropping blood, and with the deſcent of *Æneas* into the infernal regions. It muſt be acknowledged, however, that his expedition thither has more merit than *Homer*'s; for *Virgil* makes it uſeful to the purpoſes of morality, by aſſigning the wicked a place of tortures, and placing the good in a ſtate of conſumate bliſs: whereas *Homer* has given us ſuch an idea even of the latter, that he makes *Achilles* acknowledge, that he would rather be a ſlave upon earth, than reign in *Elyſium*, as we have already obſerved. I know that the learned have endeavoured to juſtify this frantic expedition, by ſuppoſing it to repreſent what paſſed at the initiation of princes and lawgivers into the ſacred myſteries, for a more particular account whereof, we muſt refer our readers to what we have ſaid on this ſubject, in our obſervations on the *Odyſſey*.—Should what we have there advanced be

diſagreeable to the learned, we hope they will conſider that there is no room for complaint, much leſs for anger or aſperity in matters of this ſort, ſince every reader of good underſtanding and accurate obſervation, is a judge of nature, and has an undoubted right to think for himſelf and communicate his ſentiments to others.

We cannot quit *Virgil* without taking ſome notice of the epiſode of *Niſus* and *Euryalus*, which has been long the ſubject of admiration, and the heroes of it have been commended by the critics, and ſet up as patterns for the imitation of poſteri y; but not, perhaps, with that ſtrict regard to truth and nature, which juſt and candid criticiſm requires.

This epiſode is indeed truly dramatic, and gives us a moſt exalted and affecting idea of heroic friendſhip, as well as of filial piety and tenderneſs; but that glow of friendſhip, and a thirſt after honour and plunder, proved too ſtrong a bias for the prudence of thoſe heroes, and not only rendered them inſenſible to every other virtue, but quite miſled them from their intended purpoſe, which was that of calling *Æneas* to the relief of his diſtreſs'd people.

At the time when theſe heroes left their own camp, they had great reaſon to believe, that the ſucceſs of the *Trojan* expedition, and the lives of their king, prince, countrymen, and even that of the good mother of the tender and affectionate *Euryalus*, whom he left with ſo much concern, depended upon the enterpriſe they had undertaken; prudence and duty, therefore, directed them to make the beſt of their way; yet, no ſooner were they got into the camp of their enemies, but they neglected their enterpriſe, forgot their duty, diſregarded the diſtreſs'd ſituation of their prince, countrymen, and friends, and, like aſſaſſins, began to murder thoſe who ſlept in the dark, to enrich themſelves with their ſpoils—At their firſt ſetting off, we are charmed with their heroic virtue; we are intereſted for their ſafety and ſucceſs, and have great expectations from their bravery and reſolution: but, when we find them thus neglecting their duty, and employed in an action, which they ought by all means to have avoided, as it tended to awaken their enemies, and render their deſign abortive, our eſteem

and concern begins to ſubſide, and when we behold them cloathed in the rich ſpoils of thoſe they had murdered, we give them up as worthleſs wretches, that deſerve more of our contempt, than admiration. Had they paſſed on quietly, or ſpent leſs time in ſlaughtering their enemies in the camp, and not been ſo fond of their golden plunder, they might have executed their important buſineſs undiſcovered: or, had *Niſus*, when he made his eſcape from the purſuers, not madly ran back to ſacrifice his life to *Euryalus*, whom he knew it was impoſſible for him to ſave; he might have reached the court of *Evander*, to have informed *Æneas* of the diſtreſs of his ſon and ſubjects, and haſtened him to their aſſiſtance.—This conſideration lets down the characters of the two heroes; for, at the ſame time that we admire their courage and inviolable friendſhip, we cannot help blaming, and even deſpiſing them, for neglecting their friends, and for the breach of a duty which was of ſuch infinite conſequence to the *Trojan* cauſe.

Though this reflection is obvious, perhaps, it has never yet been pointed out; for all the critics and commentators we have read ſeem to have employed their utmoſt efforts to raiſe theſe characters, and repreſent them in a different point of view: nor is it a wonder, that thoſe who have more knowledge and ſagacity than we can pretend to, ſhould ſometimes be miſled where the heroic virtues are ſo ſtrong and captivating; for in caſes of this kind, our paſſions often get the better of our reaſon, and the mind is ſo intereſted in favour of the heroes, that their faults ſubſide before they ſtrike the imagination.

In whatever light theſe characters may be ſeen by others, we cannot help obſerving, that they affect us in the manner abovementioned; and we are inclined to think that *Virgil* deſigned that the action of this epiſode ſhould be taken in the ſenſe in which we have conſidered it; for the circumſtance of their bearing off the helmet of *Meſſapus*, which glittered in the light of the moon, brings about the diſcovery and their deſtruction; as if he intended thus to puniſh their avaricious diſpoſition and neglect of duty.

Tho' theſe obſervations may leſſen the two characters in queſtion, they do not affect the poet; for it is generally ſuppoſed, that *Virgil* introduced this epiſode to repreſent ſome other heroic action, which had really been performed by perſons thus mutually linked together by friendſhip in the *Roman* ſtate, and he was obliged to preſerve ſuch a ſimilitude, as would not diſguiſe the fact he intended to commemorate.

Of MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

The poem called Paradiſe Loſt, in which *Milton* ſeems to have rivalled and excelled all other Epic poets, has for its ſubject the fall of man, and is made up of that well known hiſtory in the ſacred text, intermixed with inventions and machinery of his own; which are ſo finely conceiv'd and ſublimely expreſſed, that they ſeem not inferior to what he has borrowed from the great law-giver of the *Jewiſh* nation; for his imagery of the angels and devils, their ſpeeches, their enterprizes, proweſs and encounters, tho' out of nature, and, as it were, beyond the reach of human conception, are all ſo wonderfully deſcribed, painted with ſuch bold and noble ſtrokes, and delivered in ſuch nervous language, that the reader, forgetting his frail ſituation, ſeems hurried on from heaven to earth and hell, and fancies himſelf acquainted with the awful perſonages preſented to his imagination.

When we read this work, ſo original and noble in its plan and contrivance, and wrought up with ſuch wonderful art, it ſeems to us ſurpriſing, that Mr. *Dryden* in his preface to the tranſlation of the *Æneid*, ſhould paſs ſilently over it, and place *Taſſo's Jeruſalem* as the next in merit to *Homer* and *Virgil*. Surely that great poet had not read *Milton* attentively, or muſt have been ſomehow miſled, for he could not be ſo deficient in point of judgment.

As we have in our account of the preceding Epic poets, given only the ſubſtance of their fables, we ſhall begin our obſervations on *Milton* with the plan or argument of his ſeveral books, as drawn out by himſelf, and perfectly ſettled, we may ſuppoſe, before he ſet about that arduous undertaking; for a man can no more write

a poem without a plan, than build a palace without one. —This part of *Milton*'s work, tho' well known, may be of ſome uſe to the young ſtudent, who will here ſee what art the poet has uſed in the diſpoſition of his work, and that agreeably to the example of *Homer* and *Virgil*, he entered immediately on the ſubject which concerned *Adam*, and introduced what was prior to his creation by way of epiſode, in order to preſerve the unity of his principal action; nor will our introducing this for the uſe of the young ſtudent give any offence to the reader of more taſte and experience, eſpecially if he be of Mr. *Addiſon*'s turn of mind, who tells us, that *Milton's action is enriched with ſuch a variety of circumſtances, that he has taken as much pleaſure in reading the contents of his books, as in the beſt invented ſtory he ever met with.* Which tribute to the poet's genius and judgment is the greater, and his work the more wonderful, from the apparent difficulty there was of adorning it in the manner he has, and connecting ſo many beautiful parts into one perfect body, without offering any thing diſcordant to the text, or in violation of the received opinion of other ſacred writers.

This celebrated work *Milton* has divided into twelve books.

Book I. "Propoſes, in brief, the whole ſubject, "man's diſobedience, and the loſs thereupon of Para-"diſe, wherein he was placed: Then touches the prime "cauſe of his fall, the ſerpent, or rather *Satan* in the "ſerpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to "his ſide many legions of angels, was, by the com-"mand of God, driven out of heaven, with all his "crew, into the great deep. Which action paſſed over, "the poem haſtes into the midſt of things, preſenting "*Satan*, with his angels, now fallen into hell, deſcribed "here, not in the centre, (for heaven and earth may be "ſuppoſed as yet not made, certainly not yet accurſed) "but in a place of utter darkneſs, fitlieſt called chaos. "Here *Satan*, with his angels, lying on the burning "lake, thunder-ſtruck and aſtoniſhed, after a certain "ſpace recovers, as from confuſion, calls up him who,

" next in order and dignity, lay by him; they confer
" of their miſerable fall. *Satan* awakens all his legions,
" who lay till then in the ſame manner confounded: they
" riſe; their numbers, array of battle, their chief lea-
" ders named, according to the idols known afterwards
" in *Canaan*, and the countries adjoining. To theſe *Sa-*
" *tan* directs his ſpeech, comforts them with hope yet of
" regaining heaven; but tells them, laſtly, of a new
" world, and new kind of creature to be created, ac-
" cording to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven;
" for that angels were long before this viſible creation,
" was the opinion of many ancient fathers. To find out
" the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine
" thereon, he refers to a full council. What his aſſo-
" ciates thence attempt. *Pandæmonium*, the palace of
" *Satan*, riſes, ſuddenly built out of the deep: the in-
" fernal peers there ſit in council."

Book II. " The conſultation begun, *Satan* debates
" whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery
" of heaven: ſome adviſe it, others diſſuade. A third
" propoſal is preferred, mentioned before by *Satan*, to
" ſearch the truth of that prophecy or tradition in hea-
" ven concerning another world, and another kind of
" creature, equal, or not much inferior to themſelves,
" about this time to be created: their doubt who ſhould
" be ſent on this difficult ſearch: *Satan* their chief
" undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and ap-
" plauded. The council thus ended, the reſt betake
" them ſeveral ways, and to ſeveral employments, as
" their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till
" *Satan* return. He paſſes on his journey to hell gates,
" finds them ſhut, and who ſat there to guard them, by
" whom at length they are opened, and diſcover to him
" the great gulf between hell and heaven; with what
" difficulty he paſſes through, directed by chaos, the
" power of that place, to the ſight of this new world
" which he ſought."

Book III. " God ſitting on his throne ſees *Satan* fly-
" ing towards this world, then newly created; ſhews
" him to the Son who ſat at his right hand; foretels
" the ſucceſs of *Satan* in perverting mankind; clears
" his own juſtice and wiſdom from all imputation, hav-

" ing created man free, and able enough to have
" withſtood his temper; yet declares his purpoſe of
" grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own
" malice, as did *Satan*, but by him ſeduced. The Son
" of God renders praiſes to his father for the manifeſta-
" tion of his gracious purpoſe towards man: but God
" again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards
" man without the ſatisfaction of divine juſtice. Man hath
" offended the majeſty of God by aſpiring to Godhead;
" and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death,
" muſt die, unleſs ſome one can be found ſufficient to
" anſwer for his offence, and undergo his puniſhment.
" The Son of God freely offers himſelf a ranſom for
" man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation,
" pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven
" and earth; commands all the angels to adore him:
" they obey; and hymning to their harps in full choir,
" celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile *Satan*
" alights upon the bare convex of this world's outer-
" moſt orb; where wandering he firſt finds a place,
" ſince called the *Limbo of Vanity:* what perſons and
" things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate
" of heaven, deſcribed aſcending by ſtairs, and the
" waters above the firmament that flow about it:
" his paſſage thence to the orb of the ſun; he finds there
" *Uriel*, the regent of that orb, but firſt changes himſelf
" into the ſhape of a meaner angel; and pretending a
" zealous deſire to behold the new creation, and man,
" whom God had placed there, inquires of him the
" place of his habitation, and is directed: alights firſt
" on mount *Niphates.*"

Book IV. " *Satan* now in proſpect of *Eden*, and nigh
" the place where he muſt attempt the bold enterprize
" which he undertook alone againſt God and man, falls
" into many doubts with himſelf, and many paſſions,
" fear, envy, and deſpair; but at length confirms him-
" himſelf in evil, journies on to Paradiſe, whoſe out-
" ward proſpect and ſituation is deſcribed, over-leaps
" the bounds, ſits in the ſhape of a cormorant on the
" tree of life, as higheſt in the garden, to look about
" him. The garden deſcribed; *Satan*'s firſt ſight of

" *Adam* and *Eve*; his wonder at their excellent form " and happy ſtate; but with reſolution to work their " fall; over-hears their diſcourſe, thence gathers that " the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, " under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found " his temptation, by ſeducing them to tranſgreſs: then " leaves them a while, to know further of their ſtate by " ſome other means. Meanwhile, *Uriel* deſcending on a " ſun beam, warns *Gabriel*, who had in charge the gate of " Paradiſe, that ſome evil ſpirit had eſcaped the deep, " and paſſed at noon by his ſphere in the ſhape of a " good angel down to Paradiſe, diſcovered after by his " furious geſtures in the mount. *Gabriel* promiſes to " find him ere morning. Night coming on, *Adam* " and *Eve* diſcourſe of going to their reſt: their bower " deſcribed; their evening worſhip. *Gabriel* drawing " forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of " Paradiſe, appoints two ſtrong angels to *Adam*'s bower, " leſt the evil ſpirit ſhould be there doing ſome harm " to *Adam* or *Eve* ſleeping; there they find him at the " ear of *Eve*, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, " though unwilling, to *Gabriel:* by whom queſtioned, he " ſcornfully anſwers; prepares reſiſtance, but hindered " by a ſign from heaven, flies out of Paradiſe."

Book V. " Morning approach'd, *Eve* relates to *Adam* " her troubleſome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts " her: they come forth to their day-labours: their " morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to " render man inexcuſable, ſends *Raphael* to admoniſh " him of his obedience, of his free eſtate, of his ene- " my near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, " and whatever elſe may avail *Adam* to know. *Raphael* " comes down to Paradiſe, his appearance deſcrib'd, " his coming diſcern'd by *Adam* a far off, ſitting at " the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, " brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the " choiceſt fruits of Paradiſe got together by *Eve*; their " diſcourſe at table: *Raphael* performs his meſſage, " minds *Adam* of his ſtate and of his enemy; relates, at " *Adam*'s requeſt, who that enemy is, and how he came " to be ſo, beginning from his firſt revolt in heaven, " and the occaſion thereof; how he drew his legions

" after him to the parts of the north, and there incited
" them to rebel with him, perſuading all but only *Ab-*
" *diel* a ſeraph, who in argument diſſuades and oppoſes
" him, then forſakes him."

Book VI. " *Raphael* continues to relate how *Michael*
" and *Gabriel* were ſent forth to battle againſt *Satan* and
" his angels. The firſt fight deſcribed: *Satan* and his
" powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents
" deviliſh engines, which in the ſecond day's fight put
" *Michael* and his angels to ſome diſorder; but they at
" length pulling up mountains, overwhelm'd both the
" force and machines of *Satan:* yet the tumult not ſo
" ending, God on the third day ſends Meſſiah his Son,
" for whom he had reſerv'd the glory of that victory:
" he in the power of his Father coming to the place,
" and cauſing all his legions to ſtand ſtill on either ſide,
" with his chariot and thunder driving into the midſt
" of his enemies, purſues them, unable to reſiſt, towards
" the wall of heaven; which opening, they leap down
" with horror and confuſion into the place of puniſh-
" ment prepared for them in the deep: Meſſiah returns
" with triumph to his father."

Book VII. " *Raphael*, at the requeſt of *Adam*, re-
" lates how and wherefore this world was firſt created;
" that God, after the expelling of *Satan* and his angels
" out of heaven, declared his pleaſure to create another
" world, and other creatures to dwell therein; ſends his
" ſon with glory and attendance of angels to perform
" the work of the creation in ſix days: the angels cele-
" brate with hymns the performance thereof, and his
" re-aſcenſion into heaven."

Book VIII. " *Adam* inquires concerning celeſtial mo-
" tions; is doubtfully anſwered, and exhorted to ſearch
" rather things more worthy of knowledge: *Adam* aſ-
" ſents; and ſtill deſirous to detain *Raphael*, relates to
" him what he remembered ſince his own creation; his
" placing in Paradiſe, his talk with God concerning ſo-
" litude and fit ſociety; his firſt meeting and nuptials
" with *Eve*; his diſcourſe with the angel thereupon;
" who, after admonitions repeated, departs."

Book IX. " *Satan* having compaſſed the earth, with
" meditated guile, returns as a miſt by night into Para-

" diſe, and enters into the ſerpent ſleeping. *Adam* and " *Eve* in the morning go forth to their labours; which " *Eve* propoſes to divide in ſeveral places, each labour- " ing a part: *Adam* conſents not, alledging the danger, " leſt that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, " ſhould attempt her found alone: *Eve*, loath to be " thought not circumſpect or firm enough, urges her " going apart, the rather deſirous to make trial of her " ſtrength; *Adam* at laſt yields. The ſerpent finds her " alone; his ſubtle approach, firſt gazing, then ſpeak- " ing, with much flattery extolling *Eve* above all other " creatures. *Eve*, wondering to hear the ſerpent ſpeak, " aſks how he attained to human ſpeech and ſuch un- " derſtanding not till now; the ſerpent anſwers, that by " taſting of a certain tree in the garden, he attained " both to ſpeech and reaſon, till then void of both: " *Eve* requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds " it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: the ſerpent " now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments " induces her at length to eat; ſhe, pleaſed with the " taſte, deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to " *Adam* or not; at laſt brings him of the fruit, relates " what perſuaded her to eat thereof: *Adam* at firſt " amaz'd, but perceiving her loſt, reſolves through ve- " hemence of love to periſh with her; and extenuating " the treſpaſs, eats alſo of the fruit: the effects thereof " in them both; they ſeek to cover their nakedneſs; " then fall to variance, and accuſation of one ano- " ther."

Book X. " Man's tranſgreſſion known, the guardian " angels forſake Paradiſe, and return up to heaven to " approve their vigilance; and are approved. God de- " claring that the entrance of *Satan* could not be by " them prevented. He ſends his Son to judge the tranſ- " greſſors; who deſcends, and gives ſentence accord- " ingly; then in pity clothes them both, and re- " aſcends. Sin and death, ſitting till then at the gates " of hell, by wondrous ſympathy feeling the ſucceſs of " *Satan* in this new world, and the ſin by man there " committed, reſolved to ſit no longer confined in hell, " but to follow *Satan* their ſire up to the place of man: " to make the way eaſier from hell to this world to

" and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over " chaos, according to the track that *Satan* firſt made; " then preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his " ſucceſs, returning to hell; their mutual gratulation. " *Satan* arrives at *Pandæmonium*, in full aſſembly relates " with boaſting his ſucceſs againſt man; inſtead of ap- " plauſe, is entertained with a general hiſs by all his " audience, transformed with himſelf alſo ſuddenly into " ſerpents, according to his doom given in Paradiſe; " then deluded with a ſhow of the forbidden tree ſpring- " ing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of " the fruit, chew duſt and bitter aſhes. The proceed- " ings of ſin and death: God foretels the final victory " of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; " but for the preſent commands his angels to make ſe- " veral alterations in the heavens and elements. *Adam* " more and more perceiving his fallen condition heavily " bewails; rejects the condolement of *Eve*; ſhe perſiſts, " and at length appeaſes him: then, to evade the curſe " likely to fall on their offspring, propoſes to *Adam* vio- " lent ways, which he approves not; but conceiving " better hope, puts her in mind of the late promiſe made " them, that her ſeed ſhould be revenged on the ſerpent, " and exhorts her with him to ſeek peace of the offended " Deity, by repentance and ſupplication."

Book XI. " The Son of God preſents to his Father " the prayers of our firſt parents now repenting, and " intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares " that they muſt no longer abide in Paradiſe; ſends *Mi-* " *chael* with a band of cherubim to diſpoſſeſs them; but " firſt to reveal to *Adam* future things: *Michael*'s coming " down. *Adam* ſhews to *Eve* certain ominous ſigns; he " diſcerns *Michael*'s approach, goes out to meet him: " the angel denounces their departure. *Eve*'s lamenta- " tion. *Adam* pleads, but ſubmits: the angel leads him " up to a high hill, ſets before him in viſion what ſhall " happen till the flood."

Book XII. " The angel *Michael* continues from the " flood to relate what ſhall ſucceed; then, in the men- " tion of *Abraham*, comes by degrees to explain who " that ſeed of the woman ſhall be, which was promiſed " *Adam* and *Eve* in the fall; his incarnation, death, re-

" ſurrection, and aſcenſion; the ſtate of the church till
" his ſecond coming. *Adam* greatly ſatisfied and re-
" comforted by theſe relations and promiſes, deſcends
" the hill with *Michael*; wakens *Eve*, who all this while
" had ſlept, but with gentle dreams compoſed to quiet-
" neſs of mind and ſubmiſſion. *Michael* in either hand
" leads them out of Paradiſe, the fiery ſword waving
" behind them, and the cherubim taking their ſtations
" to guard the place."

There is a nobleneſs and ſublimity in the whole of this admirable work, which tranſcends, perhaps, that of any other poem; but the poets fecundity of invention and force of imagination appear to moſt advantage in the firſt, ſecond, ſixth, and ſeventh books. It muſt be allowed, indeed, that all the other books, and eſpecially the fourth, fifth, and eighth are extremely poetical and pleaſing; but there is not the ſame greatneſs or ſublimity of thought as in the former, the ſentiments here being rather beautiful than ſublime *, and as there is more of narration and leſs action, which is eſſential to the Epic as well as the Dramatic Poem, the imagination of the reader is not ſo much affected. It is to be obſerved likewiſe, that the moſt magnificent ideas raiſed by *Milton* are accompanied with terror; for, indeed, terror was the moſt ſuitable to the conſtitution of his poem. Thus the Almighty is more awful cloathed in clouds, ſurrounded with thunder, and riding upon the wings of the wind, than when drawn in that refulgent glory which angels cannot approach without veiling their eyes. The deſcriptions of *Satan* are alſo made up with thoſe ſort of images that ſtrike the imagination, and fill the mind with aſtoniſhment (as may be ſeen by the paſſages we have inſerted in the fifth chapter of this work) nor is the deſcription of hell gates, and the preparation for the combat between *Satan* and *Death* leſs ſublime for being more terrible.

Mean while the adverſary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of high'ſt deſign,
Puts on ſwift wings, and towards the gates of hell
Explores his ſolitary flight: ſometimes

* See Chap. on Thoughts in Poetry.

He ſcours the right-hand coaſt, ſometimes the left;
Now ſhaves with level wing the deep, then ſoars
Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high.
As when far off at ſea a fleet deſcry'd,
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Ply, ſtemming nightly toward the pole: ſo ſeem'd
Far off the flying fiend. At laſt appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof;
And thrice three fold the gates; three folds were braſs,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock;
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconſum'd. Before the gates there ſat
On either ſide a formidable ſhape;
The one ſeem'd woman to the waiſt, and fair;
But ended foul in many a ſcaly fold
Voluminous and vaſt, a ſerpent arm'd
With mortal ſting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceaſing bark'd
With wide *Cerberean* mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal. —— ——————
——————— ——————The other ſhape.
If ſhape it might be call'd that ſhape had none
Diſtinguiſhable in member, joint, or limb;
Or ſubſtance might be call'd that ſhadow ſeem'd,
For each ſeem'd either; black it ſtood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And ſhook a dreadful dart; what ſeem'd his head,
The likeneſs of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his ſeat
The monſter moving, onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides; hell trembled as he ſtrode.
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd;
Admir'd, not fear'd. ——————— ———————.

The circumſtances of Death's growing more dreadful and deform'd after his debate with *Satan* ſeems to have been borrow'd from *Virgil*'s deſcription of the fury *Alecto*; but if ſo, *Milton* has omitted that noble part of the image, which makes the enraged fury increaſe in magnitude as well as deformity.

So ſpake the grieſly terror, and in ſhape,
So ſpeaking and ſo threat'ning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On the other ſide

Incens'd with indignation *Satan* ſtood
Unterrify'd; and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of *Ophiuchus* huge
In th' artic ſky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes peſtilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No ſecond ſtroke intend; and ſuch a frown
Each caſt at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heav'ns artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the *Caſpian*, then ſtand front to front,
Hovering a ſpace, till winds the ſignal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; ſo match'd they ſtood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet ſo great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been atchiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the ſnaky ſorcereſs that ſat
Faſt by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry ruſh'd between.

By exciting images of terror, *Milton* often raiſes the ſublime, even where one would leaſt expect it. Thus Sin's turning the key and unlocking the gates of hell is by the circumſtances introduc'd, and the conſequences attending it, almoſt as much to be admir'd as any part of the work.

Thus ſaying, from her ſide the fatal key,
Sad inſtrument of all our woe, ſhe took;
And tow'rds the gate rolling her beſtial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew;
Which but herſelf, not all the *Stygian* powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and ev'ry bolt and bar
Of maſſy iron or ſolid rock with eaſe
Unfaſtens: on a ſudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder, that the loweſt bottom ſhook
Of *Erebus*.

The ſame obſervation will hold with reſpect to the Lazar-houſe. No one would ſuppoſe that the ſublime could be raiſed from a liſt of the diſeaſes to which man-

kind are ſubject; yet, by introducing Deſpair as attendant to the ſick, and Death with his dreadful dart, *Milton* has given us a picture that fills the mind with terror, and abundantly gratifies the imagination.

——————Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, ſad, noiſom, dark,
A Lazar-houſe it ſeem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diſeas'd, all maladies
Of ghaſtly ſpaſm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-ſick agony, all fev'rous kinds,
Convulſions, epilepſies, fierce catarrhs,
Inteſtine ſtone and ulcer, cholic pangs,
Demoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy,
And moon-ſtruck madneſs, pining atrophy,
Maraſmus, and wide waſting peſtilence,
Dropſies, and aſthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the toſſing, deep the groans; Deſpair
Tended the ſick, buſieſt from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to ſtrike, though oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope*.

The battle of the angels is alſo heightened with thoſe ſort of circumſtances which carry with them terror, and fill the mind with aſtoniſhment. Such is that of *Satan*'s inventing artillery and gunpowder in imitation of the thunder of heaven; and ſuch is that of the angels rooting up, and throwing rocks and mountains at the rebels, to bury their infernal machines; and it is to be obſerved,

* Dr. *Garth* ſeems to have had this paſſage in his eye, when he wrote the following lines of his Diſpenſary.

Nigh this receſs, with terror they ſurvey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic ſway;
In the cloſe covert of a cypreſs grove,
Where gobblins friſk, and airy ſpectres rove,
Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the monarch's triumphs are deſcry'd.
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch, and prince's purple lie.
Dim lamps with ſickly rays ſcarce ſeem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'er-flow.
Reſtleſs Anxiety, forlorn Deſpair,
And all the faded family of Care.
Old mould'ring urns, racks, daggers and diſtreſs
Make up the frightful horror o' the place.

that when *Milton*'s imagination is thus heated, and labouring to expreſs ſome great idea, he often gives us a noble image in a few words, which is more nervous and expreſſive than an elaborate deſcription. Thus before the conflict of the angels, he tells us, *Expectation ſtood in horror.* So when the Meſſiah was about the glorious work of creation, he ſays, *Confuſion heard his voice:* and, on the ſinging of the nightingale, that *Silence was pleas'd.* Theſe ſtriking images, being ſhort and thrown in unexpectedly, gratify curioſity, and take poſſeſſion of all the mind.

Milton has in other parts of his work introduced the ſublime without terror, and in moſt caſes ſucceeded beyond our expectation. There is one paſſage of this kind, I mean the deſcent of *Raphael*, which I ſhall beg leave to introduce; becauſe it bears ſome ſimilitude to a paſſage both in *Homer* and *Virgil*, and, I think ſhews our countryman's ſuperior power in painting.

So ſpake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All juſtice: nor delay'd the winged ſaint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thouſand celeſtial ardors, where he ſtood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up ſpringing light
Flew through the midſt of heav'n; th' angelic choirs,
On each hand parting, to his ſpeed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate ſelf-open'd wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the ſov'reign architect had fram'd.
He ſpeeds, and through the vaſt ethereal ſky
Sails between Worlds and Worlds, with ſteady wing
Now, on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air; 'till within ſoar
Of tow'ring eagles, to all the fowls he ſeems
A phœnix, gaz'd by all, as that ſole bird,
When to inſhrine his reliques in the ſun's
Bright temple, to *Egyptian Thebes* he flies.
At once on the eaſtern cliff of Paradiſe
He lights, and to his proper ſhape returns,
A ſeraph wing'd: ſix wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt

With regal ornament, the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarry zone his waſte, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
And colours dip'd in heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky tinctur'd grain. Like *Maia*'s ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide.

Adam's calling to *Eve*, when he ſaw the angel marching towards them through the ſpicy foreſt, is alſo great.

Haſte hither *Eve*, and worth thy ſight behold
Eaſtward among thoſe trees, what glorious ſhape
Comes this way moving; ſeems another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; ſome great beheſt from heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchſafe
This day to be our gueſt.

Innumerable paſſages of this ſublime and beautiful caſt, are diſtributed throughout the work, among which thoſe that are drawn from the ſubjects of nature, are not leſs ſtriking; though there is not the ſame room for the fancy to revel. See his deſcriptions of the morning and evening.

Now morn, her roſy ſteps in th' eaſtern clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When *Adam* wak'd: ſo cuſtom'd; for his ſleep
Was airy light from pure digeſtion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora*'s fan,
Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill matin ſong
Of birds on every bough.——————
Awake: the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us; we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid ſweet.

His deſcription of night is altogether as pictureſque and pleaſing:

Now came ſtill evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her ſober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts

Were ſlunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous diſcant ſung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living ſaphirs: *Heſperus*, that led
The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the moon
Riſing in clouded majeſty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw.
——————— Now is the pleaſant time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labour'd ſong; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſing light
Shadowy ſets off the face of things.

Theſe thoughts are natural, yet ſublime and beautiful, and with reſpect to thoſe of the delicate and pathetic turn, a variety may be ſeen in the paſſages reſpecting *Adam* and *Eve*, which we have inſerted in the fifth chapter of this book.

Thoſe who complain of the defects in *Milton* (for defects there certainly are) would do well to conſider the difficulties he had to encounter in ſo bold and arduous an undertaking. In this work he has ſoared out of nature, given us a deſcription of the creation, and the battles of angels, without bombaſt, and laid before us the ſtate of our firſt parents, their loves, their amorous dalliances, and their fall, without ribaldry or flatneſs. Even in his moſt poetical flights, he generally takes with him reaſon and probability, and has preſerved an uniformity which ſatisfies the mind, at the ſame time that he has given us a variety which abundantly gratifies the imagination. All his epiſodes ſeem neceſſary parts of the work, and tend directly to the ſame point; yet theſe, as well as his principal fable, are founded on the ſacred writings, and therefore never do violence to our reaſon, which cannot be ſaid of the poems of *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Taſſo*.

Was the reader to conſider this poem under the different heads of the fable, the character, the ſentiments, and the language, and compare it with the poems of *Homer* and *Virgil*, it would, perhaps, deſerve the preference, notwithſtanding what has been ſaid to its diſadvantage;

at leaſt Mr. *Addiſon* ſeems to be of this opinion, who was one of the beſt critics in polite learning this nation has produced.

One objection brought againſt *Milton*'s fable is, that the event is unhappy; an imperfection (if it be one) which he could not avoid without doing violence to the ſacred text; and therefore it cannot be charged upon him, even if it be admitted againſt his poem. *Milton* was aware of this objection, and has prudently endeavoured to prevent it, and to render the cloſe of the poem, leſs unhappy, by the mortification which the ſeducer of mankind meets with on his return to the infernal aſſembly, as well as by the viſion wherein *Adam* ſees his offſpring triumphing over his enemy, and himſelf reſtored to a Paradiſe more happy than that from whence he was expelled.

Another complaint made againſt *Milton*'s fable (and which indeed is included in the above) is, that the hero of the poem is unſucceſsful, and too weak for his enemies, and that therefore the poem cannot be properly called heroic; whence Mr. *Dryden* has obſerved, that the devil was *Milton*'s hero; but this objection Mr. *Addiſon* has ſufficiently anſwered, and proved that the MESSIAH is the hero, both in the principal action and in the chief epiſodes.

What the critics have obſerved with reſpect to *Milton*'s digreſſions, is juſt and worthy of our notice; for the Epic poet ſhould be ſeldom heard to ſpeak himſelf, but convey his ſentiments, as much as poſſible, into the mouths of his actors; ſince we are more affected with what comes from a principal engaged in the action, than we ſhould be if it was related by another: beſides, when there are too many digreſſions and reflections, the poet loſes his dignity, and ſinks into an hiſtorian. The digreſſions of *Milton*, however, are ſo beautiful and intereſting, that they may be compared to ſtones of an inferior water, which, though trifling when ſeen with brilliants, are yet of too much value to be thrown away. I have heard many complain of theſe defects; but I never knew one who wiſhed to have them removed.

If we are to judge of *Milton*'s poem, by the rules drawn from *Homer* and *Virgil*, and the *Paradiſe Loſt* be

deemed perfect or imperfect, as it corresponds with the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, it will be ſubject to blame, even for being more complete than thoſe poems; though that is ſo far from being a fault, that it is undoubtedly a perfection.—The thread of *Milton*'s fable is not broken off abruptly, but, like that of the *Odyſſey*, ſpun out to the laſt. He does not conclude, or part with *Adam* and *Eve*, till they are driven out of Paradiſe, and the whole action is completed; whereas the *Iliad* ends with the death of *Hector*, and the *Æneid* with that of *Turnus*, and in my humble opinion leaves the mind in a ſtate of expectation, and conſequently diſſatisfied.

There is another circumſtance in favour of *Milton*'s fable, which ought not to paſs unregarded; namely, the method he took to ſecure the attention of the reader, and to intereſt him in the poem. It has been obſerved, that *Homer* and *Virgil* choſe for their heroes perſons who were nearly related to the people for whom they wrote; *Achilles* being a *Greek*, and *Æneas* the remote founder of the *Roman* empire: hence their countrymen, who were their readers, could not avoid being particularly attentive to the ſtory, and intereſted in their heroes behalf, whom they followed through all their adventures, ever elated with their ſucceſs, depreſſed with their misfortunes, and anxious for their fate. *Milton* has been particularly happy in this reſpect; for as all nations are the deſcendants of his principal actors, he has in his poem intereſted all mankind.

With reſpect to characters, *Milton* has introduced, ſays Mr. *Addiſon*, "All the variety his fable was capable of receiving. The whole ſpecies of mankind was in two perſons at the time to which the ſubject of his poem is confined. We have, however, four diſtinct characters in theſe two perſons. We ſee man and woman in the higheſt innocence and perfection; and in the moſt abject ſtate of guilt and infirmity. The two laſt characters are indeed very common and obvious; but the two firſt are not only more magnificent, but more new than any characters either in *Virgil* or *Homer*, or indeed in the whole circle of nature." To this we muſt add, that *Milton* is particularly excellent in his deſcription of the Almighty, whom he always repreſents as a Creator, a

Father, and a Judge, whoſe vengeance is never jarring with his mercy, nor his predeterminations repugnant to the liberty of man. And the whole Godhead, as Mr. *Addiſon* obſerves, is repreſented exerting itſelf towards man in its full benevolence, under the threefold diſtinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter. The characters of the angels are likewiſe moſt excellently drawn, and as much diverſified in *Milton* as the Gods are in *Homer* or *Virgil*; each having ſomething ſingularly adapted to his character, which diſtinguiſhes him from all the reſt. The ſame diverſity is alſo preſerved in thoſe who ſpeak in the infernal aſſembly; and the relentleſs, undaunted, reſtleſs and ſly character of *Satan*, is wrought up with wonderful art. On his wiles and ſtratagems depends, indeed, the buſineſs of the poem. He is ever perplexing the fable with plots and intricacies, and conceals himſelf under a great variety of ſhapes and appearances, in order to accompliſh his artful deſigns, yet is always detected to the great ſurprize and ſatisfaction of the reader.

As the buſineſs of the poem depends entirely on the ambition, revenge, artifice and intrigues of *Satan*, *Milton* has laviſhed many poetical ornaments, in deſcribing his perſon and proweſs. Thus in *Raphael*'s account of the battle of the angels, we are told, that

High in the midſt exalted as a god
Th' apoſtate in his ſun-bright chariot ſat,
Idol of majeſty divine, inclos'd
With flaming cherubim and golden ſhields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt hoſt and hoſt but narrow ſpace was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Preſented ſtood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advanc'd
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.

The account of his ſituation after he was expelled heaven, and had lain nine days entranced before he was able to recover the uſe either of thought or ſpeech is alſo nobly conceived.

Thus *Satan* talking to his neareſt mate,
With head upliſt above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other parts beſide
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood.———————
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midſt a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings, he ſteers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the duſky air,
That felt unuſual weight; 'till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the lake with liquid fire.

His ſtature is alſo nobly deſcribed in the following beautiful lines.

———————He above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not loſt
All her original brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs than arch-angel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
Of glory obſcur'd; as when the ſun new ris'n
Looks thro' the horizontal miſty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon
In dim eclipſe, diſaſtrous twilight ſheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd ſo, yet ſhone
Above them all th' arch-angel; but his face
Deep ſcars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek.

We have alſo a noble picture of *Satan* in the fourth book, the hint of which, our author ſeems to have borrowed from *Virgil*.

——————On th' other ſide, *Satan* alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated ſtood,
Like *Teneriff*, or *Atlas* unremov'd:
His ſtature reach'd the ſky, and on his creſt
Sat horror plum'd.

The deſcription of his ſhield and ſpear is excellently contrived to heighten the idea of his bulk and power.

———————————His pondrous ſhield,
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference

Hung on his ſhoulders like the moon, whoſe orb
Thro' optic glaſs the *Tuſcan* artiſts view
At evening from the top of *Feſole*;
Or in *Valdarno* to deſcry new lands,
Rivers or mountains on her ſpotty globe.
His ſpear, to equal which the talleſt pine
Hewn on *Norwegian* hills to be the maſt
Of ſome great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
Over the burning marl. ——— ———

And the poet has taken care to give him a voice ſuitable to his amazing dimenſions; for to raiſe the fallen angels that lay ſtupified in a ſea of fire,

He call'd ſo loud that all the hollow deep
Of hell reſounded.

The diſplaying of the ſtandard by his order, and the behaviour of the infernal ſpirits on that occaſion, is conceived with great ſtrength of imagination.

———Forthwith from the glittering ſtaff unfurl'd
Th' imperial enſign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor ſtreaming to the wind,
With gems and golden luſtre rich emblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial ſounds:
At which the univerſal hoſt upſent
A ſhout, that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of chaos and old night.
All in a moment through the gloom were ſeen
Ten thouſand banners riſe into the air
With orient colours waving: with them roſe
A foreſt huge of ſpears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and ſerried ſhields in thick array,
Of depth immeaſurable ——— ———

The riſing of this aſſembly and the reverence they pay *Satan* on another occaſion is nobly expreſſed.

Their riſing all at once was as the ſound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'rds him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the High'ſt in heaven.

The behaviour of the infernal ſpirits, after *Satan* had rouſed and harangued them, is admirably contrived to

repreſent his power and the confidence they placed in him.

He ſpake: and to confirm his words, outflew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
Againſt the Higheſt, and fierce with graſped arms
Claſh'd on their ſounding ſhields the din of war,
Hurling defiance tow'rd the vault of heaven.

And we have a fine inſtance of the effect of *Milton*'s creative genius in the ſudden riſe of the *Pandæmonium*, adorned and illuminated for the reception of *Satan* and the infernal aſſembly.

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet,
Built like a temple, where pilaſtres round
Were ſet, and *Doric* pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with boſſy ſculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold.————————
————————From the arched roof,
Pendent by ſubtle magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps and blazing creſſets, fed
With *Naphtha* and *Aſphaltus*, yielded light
As from a ſky.

His power and artifice is farther diſplayed by the various ſhapes and transformations he aſſumes to deceive our firſt parents, and I muſt obſerve that his ſettling on a tree in Paradiſe in form of a cormorant, is among others a beautiful circumſtance, as alſo is that of his making uſe of the ſerpent to deceive *Eve*. It is alſo worthy of remark, that we have many deſcriptions of this animal in the ancient poets; but none that equals this in *Milton*.

So ſpake the enemy of mankind, inclos'd
In ſerpent, inmate bad, and toward *Eve*
Addreſs'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as ſince, but on his rear,
Circular baſe of riſing folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold, a ſurging maze; his head
Creſted aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burniſh'd neck of verdant gold, erect

Amidſt his circling ſpires, that on the graſs
Floted redundant.

Milton has ſhewn as much genius and judgment in forming the diſpoſition of *Satan*, as in the deſcription of his perſon and power. He makes him ambitious, proud, deceitful, obſtinate, relentleſs, and revengeful; yet, at the ſame time he is obliged to acknowledge the ſuperior power, and even juſtice, of the Almighty, and has ſomething in his compoſition of remorſe, ſomething ſo like conſcience and compaſſion, that had his character been heightened a little more with this ſort of colouring, it would have caſt a reproach on obſtinate humanity. When *Satan* ſurveys the rebel angels, whoſe ruin he had occaſioned, he is ſo affected with their calamitous ſituation, that he cannot ſpeak to them without ſhedding tears.

——————He now prepar'd
To ſpeak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half incloſe him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he aſſay'd, and thrice, in ſpite of ſcorn,
Tears, ſuch as angels weep, burſt forth: at laſt
Words interwove with ſighs found out their way.

We find the ſame compunction of mind, mix'd with pride and indignation againſt the Almighty, in the ſpeech which *Satan* makes, when he firſt beheld *Adam* and *Eve*.

Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all theſe delights
Will vaniſh, and deliver you to woe;
More woe, the more your taſte is now of joy;
Happy, but for ſo happy ill ſecur'd
Long to continue, and this high ſeat your heav'n
Ill fenc'd for heaven to keep out ſuch a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn.
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
And ſhould I at your harmleſs innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reaſon juſt,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd,

By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
To do what elſe, though damn'd, I ſhould abhor.

In his addreſs to the ſun there are evident marks of remorſe, an acknowledgement of his own crime and of the goodneſs and power of the Almighty, together with ſomething like repentance, which is after much debate and interrogation ſuppreſs'd by pride.

O thou that, with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O ſun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;
Till pride, and worſe ambition, threw me down,
Warring in heav'n againſt heav'ns matchleſs king.
Ah wherefore! he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was,
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs, than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice.———— ————
————————Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the ſpirits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes, and other vaunts
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell,
With diadem and ſcepter high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme
In miſery: ſuch joy ambition finds.
But ſay I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would height recal high thoughts, how ſoon unſay

What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore? eaſe would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep.
So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear,
Farewel remorſe: all good to me is loſt;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at leaſt
Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world, ſhall know.

See more to this purpoſe in the ſpeech of *Satan* at the beginning of the ninth book, where his pride, his indignation againſt the Almighty, and his envy to man, together with ſome ſtrokes of ſelf-accuſation, and an obhorance of the baſeneſs of the ſcheme in which he was engaged, and which his paſſions had led him into, are moſt admirably repreſented.

How different from this is the character of the *Meſſiah*, in whom power is ever blended with juſtice and temper'd with love and mercy?

Beyond compare the Son of God was ſeen
Moſt glorious, in him all his Father ſhone
Subſtantially expreſs'd, and in his face
Divine compaſſion viſibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without meaſure grace.

He is indeed terrific, clad in his Father's wrath, and executing his vengeance; but he is only terrible to his enemies, to the wicked, the obdurate and relentleſs. When he rides on the wings of the cherubim to the relief of thoſe angels who had engag'd the infernal hoſt, with what awful lovelineſs is he ſeen becalming the confuſion occaſioned by that wild uproar and terrible encounter!

Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd;
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obſequious; heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with freſh flowrets hill and valley ſmil'd.

But when he aim'd his thunder againſt the infernals he

——— ——— Into terror chang'd
His count'nance too ſevere to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.

At once the four ſpread out their ſtarry wings
With dreadful ſhade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the ſound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous hoſt.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The ſtedfaſt empyrean ſhook throughout,
All but the throne itſelf of God.

We muſt not here omit that beautiful paſſage of the Meſſiah's going forth in the power of his Father, cloathed in majeſty, and attended by a numerous hoſt of angels, to create the world; for, in this deſcription *Milton* ſeems to have exerted all his force to excite in the reader an idea in ſome meaſure ſuitable to the dignity and ſolemnity of the ſubject; and to effect this he has made a noble uſe of a paſſage in the Old Teſtament, which ſays, *There came four chariots out of two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of braſs.*

——————Mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radience crown'd
Of majeſty divine; ſapience and love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.
About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub and ſeraph, potentates and thrones,
And virtues, winged ſpirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God; where ſtand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodged
Againſt a ſolemn-day, harneſs'd at hand
Celeſtial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them ſpirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of glory in his pow'rful word
And ſpirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs,
Outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
And ſurging waves, as mountains, to aſſault
Heav'ns height, and with the centre mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace;
Said then th' omnific word, your diſcord end:
Nor ſtay'd; but on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into chaos, and the world unborn;
For chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepar'd
In God's eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This univerſe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure,
And ſaid, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy juſt circumference, O world.

Notwithſtanding the poet was confined to the ſacred text, the whole of the creation is nobly deſcribed; filled with ſuch glorious circumſtances as ſtrike the imagination in the moſt forcible manner, and the Meſſiah's aſcending up to heaven after the completion of this wonderful work is inexpreſſibly ſublime.

——— ——— ——— Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation, and the ſound
Symphonious of ten thouſand harps that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Reſounded, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heard'ſt),
The heav'ns and all the conſtellations rung,
The planets in their ſtation liſt'ning ſtood,
While the bright pomp aſcended jubilant.
Open, ye everlaſting gates, they ſung,
Open, ye heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his ſix days work, a world.

Milton knew that his characters were intereſting, and without doubt found that he could ſupport them with dignity and propriety; but he thought them too few, we may ſuppoſe, for an Epic Poem, and therefore he has introduced two actors of a ſhadowy nature in the perſons of *Sin* and *Death*; and by that means interwoven an allegory, which, though extremely poetical, is not

much to the advantage of his poem; for as theſe chimerical phantoms bear with them no probability, they ſeem improper actors in an Epic Poem: though, as he has but two human perſons, and a great part of the action is carried on in imaginary worlds, which of courſe muſt admit of imaginary beings, theſe unſubſtantial forms ſeem more agreeable to his poem than any other.

This fiction has in itſelf ſome beauties and ſome defects. *Sin* ſpringing out of the head of *Satan* is a beautiful allegory of pride, which is ſuppoſed to be the firſt offence committed againſt God. There is likewiſe great propriety in the office aſſigned to *Sin*, who is the *Portreſs* of *Hell*, and opens the gates of the abyſs, but is unable to ſhut them again. There are other parts of this allegory truly beautiful; but the inceſtuous commerce between *Sin* and *Death*, and the account of their horrid progeny is, I think, rather too groſs and loathſome. His Limbo of Vanity, or Paradiſe of Fools ſeems alſo a crude and extravagant conception.

The ſentiments, or the thoughts and behaviour, which *Milton* has aſcribed to the perſons in his poem, are admirably adapted to their ſeveral characters, and moſt of them wonderfully ſublime; for indeed, ſublimity of thought is *Milton*'s chief excellence. His ſentiments of things are alſo very juſt, and conformable to the ſubject he treats upon; which, I think is the more extraordinary, as he has to do with perſons and things ſupernatural, and which muſt therefore depend entirely upon invention. It might be eaſy for *Homer* to find out ſentiments proper for a council of *Grecian* princes, or for *Virgil* to draw his love-ſcenes between *Æneas* and *Dido*, ſince theſe poets had nothing to do but to conſult nature, and adapt their ſentiments to the characters and circumſtances of the perſons introduced; but great force of imagination was required to find out a variety of ſentiments ſuitable to the different characters of an infernal aſſembly; or that was expreſſive of the affections and paſſions of two perſons in a ſtate of purity: yet this *Milton* has done, and in a manner that ſtrikes the reader with aſtoniſhment. It is obſervable, ſays Mr. *Voltaire*, that in all other poems love is repreſented as a vice; in *Milton*

only, 'tis a virtue. The pictures he draws of it are naked as the perſons he ſpeaks of, and as venerable. He removes with a chaſte hand the veil which covers every where elſe the enjoyments of that paſſion. There is ſoftneſs, tenderneſs, and warmth without laſciviouſneſs. The poet tranſports himſelf and us into that ſtate of innocent happineſs in which *Adam* and *Eve* continued for a ſhort time. He ſoars not above human, but above corrupt nature; and as there is no inſtance of ſuch love, there is none of ſuch poetry. This may be ſeen by the examples we have inſerted in the fifth and ſixth chapters of this work, under the *Beauty of Thought*, and of the *Stile of Poetry*.

As there are two kinds of ſentiments, the natural and the ſublime, which are always to be regarded in the Heroic Poem; ſo are there two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided: I mean, thoſe that are affected and unnatural, and thoſe that are low and vulgar. *Milton* has ſometimes run into both, though but ſeldom; and what we find of this ſort was perhaps owing to the vitiated taſte of the times in which he lived.

To the ſame cauſe, perhaps, may be attributed his unneceſſary and oſtentatious ſhew of learning, and his too frequent alluſions to the heathen fables, which are incompatible with his divine ſubject, eſpecially where he mentions them not as fabulous ſtories, but as matters of fact; which he ought the more particularly to have avoided, as he has in his firſt book told us, that thoſe divinities were all devils, worſhipped under different names.

We are now to conſider the language of *Paradiſe Loſt*, which is raiſed and ſupported with ſuch wonderful art, that, notwithſtanding ſome faults, it deſerves our admiration.

Thoſe who object to *Milton*'s language, ſhould conſider the great difficulties he laboured under, difficulties which neither *Homer* nor *Virgil* knew. The ſtile of an Epic poem is to be not only perſpicuous, but ſublime. Had perſpicuity alone been required, *Milton*'s taſk had been eaſy: but to raiſe a language, half matured, to the utmoſt ſtretch of ſublimity, was an arduous undertaking, and

made more ſo by the nature and ſtructure of his verſe; for rhime, without any other aid, throws the language out of proſe, and will cover the defects of many common and mean phraſes; but to throw blank verſe off from proſe, and to raiſe and ſupport its dignity, requires not only pomp and energy of expreſſion, but bold tranſpoſitions and a choice of words which have not been corrupted or debaſed by paſſing through the mouths of the vulgar; yet, as *Milton* knew that the conſtant return of rhimes would grow tireſome in a work of ſuch length, he chearfully encountered theſe difficulties; and, if he has not always ſucceeded to the reader's wiſh, he has in general ſo acquitted himſelf as to deſerve his applauſe.

To avoid the idiomatic ſtile, and to enrich his language, and adapt it to the ſublimity of his ſubject, *Milton* has frequently made uſe of metaphors that are very bold, though at the ſame time very juſt, and not ſo unſeaſonably ſown as to claſh with one another, or to ſavour of wit, which he knew was beneath the dignity of his poem; nor are they often applied where the proper and natural words would do as well.

He has alſo borrowed freely from other languages, and introduced into his poem a great many forms of ſpeech peculiar to the *Latin*, *Greek*, and *Hebrew*. From the ancients he has likewiſe taken his method of tranſpoſing words, and throwing them out of their natural order; as well as of placing the adjective after the ſubſtantive, and ſometimes turning the adjective into a ſubſtantive, with other modes of ſpeech, which he naturalized to give his verſe the greater dignity, and the more effectually to throw it out of proſe. To make his poem appear the more venerable, he has alſo interſperſed many old words, but not ſo profuſely as ſome of his imitators, who have too often not only embarraſſed their readers, but buried their thoughts in antiquated words and phraſes, not conſidering, as Mr. *Pope* obſerves, that a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbiſh another. *Milton* has alſo inſerted other words that are entirely new, and of his own coining; for which he has been blamed by ſome critics, and juſtified by others, who obſerve, that *Homer* did the ſame before him. To this I muſt add, that he has, in

imitation of the *Greek* poet, often extended or contracted ſome words, by inſerting or omitting certain ſyllables, and has introduced ſeveral eliſions which were never uſed in writing before his time; ſuch as cutting off the letter *y* when it precedes a vowel, and the like. He has alſo taken the liberty of varying the accents, ſo that the ſame word is pronounced differently in different places. By theſe helps, and by a happy choice of the nobleſt words in the language, he has raiſed his diction to an amazing pitch of grandeur, and given ſuch variety and harmony to his numbers, that they never ſatiate the ear. It muſt be acknowledged, however, that his verſification is unequal, and in ſome paſſages approaches too near to proſe. We muſt obſerve likewiſe, that by taking ſo much pains to raiſe his language, and by calling in theſe foreign and antiquated auxiliaries to his aid, his diction in many places appears ſomewhat ſtiff and obſcure, to which the frequent uſe of technical words, or terms of art, has not a little contributed. For this defect in our author, Mr. *Addiſon* has made a very beautiful and juſt apology, which I ſhall give the reader in his own words. "*Milton*'s ſentiments and ideas were ſo wonderfully ſublime, that it would have been impoſſible for him to have repreſented them in their full ſtrength and beauty, without having recourſe to theſe foreign aſſiſtances. Our language ſunk under him, and was unequal to that greatneſs of ſoul which furniſhed him with ſuch glorious conceptions."

We muſt here take notice of one paſſage, which has been controverted by the critics—I mean the *Pandæmonium*, a ſtructure erected for the aſſembly of the infernal ſpirits, which Mr. *Addiſon* points out as a beauty, and particularly applauds that part where the common ſpirits contract themſelves, in order to make room for their numberleſs aſſembly, while their leaders appear in their natural dimenſions. This Mr. *Voltaire* thinks prepoſterous, and the more ſo, as *Satan* had juſt before harangued them in an ample field He is particularly diſſatisfied with the rabble of devils, as he calls them, being ſhrunk into pigmies, while *Satan* and the chiefs ſtill preſerve their own monſtrous forms, and would have the reader examine, whether it will not exactly ſuit the mock heroic,

which, ſays he, is the beſt criterion for diſcerning what is really ridiculous in the Epic Poem.

What Mr. *Voltaire* has obſerved on this ſubject, is in ſome meaſure juſt, but not wholly ſo.—The chiefs appearing in the *Pandæmonium* in their full ſtature, while the reſt, to find room, were dwindled into dwarfs, is perhaps abſurd; but had the whole aſſembly contracted their ſtatures, and concentrated themſelves into the compaſs of a large room, it might have had a fine effect, and eſpecially as he had before repreſented them of a prodigious ſize, when *Satan* harangued them in an open field. We are to conſider, that as the buſineſs of tragedy is to excite terror and compaſſion, ſo it is the intent of the Epic to excite pleaſure and admiration: and we find as much cauſe for admiration in the ſagacity and ſtructure of the *Ant*; as of the *Elephant*; beſides which, by this ſort of transformation from a bulk of an enormous ſize, to that of a form almoſt inviſible, *Milton* has not only encreaſed our ſurpriſe, but likewiſe more fully repreſented the power of the apoſtate ſpirits.

But diſquiſitions of this ſort are beſide our purpoſe, and only waſte that time which would be much better employed in a careful and repeated peruſal of this moſt excellent poem. If *Milton* has blemiſhes, they are ſo buried in beauties, ſo wrapt up in ſublimity and ſplendor, that, like the ſpots in the ſun, they are not to be ſeen without difficulty, and will be little regarded by the candid and judicious reader, who never expects to find abſolute perfection in any human performance. Some of the beauties of this admired author may be ſeen in our chapters of the thoughts and ſtile of poetry: but as they are not ſufficient to give the reader any idea of the author's merit, or even of his manner, the young ſtudent would do well to read over the poem with Mr. *Addiſon*'s commentary in his hand: he may alſo take, in aid of his judgment, the notes of Dr. *Newton*'s excellent edition of this author, or, an explication of the moſt difficult paſſages in the works of *Milton*, which a gentleman of learning, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, has juſt ſent to the preſs.

Thus have we given the reader a view of thoſe three Epic poets, who have been ſo much admired, and whoſe

poems are moſt worthy of imitation. We muſt remark, however, that there are others who richly deſerve our eſtimation, and that their works do not appear to more advantage, is owing, perhaps, not ſo much to the want of genius and judgment, as their not having the ſame ſubjects to illuſtrate, or the ſame materials to employ.

A modern Epic poet may be compared to a modern architect, who is to build a palace, that in magnificence, uſe and beauty, may vie with a marble ſtructure placed before him of *Corinthian* capitals, golden corniſh and copper roofs; but inſtead of theſe rich ſubſtances is obliged to put up with the uſe of brick, tiles, and ſuch other courſe materials as periſh under his hands or elude the ſtrokes of his art.

Homer has given us very ample leſſons in morality; *Virgil* in politics, and *Milton* in theology; and thus, beſides other occaſional inſtructions, have exhauſted three of the moſt important ſubjects to mankind, and decorated them with ſuch rich ornaments, as no modern poet can uſe with any propriety; for the celeſtial machinery which appears to ſuch advantage in the works of theſe poets, would at this time be abſurd in any other; and that they are ſeen to advantage in thoſe authors is owing to their propriety as well as beauty; for they were in ſome meaſure conſiſtent with the theology of the ancients, and ſuited to the ſubject of *Milton*. Stript of thoſe ornaments, indeed, the moral would be the ſame; ſo a beautiful bird diveſted of his gorgeous plumage is the ſame animal, but would not attract ſo much of our attention and admiration.

The Epic poets who have appeared in an *Engliſh* dreſs, and ſtand next to thoſe great authors in fame, are, if I miſtake not, *Taſſo*, *Fenelon*, *Glover* and *Voltaire*; of whoſe poems we ſhall give ſome account, claſſed in the order of time in which they were written: but the reader muſt not expect us to dwell ſo long on them as we have done on the preceeding, ſince the compaſs allowed us will not admit of it.

TASSO's JERUSALEM DELIVERED, which was written about the year 1570, is founded on real hiſtory, and has for its ſubject the conqueſt of *Jeruſalem* by the

Chriſtian powers, under the command of *Godfrey* of *Bulloign*, which expedition was undertaken in the year 1099, and it is ſaid, at the inſtance of one *Peter* a hermit; who, in conſequence of a viſion which he ſaw, or pretended to ſee, while he was a pilgrim at *Jeruſalem*, and of the encouragement given him by the patriarch of that city, went to the court of *Rome* to ſolicit this war. *Urban* the ſecond at that time filled the papal chair, and had ſo much influence over the Chriſtian princes, that at the council of *Clermont* in *France*, held in the year 1095, a war againſt the *Turks* and *Saracens* was agreed upon for the recovery of *Jeruſalem*, and the further extenſion of the Chriſtian Faith.

For this purpoſe three great armies were ſoon raiſed, and marched for *Paleſtine*. under the command of *Senſaver*, *Peter* the hermit, and *Hugo*. That under *Senſaver* was attacked and routed by the *Bulgarians*, as alſo was that commanded by *Hugo*; but the army under *Peter* croſſed the *Boſphorus*, and there fell a ſacrifice to the *Turks*.

The Chriſtians, however, not much diſheartened by this misfortune, and in all probability attributing their loſs to the miſconduct of their leaders, raiſed another army in the year 1096, which conſiſted of 300,000 well diſciplined troops, and ſent them off under the conduct of many experienced generals; a recital of whoſe names would be tedious; but for the better underſtanding of the poem, it ſeems neceſſary to obſerve, that the *Engliſh* and *Normans* were commanded by *Robert* duke of *Normandy*, brother to *William Rufus*, king of *England*; the greateſt part of the *Italians* were led by *Bæmond* prince of *Tarentum*, and *Tancred* his nephew; the *French* who had the moſt conſiderable ſhare in this expedition, marched their troops under the command of *Hugo*, brother to the king of *France*, *Godfrey* duke of *Bulloign*, *Baldwin* and *Euſtace* his younger brothers, *Stephen* earl of *Blois*, father to *Stephen*, afterwards king of *England*, *Raymond* earl of *Tholouſe*, and *Robert* earl of *Flanders*: and in aid of this undertaking went alſo *Ademare* biſhop of *Puy*, and *William* biſhop of *Orange*.

It is generally believed that the Chriſtian princes elected *Godfrey* generaliſſimo, or captain general of this pilgrim army, on account of his eminent qualifications,

and manifold virtues; and it is further ſaid in favour of this prince, who was duke of *Bouillon* near *Liege*, and earl of *Bulloign* in *Picardy*, that he ſold *Mets* a principal town in *Lorrain*, and his dutchy of *Bouillon* to raiſe troops for this expedition.

Soon after the Chriſtian army entered *Aſia* they beſieged *Nice*, which they reduced to their obedience in twenty-eight days; and then marching forward made a moſt rapid conqueſt of *Cilicia*, *Lycaonia*, *Meſopotamia*, and *Comagena*; but *Antioch*, ſituated near the river *Orontes*, which they inveſted in the year 1098, made an obſtinate reſiſtance for a conſiderable time, and would have detained the Chriſtians much longer, had they not found means to take the city by ſurprize.

Soon after the reduction of *Antioch*, the victorious Chriſtians marched to the gates of *Jeruſalem*, then in poſſeſſion of the *Saracens*, and on the 6th of *June* 1099, beſieged that city. This ſiege, which is the ſubject of *Taſſo*'s poem, was continued with various ſucceſs till the fifteenth of the next month, when *Jeruſalem* ſurrendered to the Chriſtian army, and *Godfrey* being ſoon after elected king of that city, the conquered provinces were divided amongſt the chief of the princes who fought under him. His brother *Baldwin* obtained the poſſeſſion of *Cilicia*, *Comagena* and *Meſopotamia*; *Tancred* had the government of *Tyberia*, and *Bæmond* the principality of *Antioch*.

Godfrey enjoyed this new erected kingdom but one year, and was ſucceeded by *Baldwin*, who reigned eighteen, and greatly increaſed his dominions by the conqueſt of *Antipatris*, *Ceſarea*, *Ptolemais*, and other places. He was ſucceeded by *Baldwin de Burgo*, who reigned thirteen years, and, though greatly embarraſſed with wars, ſupported his dignity, and preſerved all his dominions; but in the ſucceeding reigns, diſſentions aroſe amongſt the Chriſtian princes, and the *Turks* taking advantage of theſe factions, wreſted the diſtant cities out of their hands, and in the year 1188, *Jeruſalem* itſelf alſo ſurrendered to the ſoldan of *Egypt*, after it had been in the poſſeſſion of the Chriſtians eighty-eight years.

Tasso was born with a genius equal to the moſt exalted ſpecies of poetry, and would have ſucceeded much

better in the Epic, had not his judgment been overpowered by the force of fancy, or miſled by the abſurd notions reſpecting necromancy, which in his time almoſt univerſally prevailed. Notwithſtanding theſe abſurdities, ſome few of which we ſhall hereafter point out, his poem is ſo admired in ſeveral parts of *Italy*, that many of his canto's are publicly ſung in that country, as thoſe of *Homer* were in *Greece*, owing in a great meaſure we may ſuppoſe, to the choice of his ſubject, in which he was more happy than *Homer*, in as much as it was of greater conſequence, and more noble in the *European* powers to reſcue the country and city where CHRIST was born and crucified, from the hands of the infidels, than in the *Grecian* potentates to wage a long and deſtructive war with the *Trojans*, for the recovery of a woman, who was, perhaps, a willing proſtitute to *Paris*.

TASSO has frequently copied *Homer*, and improved on him in the conduct of ſome of his characters; for that of *Godfrey* has, I think, more wiſdom and leſs pride than *Agamemnon*; but as this general is the hero of the poem, he has not given him buſineſs enough to ſupport the dignity of his character; but left too much to be tranſacted by *Rinaldo*, who ſeems a counterpart or copy of *Achilles*, and has all his furious courage, though there is no apparent neceſſity for it. We are to conſider that the ſubject of *Homer*'s poem was the anger of *Achilles*, and its fatal effects; but *Taſſo*'s ſcheme was very different, and therefore he had no occaſion for an hero of this outragious caſt; though it muſt be acknowledged that *Rinaldo* does not remain, like *Achilles*, wholly indolent during his abſence from the Chriſtian camp, but employs a part of that time much to the ſatisfaction of the reader. *Tancred* would be an amiable character if he was not ſo much embarraſſed in an odd ſort of love ſcheme with *Clorinda*, which cannot be juſtified. There are juſt exceptions therefore to theſe characters; but thoſe of *Aladine* and *Argantes* are more prudently drawn; for the poet has made theſe leſs amiable than *Priam* and *Hector*, leſt the reader ſhould be ſo affected with their misfortunes as to abate of his ardour for the fate of the Chriſtian princes.

It is likewiſe to be obſerved, that the perſons *Taſſo* introduces always act and ſpeak in character, and each hath ſomething ſo ſingularly his own, that he is eaſily diſtinguiſhed from all the reſt: even the different degrees of the ſame virtues and vices of his actors are, as in *Homer*, agreeably diverſified like different ſhades of the ſame colour.

His thoughts are often elevated and beautiful, though they are too frequently mixed with little prettineſſes, if I may be indulged the expreſſion, that are unworthy of *Taſſo*, and of crude conceptions not to be tolerated in the Epic poem. Such, among others, is the deſcription of the viſion conjured up by *Alecto*.

A murder'd body huge beſide him ſtood,
Of head and right-hand both but lately ſpoil'd;
The left hand bore the head, whoſe viſage good
Both pale and wan, with duſt and gore defil'd,
Yet ſpake, though dead; with whoſe ſad words the blood
Forth at his lips in huge abundance boil'd———
Fly, *Argillan*, from this falſe camp fly far,
Whoſe guide a traytor, captains murd'rers are.

FAIRFAX.

How different from this is the image he gives us of *Armida* and her attendants; who, when enrag'd at *Rinaldo*'s hewing down the myrtle to diſſolve the charm, caſt off their amiable forms, and aſſume ſhapes that are horrible, in order to deter him from his purpoſe?——The hint is evidently borrowed from *Virgil*'s deſcription of the fury *Alecto*, but is nevertheleſs beautiful; for it is enriched with different circumſtances, and applied with propriety.

He lift his brand; nor car'd, tho' oft ſhe pray'd,
And ſhe her form to other ſhape did change;
Such monſters huge, when men in dreams are laid
Oft in their idle fancies roam and range:
Her body ſwell'd, her face obſcure was made;
Vaniſh'd her garments rich, and veſtures ſtrange;
A gianteſs before him high ſhe ſtands,
Arm'd, like *Briareus*, with an hundred hands:

With fifty ſwords, and fifty targets bright
She threaten'd death, ſhe roar'd, ſhe cry'd and fought;
Each other nymph, in armour likewiſe dight,
A *Cyclops* great became; he fear'd them nought,
But on the myrtle ſmote with all his might,
Which groan'd, like living ſouls, to death nigh brought;
The ſky ſeem'd *Pluto*'s court, the air ſeem'd hell,
Therein ſuch monſters roar, ſuch ſpirits yell.

Lighten'd the heav'n above, the earth below
Roared aloud; that thunder'd, and this ſhook:
Bluſter'd the tempeſts ſtrong; the whirlwinds blow;
The bitter ſtorm drove hail-ſtones in his look;
But yet his arm grew neither weak nor ſlow,
Nor of that fury heed or care he took,
'Till low to earth the wounded tree down bended;
Then fled the ſpirits all, the charms all ended.

FAIRFAX.

The ſtile of *Taſſo* is perſpicuous, elegant, and frequently grand and ſublime; eſpecially in thoſe deſcriptions where he ſaw that ſtrength and majeſty were required. But what gives us the greateſt pleaſure, is, the artful manner in which he intereſts us for his heroes, and, by interweaving the various adventures of the poem, hurries us on from the terrors of war to the allurements of love, and then to war again, ſtill augmenting our concern as he proceeds.

But if great are the beauties of *Taſſo*, great alſo are his blemiſhes, of which the epiſode of *Olindo* and *Sophronia* is a remarkable inſtance. This epiſode affords no aid to the principal action, for theſe two perſons, having obtained a pardon at the inſtance of *Clorinda*, are married and heard of no more: yet *Taſſo* has beſtowed on them as many poetical ornaments, and intereſted the reader as much in their favour, as if they were principal characters, and of the utmoſt conſequence in promoting the Chriſtian cauſe.—Nor are the epiſodes and amours where *Erminia* and *Armida* are concerned more perfect; for they ſeem no ways eſſential to the main action; and *Erminia*, who claims much of our eſteem, is not even mentioned after ſhe has recovered

Tancred; whereas *Armida*, who is a witch, and has occaſioned ſuch diſtreſs among the Chriſtians, is converted by *Rinaldo*, and reſtored to her father's kingdom.—*Clorinda* is alſo converted, even at the hour of death, and baptized while ſhe is expiring by *Tancred*, who fetches water in his helmet for that purpoſe.

This, however ridiculous, is not ſo abſurd as the poet's making *Iſmeno* the enchanter counteract the power of the archangel *Michael*, and call the devils out of hell to take poſſeſſion of the enchanted foreſt; or that of his bringing the Chriſtian magicians to releaſe *Rinaldo* from the Mahometan Necromancers, and his interweaving maſſes, confeſſions, prayers, witchcrafts and lewdneſs confuſedly together. What can be more wild and extravagant than the holy conjuror's taking *Ubaldo* and *Carlo* to the centre of the earth, where they walk on the bank of a river covered with precious ſtones, and then ſending them to an old woman near *Aſcalon*, who tranſports them inſtantly to the *Canary Iſlands*, whence by the inſtruction of this holy conjurer, and the aſſiſtance of a magic wand, they bring *Rinaldo* back with them to the Chriſtian camp?

Tancred's entering the inchanted wood, and finding *Clorinda* after her death incloſed in the body of a tree, which on his ſtriking of it, diſcharged blood, is equally extravagant and blameable, tho' copied from *Virgil*; as alſo is that of *Armida*'s peeping out of a myrtle, at a time when ſhe was in the *Egyptian* army, at a conſiderable diſtance from the place; but this lady was ſuch a wonderful ſorcereſs, that we are to be ſurpriſed at none of her actions. She turned ten Chriſtian knights into fiſh, and put them into a pond, and had a parrot that ſung amorous ſongs and cantatas of its own compoſing.

With party-colour'd plumes, and purple bill,
A wond'rous bird among the reſt there flew,
That in plain ſpeech ſung love-lays loud and ſhrill;
Her Leden was like human language true;
So much ſhe talk'd, and with ſuch wit and ſkill,
That ſtrange it ſeemed, how much good ſhe knew:
Her feather'd fellows all flood huſh to hear;
Dumb was the wind, the waters ſilent were.

The gentle budding roſe, quoth ſhe, behold,
That firſt ſcant peeping forth with virgin beams,
Half ope, half ſhut, her beauties doth upfold
In its fair leaves, and, leſs ſeen, fairer ſeems,
And after ſpreads them forth more broad and bold,
Then languiſheth, and dies in laſt extremes;
Nor ſeems the ſame, that decked bed and bow'r
Of many a lady late, and paramour:

So in the paſſing of a day, doth paſs
The bud and bloſſom of the life of man,
Nor ere doth flouriſh more; but, like the graſs
Cut down, becometh wither'd, pale, and wan:
Oh, gather then the roſe, while time thou haſt;
Short is the day, done when it ſcant began;
Gather the roſe of Love, while yet thou may'ſt
Loving belov'd, imbracing be imbrac'd.

She ceas'd; and, as approving all ſhe ſpoke,
The choir of birds their heav'nly tunes renew;
The turtles ſigh'd, and ſighs with kiſſes broke;
The fowls to ſhades unſeen by pairs withdrew:
It ſeem'd, the lawrel chaſte, and ſtubborn oak,
And all the gentle trees, on earth that grew,
It ſeem'd, the land, the ſea, and heav'n above,
All breath'd out fancy ſweet, and ſigh'd out love.

FAIRFAX.

Taſſo's poem, like a piece of *Gothic* architecture, is decorated with many little affected prettineſſes that gratify the fancy at the ſame time that they do violence to the underſtanding; of this the author ſeemed ſenſible, and was ſo conſcious that his wild exceſs of enchantment and machinery would diſguſt readers of taſte and judgment, that he has endeavoured to cover thoſe defects by turning the whole into an allegory. How far he has ſucceeded in this attempt, the reader will ſee in our chapter on Allegorical Poetry. We muſt here obſerve, however, that this allegory is almoſt as abſurd as the faults he would endeavour to hide with it; and that the beſt plea which can be ſet up in favour of his inchantments and machinery, is the ſtrength of fancy with which they are conceived, and the elegant and pleaſing manner in which they are deſcribed.

The painting of *Taſſo* is admirable. He, like our great *Spencer*, has conceived beings out of nature, and, like him, decked his phantoms in ſuch beautiful colours and rich ornaments, that they meet with reſpect and applauſe in every company: but, however excellent in themſelves, as members of an Epic poem they are intolerable; for tho' the Epic deals in the wonderful, yet every thing is to be probable, and therefore the impoſſible muſt be excluded, unleſs it be founded on ſome authority or tradition that is held ſacred; and it is upon this principle only, that *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton*, can, in many places, be juſtified.

We take this opportunity to inform the reader, that there is a new tranſlation of this poem prepared for the preſs by the ingenious Mr. *Hoole*, which, from the ſpecimen we have ſeen, appears to be executed in a maſterly manner, and, we doubt not, will obtain the approbation of the judicious.

FENELON's *Adventures of Telemachus*, is written in proſe, and therefore ſome apology may be expected, perhaps, for the liberty we take of placing it in the claſs of Epic poems; moſt readers having contracted a habit of uſing the word proſe in contradiſtinction to poetry, whereas it ſhould be conſidered only in oppoſition to verſe. With the ſame parity of reaſon, likewiſe, all verſes are by the generality of readers called poems, tho' they are often without either thought or deſign, and no otherwiſe differ from nonſenſe in proſe but in jingling at the end of every line, or in having eight or ten ſyllables at length, placed regularly under each other for a certain determinate ſpace.

It is extremely eaſy to write verſe, but very difficult to write poetry: the art of making verſes is learned by boys at ſchool; but the art of writing poetry is the gift of heaven; for if the poet is not formed by nature, he will obtain little aid from any rules whatſoever. Poetry does not conſiſt in the number and cadence of ſyllables; but in a ſpirited fiction, bold and noble figures, and a variety of beautiful and juſt images. It is that enthuſiaſm flowing from a fertile imagination, that impetuoſity and energy of genius, which raiſes the thoughts

and expreſſions, which animates and gives every thing life and ſpirit, that diſtinguiſhes the poet from the reſt of mankind.—To make verſe, therefore, the eſſential characteriſtic of a poem is doing violence to nature and reaſon; it is robbing the man of genius of his birthright, and conſtituting every one a poet who has ſenſe enough to tell his fingers.

Whatever uſe the ancients might make of verſe, it muſt be acknowledged that in our language, the harmony and beauty of verſe and proſe depend on nearly the ſame principles, that is to ſay, on the accent or emphaſis; an agreeable variation of the pauſes; and in a choice of words that are perfectly expreſſive of the ſubject. However verſe is conſtructed, there is no pauſing at the end of every line; for the ſenſe muſt be purſued in reading till you come to the neceſſary point; ſo that to a by-ſtander, he that reads verſe well (that is not written in rhyme) will ſeem to be reading dignified proſe; and the verſe written by *Milton*, and others in his manner, is only proſe thrown out of the natural order of conſtruction, agreeably diverſified by a variation of pauſes, and elevated by an inverſion of phraſes, and an happy choice of the moſt noble and expreſſive words in the language.—To be conciſe—If there is no poetry without verſe, there can be none in the *Engliſh* verſion of the *Pſalms of David*, the *Book of Job*, the *Song of Solomon*, or in any part of the *Old Teſtament*.

It is, perhaps, the beautiful ſimplicity of *Fenelon*'s ſtile, ſo hard to imitate, and ſo eaſily underſtood, that has degraded him in the eyes of the injudicious; but it is to be obſerved, that if *Homer* fires the mind and rouſes us with the ſound of the trumpet; *Fenelon* ſteals into the ſoul, and lulls our paſſions with the ſoft airs of the lute. His work has all the properties of the other Epic poems, except that of being written in verſe. His plan is regular and well concerted, he has preſerved the unity required in his action, and an uniformity in all his various characters. His thoughts are conſiſtent with his characters, always juſt and proper, and often graceful and lofty. His language is elegant and expreſſive, and agreeably elevated. In ſhort, by the perſpicuity, grace, and elegance of his thoughts and ſtile, he has artfully

blended the natural with the noble, the ſimple with the ſublime; and inculcated a love and veneration for the Deity, and many admirable leſſons in morality, intermixed with moſt excellent precepts in politics, agriculture, commerce, the liberal arts, and the education of youth.

This author has often copied *Homer* and *Virgil*, and like them he makes his hero deſcend into the infernal ſhades, which, perhaps, is one of the moſt exceptionable parts of his work; tho' it muſt be acknowledged that he has made the beſt uſe of a fiction of this kind that could be conceived. He has alſo improved on the *Greek* and *Latin* poets in his machinery, and very prudently given his hero divine aid in the perſon of *Mentor*, without permitting him to know that he had any ſupernatural aſſiſtance; ſo that his courage and conduct are not influenced by any aſſurances of that kind, and therefore his heroic actions often appear to greater advantage, than thoſe of the heroes of *Homer* and *Virgil*, who are too frequently made acquainted with what the gods have determined in their favour.—And here we cannot help obſerving, that the ſcheme of *Minerva*'s aſſuming the form of *Mentor*, and attending *Telemachus*, ſeems to be borrowed from the angels journeying with *Tobias* in the Old Teſtament, which, in our opinion, gives additional propriety and dignity to the poem.

We have the pleaſure to inform our readers, that a new tranſlation of this poem, by the learned and ingenious Dr. *Hawkeſworth*, is now in the preſs; which, we are well aſſured, will give the *Engliſh* reader a juſt idea of the purity, grace, and elegance of the original.

M. VOLTAIRE's *Henriade* has for its ſubject one of the moſt extraordinary and intereſting events in the whole hiſtory of *France*; I mean that of the civil wars, which occaſioned the holy league, and ended in the exaltation of *Henry* the Fourth, commonly called *Henry* the Great, to the throne.

The acrimony and hatred with which this war was purſued is not to be equalled, perhaps, in the hiſtory of any nation, and to this, ambition and knavery, folly and

ſuperſtition did not a little contribute; for a few wicked men of intrigue, taking advantage of the ignorance and bigotry of the people, ſo inflamed their minds by religious pretences, that the country was laid waſte by three or four armies at a time, led on by thoſe who were the zealous advocates of one religion for no other reaſon, perhaps, but becauſe their enemies were of the other. Thus when a peace was concerted and agreed to between the contending parties; when all poſſible aſſurances of friendſhip were exchanged; when both had ratified the peace by the moſt ſolemn oaths; and when the king, to remove all ground of ſuſpicion, had given his own ſiſter in marriage to *Henry* of *Navarre*; at this very period of time, when joy ſeem'd diffuſed throughout the kingdom, and each party careſſed the other with all poſſible marks of friendſhip, affection and endearment, the king (Charles the Ninth) at the inſtigation of his mother *Catherine de Medicis*, privately ordered all the houſes of the proteſtants to be forced open at twelve o'clock at night, and the inhabitants men, women, and children were maſſacred in cold blood. Nor did the implacable hatred of this wicked woman, and the tyrant her ſon, or that of their infamous confederates ſtop here; for the king obſerving that ſome of the poor wretches had thrown themſelves into the river to eſcape the fury of his aſſaſſins, fired at them with a carbine from his chamber window; and his unpitying mother ſtood in a balcony, attended by her maids of honour, where ſhe encouraged the aſſaſſins, and rejoiced at the agonies and dying groans of the murdered. This dreadful carnage was not confined to *Paris* alone. The ſame orders were ſent to the governors of all the provinces; and, in a few days, more than one hundred thouſand proteſtants were maſſacred.

This weak and wicked monarch died ſoon after of a moſt ſtrange and dreadful diſorder; for his blood was continually ſtealing through the pores of his ſkin.

He was ſucceeded by *Henry* the Third, who not being likely to have children, and the next heir being a proteſtant, the duke of *Guiſe* began to think of ſecuring the throne to himſelf. For this purpoſe, he became very liberal and generous to the common people; and

affected an uncommon zeal for the catholic cauſe; for the ſecurity whereof he formed an aſſociation againſt the proteſtants which was afterwards called the Holy League. This, together with his artful and winning behaviour, and a battle which he obtained over the *German* proteſtants, gained him ſo much power, that the king found himſelf little better than a ſlave to his own ſubjects; and therefore forbid him *Paris*; but *Guiſe* came in defiance of his majeſty, and the citizens taking arms in his behalf, ſeized the king's guards, and inveſted the palace. The king eſcaped to *Blois*. *Guiſe* purſued him to that place, where they were ſeemingly reconciled; for they received the communion at the ſame altar. The monarch took an oath to forget all injuries and affronts, and *Guiſe* ſwore that he would be for ever dutiful and obedient; yet at this very time the ſubject intended to dethrone the king, and the king to diſpatch the ſubject. Accordingly, *Guiſe* was ſoon after murdered in the king's cloſet; and in a few days his brother the cardinal met with the ſame fate.

As the maſſacre of the proteſtants had given new life and ſpirit to their cauſe: ſo the aſſaſſination of theſe two brothers gave additional force and ſtrength to the league. Perſecution will ever make proſelytes. It was well known indeed, that the proteſtants had no hand in the aſſaſſination, but the king had; and as the king was againſt the league, and cut off the two *Guiſes* who were the founders of it, that alone was ſufficient to raiſe and make it more conſiderable; tho' in truth the king had no objection to the league, but that of its having raiſed *Guiſe* to a degree of power and inſolence too great to be ſupported. Many towns in *France* declared openly againſt the king; and when he returned to *Paris*, he found the gates ſhut and the citizens in arms.

The duke of *Mayenne*, younger brother to the duke of *Guiſe*, ſtept forth at this time from a life of inaction, and became as great a foe to the king as his brother had ever been. He ſought for an opportunity to take vengeance of that monarch, and had gained over to his intereſt, not only the prieſts and burgeſſes of *Paris*, but the magiſtrates and ſoldiers.

The widow of the deceaſed duke petitioned the parliament, to try *Henry* as a murderer, which that body refuſed,

and ſeemed to favour the king; but the doctors of the *Sorbonne* boldly iſſued out a writ to deprive *Henry* of his right to the crown, and to diſſolve all oaths of allegiance that had been given him. Nay, ſome of theſe people were ſo exaſperated and daring as to promiſe the kingdom of heaven as a reward to any one who ſhould attempt to kill the tyrant, as they called their ſovereign.

In this extremity the king was obliged to ſolicit aid of his brother of *Navarre*, whom he had uſed ill. That prince however lent him his troops. Both kings marched to *Paris* with an army which the city was by no means able to reſiſt; and the league would undoubtedly have been ruined, had not an enthuſiaſtic young friar of the order of St. *Dominic*, offered himſelf a martyr for the cauſe. To ſhew us what enthuſiaſm is capable of effecting, we are told, that this young man faſted for ſome time, ſpent whole nights in prayer, confeſſed his ſins, received the ſacrament, bought a good dagger and killed the king, while he was reading a letter which the friar pretended he had brought from the firſt preſident *Achilles de Harlay*.

Henry of *Navarre* was next heir to the crown; but as he was a proteſtant, part of the army only acknowledged him for their ſovereign. The reſt left him.

The league was at this time powerfully ſupported by the pope, aſſiſted by the *Spaniards*, and formidable by itſelf; whereas *Henry* had but few great towns, few friends, little money, and a ſmall army; but he had ſuch reſources in his own genius, that he was generally victorious, and after a victory he took care to ſhew his moderation and clemency to the priſoners, which not only redounded to his honour, but made the enemy leſs obſtinate.

The diviſions of *France* had now intereſted all *Europe*. As the pope and *Philip* II. of *Spain* eagerly engaged in ſupport of the league; the proteſtant powers, but eſpecially queen *Elizabeth*, lent aſſiſtance to *Henry*, who, in one day took all the ſuburbs of *Paris* by ſtorm; and would, it is ſuppoſed, have taken the city, but that he was afraid of having his capital plundered by the ſoldiers. He therefore turned the ſiege into a blockade, hoping that the ſcarcity of proviſions would induce the inhabitants to ſurrender. But *Mayenne* and the prieſts played their parts ſo well, that when the people wanted bread, they took care to feed them with invectives againſt *Henry*; and wrought in them

ſuch a contempt and hatred to the proteſtants, that they would rather periſh with hunger than ſubmit. A famine ſoon enſued, and ſo great was the diſtreſs of the inhabitants, that thirty thouſand of them died of hunger in a month's time. The poor wretches that were yet living endeavoured to make food by boiling the bones of the dead to a jelly, and what is more extraordinary, we are told by authors of the beſt character, that a woman in this diſtreſs, killed and fed on her own child.

Henry on this occaſion ſhewed his humanity and greatneſs of ſoul. He knew that *Mayenne*, the prieſts, and the principals of that party, had proviſions in plenty, while the poor citizens and ſoldiers only were ſtarving. To them, therefore he permitted his troops to ſell the neceſſaries of life, and great part of their time was employed in handing up proviſions to the ſtarving inhabitants; which is perhaps the only inſtance we have in hiſtory of the beſiegers feeding the beſieged. At this time an army of *Spaniards* came from the Low Countries, to relieve *Paris*, and *Henry* was obliged to raiſe the ſiege; but the *Spaniards* being afterwards driven out of the kingdom, he inveſted *Paris* again, and was admitted into the town, but not till he had changed his religion; which is a circumſtance greatly to his diſhonour, and has not a little embarraſſed the poet.

From theſe materials M. *Voltaire* has raiſed a beautiful poem, but which, when conſidered as an Epic poem, will be found in ſome parts exceptionable, as indeed all thoſe performances muſt neceſſarily be, where a modern ſtory is treated in the manner of the antient Epic poems.

His characters are agreeably diverſified and well ſupported. His thoughts, his ſtile and numbers never deficient in propriety: they are always elegant and graceful, and very often noble and ſublime. His images, deſcriptions and ſimilies are pictures nobly animated, and his epiſodes are for the moſt part beautiful and agreeably interwoven with the principal fable. The few objections that are to be made to his work reſpect chiefly his hero and his machinery. The firſt he could not alter without deviating from hiſtorical truth, but the laſt he might; and we cannot help obſerving, that the author would have acquitted himſelf more to his honour, had he ſometimes ſuffered his fancy to ſubſide, and not, like *Taſſo*, have introduced

duced celeſtial machinery, into a modern and even a Chriſtian ſtory. It is true his machinery is more in character than *Taſſo*'s, but in my opinion neither of them can be admitted with any degree of propriety into a work of this nature; becauſe they fail of the end for which they are introduced. Celeſtial machinery was principally uſed by *Homer* and *Virgil*, to raiſe the *wonderful*, and at the ſame time ſupport the *probable*; and theſe poets were not deceived in their expectations, which indeed were not extravagant; for as the power and relation of the various deities and heroes, and their connection with, and ſuperintendance over mankind were articles of faith in the pagan ſyſtem, no violence was offered to the underſtanding; for no more was advanced by the poet than what might be believed by the people. In our times, however, the caſe is very different; hence ariſes the great difficulty of writing a modern Epic poem, and hence it is that the imagery or machinery of the *Henriade* fails of the intended effect.—The figures of policy, diſcord, fanaticiſm, and others of this kind, cannot raiſe what is called, in Epic poetry, the wonderful; becauſe, as they are not operative but allegorical figures, the mind explores the myſtical meaning, with which it is ſatisfied: The deſcent of *St. Lewis* indeed, and the various uſes made of that machine may excite our wonder; but then what becomes of the probable? That muſt fall, becauſe we perceive that the thing is impoſſible; for we cannot ſuppoſe that Almighty God would permit any heavenly form to appear viſible, and be engaged in a party faction, either civil or eccleſiaſtical.

With regard to the hero, he does not conquer, but is vanquiſhed by his enemies, and tho' he has a number of virtues, and ſucceeds to the throne, he is, like *Milton*'s *Adam*, unfortunate; for he deſerts his faith to obtain the crown, and may be therefore ſaid to barter his religion for a bauble; which is not conſiſtent with the character of a pious, virtuous, wiſe and brave man. The poet indeed is not blameable for this. It is an hiſtorical fact, which he could not obviate. He has, however, endeavoured to extricate the hero from this difficulty, and we cannot help admiring his dexterity and addreſs; but we muſt obſerve, that he is here in the ſame dilemma which his friend *Virgil* was in at *Carthage*, when he found it neceſſary for *Æneas* to break his faith with *Dido*. That could not be brought

about ſo as to ſave the hero's honour, without celeſtial machinery; nor can this, and therefore *St. Lewis* is ſent to the throne of God, to intercede for the hero. At his interceſſion *Faith* is ſent from heaven to convert *Henry* to the *Roman* catholic religion, and the gates of *Paris* are thrown open to receive him.

This is violating reaſon and probability, but in other reſpects the poem is truly valuable. It inculcates ſound morality and humanity, it expoſes the abuſes of religion, and points out the fatal effects of ambition, fanaticiſm, and ſuperſtition. The courage, generoſity, and humanity of the hero, and eſpecially that circumſtance of his feeling for his fellow creatures, and feeding his rebellious ſubjects, who had ſhut him out of his own capital, and were there obſtinately periſhing for want of food, ſoftens and ſuppreſſes every thing that may be offered to his diſadvantage. If the poet has failed in any part, and I know of none but what has been pointed out (unleſs an exception be made to his deſcription of the Temple of Love) we are to conſider, that no performance of this kind, written on ſuch a plan, can be perfectly conſiſtent with the rules of the Epic poem. We ſhould alſo conſider in how many other works he has ſucceeded even beyond our moſt ſanguine expectations, and how much the learned and polite world is obliged to him for his many admirable compoſitions. And it is with the greateſt pleaſure that we ſee an elegant tranſlation of his works in the preſs, by gentlemen of diſtinguiſhed abilities, who are every way equal to the undertaking, and are determined to do juſtice to this excellent author.

Mr. GLOVER's Poem, intituled LEONIDAS, is founded on a remarkable event in the *Grecian* hiſtory, from which a ſhort abſtract will not be diſagreeable to the *Engliſh* reader, and may tend to elucidate the few obſervations we ſhall have occaſion to make on this poem.

At the time when *Darius*, the father of *Xerxes*, filled the throne of *Perſia*; two kings reigned in *Lacedæmon*, whoſe names were *Cleomenes* and *Demaratus*, both ſuppoſed to have been deſcended from *Hercules*. But theſe princes not perfectly agreeing, and a report being ſpread to the diſadvantage of *Demaratus*, calling in queſtion his legitimacy, *Cleomenes* his colleague ſeized this opportunity to gratify his

malice and reſentment, and being aided in his perfidious deſign by *Leotychides*, who was related to *Demaratus*, and aſpired to ſucceed him in dignity, they perſuaded the *Spartans* to enquire into the birth of that prince, and refer the ſolution of any difficulty that might ariſe, to the oracle of *Delphi*. This was accordingly done, and the prieſteſs of *Delphi* being previouſly inſtructed and properly bribed, *Demaratus* was declared illegitimate, and degraded, tho' he had by his valour and prudence done many ſignal ſervices to the commonwealth. *Demaratus*, after this diſgrace, baniſhed himſelf to *Perſia*, where he was cheriſhed by *Darius*, and *Leotychides* ſucceeded to his dignity at *Sparta*.

After the death of *Cleomenes*, *Leonidas* reigned in conjunction with *Leotychides*. At this time *Xerxes* invaded *Greece* with an army, which, including the women, and other attendants uſually accompanying the forces of an eaſtern prince, amounted, as *Herodotus* records, to above five millions, which is moſt probably true; for *Herodotus* wrote his hiſtory a few years after the event happened, and as it was publicly recited at the Olympic games, in a full aſſembly of the *Greeks* of different ſtates, a falſity of this nature would have been detected.

On the firſt news of this invaſion, the deputies from the ſeveral *Grecian* ſtates met at *Corinth*, to conſult on the meaſures proper to be taken, for their mutual ſafety. The *Spartans* alſo ſent to the oracle of *Delphi* to enquire what would be the ſucceſs of the war; when the prieſteſs informed the meſſengers, that either a king deſcended from *Hercules* muſt die, or *Lacedæmon* be ruined. Upon this, *Leonidas* determined to ſacrifice his life for the ſafety of his country, and marching to *Thermopylæ*, took poſſeſſion of that paſs with three hundred *Spartans*, who with the forces of ſome of the other cities of *Greece* compoſed an army of near 8000 men.

Xerxes having advanced almoſt to the ſtraits of *Thermopylæ*, was extremely ſurpriſed at hearing that a ſmall body of the *Greeks* had prepared to diſpute his paſſage; for he imagined they would all have fled before him. He ſent a ſpy to take a view of the enemy, who informed the prince, that he found the *Lacedæmonians*, engaged in military exerciſes, and combing their hair; which was a kind of cuſtom or ceremony with the *Spartans* when they were determined to fight to the laſt extremity.

Xerxes, ſtill flattering himſelf with the hopes of their flight, waited four days, that they might be able to make their retreat unmoleſted, during which time, he endeavoured to gain *Leonidas* over to his intereſt, and offered him the ſovereignty of all *Greece* if he would join him with his forces; which plainly ſhews that the *Perſian* monarch was already diſconcerted at their behaviour. *Leonidas* rejected the propoſal with indignation; and, *Xerxes* having afterwards written to him to deliver up his arms, that noble *Greek* anſwered in the true *Laconic* ſtile and ſpirit, *Come, and take them.* Upon this, *Xerxes* commanded the *Medes* and *Saſes* to ſeize the *Greeks*, and bring them before him alive. Theſe nations attacked the *Grecians*, but were ſoon diſperſed; others ſucceeded, who were ſhamefully put to flight, which proved, as *Herodotus* obſerves, that the *Perſian* monarch had *many men and but few ſoldiers. Xerxes* then ſent againſt them a body of *Perſians*, called *the immortal band*, which conſiſted of ten thouſand men, who were the beſt troops in his army; but theſe were alſo put to the ſword or diſperſed.

The *Perſian* monarch after this defeat, loſt all hopes of being able to penetrate thro' troops ſo determined to conquer or die, and was on that account extremely perplexed, when *Epialtes*, an inhabitant of the country, diſcovered to him, a ſecret path among the mountains of *Oeta* to the top of an eminence, that commanded the *Spartan* forces, on which he immediately diſpatched 20,000 *Perſians* thither. The defence of this upper paſs had been entruſted to a thouſand *Phocians*, who imprudently abandoned their ſtation, and ranged themſelves in order of battle on a neighbouring eminence; but the *Perſians* avoiding an engagement, marched with the utmoſt expedition to *Thermopylæ*.

Leonidas was no ſooner informed that the *Perſians* had paſſed the mountains, than he ordered the allies to retreat, reſerving the 300 *Spartans*, and 400 *Thebans*, who having followed him with reluctance, he now compelled to ſtay: but the *Theſpians*, who amounted to 700 would not forſake him. It is here obſerved, that *Dieneces*, a noble *Spartan*, being told that the multitude of the *Perſian* arrows would obſcure the ſun, boldly replied, that *the battle would then be fought in the ſhade.*

According to *Herodotus*, *Leonidas* drew up his men in the

broadeſt part of *Thermopylæ*, where, being ſurrounded by the *Perſians*, they bravely fell, after having ſlain great numbers of their enemies: but *Diodorus Siculus*, *Plutarch*, and others maintain, that the *Grecians* attacked the camp of *Xerxes* in the night, where they ſlew great numbers and put *Xerxes* to flight before they were ſurrounded. *Diodorus* tells us, that the *Grecians* rejecting all thoughts of ſafety, and preferring glory to life, deſired their general to lead them againſt the *Perſians*, before *Xerxes* could be informed that his troops had paſſed the mountains. *Leonidas* pleaſed with the opportunity which the zeal of his ſoldiers afforded him, of carrying his deſign into execution, commanded them immediately *to dine, as men who were to ſup in Elyſium*. After a ſlight repaſt, which he partook with them, he gave orders to attack the enemy's camp, to put all to the ſword, and to force a paſſage to the royal pavilion. Having formed themſelves into a compact body with *Leonidas* at their head, they entered the camp at the dead of night, when the *Perſians* imagining that their friends had been defeated, and that they were attacked by the united force of *Greece*, flew from their tents in the utmoſt conſternation. *Leonidas* and his party made a great ſlaughter of the enemy, but much greater numbers fell by their own troops, who, in the darkneſs of the night, and having no watch-word, miſtook each other for enemies. Had *Xerxes* continued in the royal pavilion, the *Grecians* would by his death have concluded the war; but he fled with the utmoſt precipitation at the beginning of the tumult. The *Grecians* however ruſhed into his pavilion, and put moſt of thoſe to the ſword who had been left behind, and while the night laſted ranged thro' the camp in ſearch of the tyrant. When morning appeared, the *Perſians* were ſurpriſed at the inconſiderable number of the enemy, whom they affected to diſdain; yet were ſo terrified at their valour, that they avoided a cloſe engagement, and ſurrounding them at a diſtance, ſhowered down darts and arrows upon them, till their little army was deſtroyed. One man only eſcaped to *Sparta*; where he was treated as a coward, and no one would converſe with him; but in another action he recovered his glory.

Some time after, a magnificent monument was erected at *Thermopylæ* to the honour of theſe brave defenders of *Greece*; and forty years after that, *Pauſanias* cauſed the bones of

Leonidas to be carried from *Thermopylæ* to *Sparta*, and there erected a ſuperb monument to his memory.

This amazing inſtance of patriotiſm and intrepidity, tho' conſidered by ſome authors as a raſh undertaking, had its intended effect; for it not only fired the reſt of *Greece* with the love of glory, but greatly aſtoniſhed and intimidated the *Perſians*; who ſaw that this action was not the reſult of fierce and inconſiderate raſhneſs; but of ſolid, rational and determinate courage, founded on virtue and the love of liberty, a courage, which, tho' it may be depreſſed, can never be conquered; and therefore the *Perſian* monarchs, for ſeveral ſucceeding reigns, never attempted the conqueſt of *Greece*.

From this portion of hiſtory, Mr. *Glover* has drawn the plan of his poem, which is excellently calculated to inſpire the reader with a love of that liberty, public virtue, and patriotiſm, which ſo eminently prevailed among the *Grecian* ſtates; but eſpecially at *Sparta*.

The ſtory is the moſt ſtriking and ſuitable to the author's purpoſe of any to be found in antiquity, and, as the perſons introduced are pagans, it would have admitted of the ſame machinery with that of *Homer* and *Virgil*: but as the ſubject under conſideration, has ever been received and acknowledged as matter of fact, the poet was unwilling, we may ſuppoſe, to debaſe the dignity of truth, and render his narration liable to ſuſpicion by introducing ſuch extravagant fictions, or by throwing in more poetical pomp than was neceſſary. To which we may add, that theſe ſort of ornaments, however agreeable in a heathen author, flow very ungracefully from the pen of a Chriſtian poet. And if we bring this matter to the teſt of nature and reaſon, the ſtandard by which every kind of poem ſhould be tried, we ſhall find that both *Homer* and *Virgil* have made too frequent an uſe of their deities. They have not only diſturbed all heaven and hell with their broils, but introduced the gods and goddeſſes ſhading and protecting their heroes with clouds, and forging ſhields and other celeſtial armour for their defence. This has been done without conſidering, that the more influence there is attributed to the deities, the leſs glory remains for the heroes of the poem.

There is no judging from *Homer*'s account which was the greateſt hero, *Hector* or *Achilles*, unleſs we could take

into our eſtimate of their characters the different degrees of power and aid, afforded them by the different gods and goddeſſes engaged in their quarrel. It is true, *Achilles* has the reputation of deſtroying greater numbers than *Hector*, and even of killing that hero; but then we are to conſider that *Achilles* was ſuppoſed invulnerable in every part but his heel (tho' *Homer* has not mentioned it), and had a ſhield that was impenetrable, with other arms forged by *Vulcan* for his defence; ſo that what *Homer* attributes to this hero, may be, with as much propriety, aſcribed to *Juno* and *Vulcan:* whence it is certain, that his actions would have appeared more heroic, had he wrought fewer wonders without any ſupernatural aſſiſtance.

Nor will the giving theſe ſuppoſed actions of the deities an allegorical turn, much mend the matter, for there are many of them that will not bear a moral or phyſical explication. How are we to underſtand thoſe paſſages, where the gods are ſaid to be wounded by heroes, and purſued howling from the field? or how thoſe where deities are brought in, when heroes are expiring, to cure them inſtantaneouſly? *Jupiter* may, indeed, repreſent the æther, *Juno* the air, and *Vulcan* the fire, but we do not find that *æther*, *air*, or *fire* has that effect on the human body; nor is any ſuch conſequence produced by the powers and affections of the mind.

Milton has ſteered clear of theſe objections, owing, perhaps, to the nature of his plan, in which he was extremely happy; and the author of *Leonidas* has avoided every thing of the kind. As truth was his ſubject, he has ſolicited little aid from the imagination, yet has addreſſed his poem in a moſt effectual and forcible manner, both to the paſſions and to the underſtanding.

Thoſe fictions which he introduces, are ſo contrived as to correſpond with truth and promote the main action of the poem. All the incidents have this effect, as well as the epiſodes, of which that of *Teribazus* and *Ariana* is a remarkable inſtance. It is by means of the adventure of *Ariana* in the *Grecian* camp, that *Polydorus* is reſtored to his friends and country, to confront the *Thebans*, and detect their perfidy, as well as to expoſe the treachery of *Epialtes* (who had conducted the *Perſians* through a bye paſs over the mountains) and to inform the *Spartans* that *Demaratus* their exiled king, tho' made unhappy by their means, was

ſtill a faithful friend to his countrymen. Beſides thus promoting the deſign of the poem, this epiſode has other good effects; for it awakens the tender paſſions, ſupports attention, and relieves the mind from the rage of battle.

The fable of this poem is, like the *Iliad*, drawn out in hiſtorical order, which it would admit of, as the action was but of ſhort duration. The unity of action is likewiſe preſerved; for the poem ends with the death of *Leonidas*, as the *Iliad* does with that of *Hector*, and the *Æneid* with that of *Turnus*; tho' I muſt confeſs, I think neither of them are the better for it, notwithanding they are conformable to the laws of *Ariſtotle* and other critics, becauſe the reader is left in a ſtate of expectation. What ſhould we ſay to a lord chamberlain, or to the manager of a theatre, who obliged the ſpectators of an affecting tragedy, to diſperſe before the winding up of the cataſtrophe, becauſe the hero was dead? or to one that ſhould excite in us any extreme deſire, and then keep the ſubject ever at a diſtance, like *Virgil*'s infernal banquet, and never permit us to be gratified? To bring the matter to the teſt of nature and reaſon.—Let theſe excellent poems be read by a man of good underſtanding and accurate obſervation, who has never ſeen the ancient critics, and he will be enraptured with their beauties, and tell you they are moſt excellently contrived to *form the manners, and to mend the heart*; but that he wants to know, what became of *Troy* after the death of *Hector*, what of *Lavinia* and *Latinus* after the death of *Turnus*, and what effect the death of *Leonidas* had on the *Greeks* and *Perſians?* Of this, however, he cannot be informed without violating the rules of the Epic; for which reaſon, I think ſome of the laws of poetry, as well as thoſe of logic, are better diſpenſed with than obſerved; and we ſee that the good ſenſe of the preſent age has ſo far abrogated the tyrannic ordinances of logic, that a man who reaſons well may be heard, tho' he does not ſpeak in mood and figure, or throw every argument into a ſyllogiſtic form.

There is in this poem an agreeable variety of characters which are properly ſuſtained, and many of them well contraſted; and it is to be obſerved of the *Grecian* heroes that notwithſtanding their diverſity of diſpoſition and opinions in other reſpects, they are all (except the *Thebans*, who proved traitors) fired with the love of their country, and moſt

bravely and obſtinately fight in its defence; each man poſſeſſes a large portion of patriotiſm, but this heroic virtue beams forth more abundantly in *Leonidas* the principal hero, and brightens up all his actions, as well in his retirement, and amidſt his family and friends, as in the council and the field. The exalted idea he has of this virtue ſets death at a diſtance, and induces him to ſacrifice every thing that is valuable for the ſervice of his country.

The manner in which *Leonidas* addreſſes his countrymen, when Agis, returning from the oracle, had informed them, that one of their kings muſt die to ſave *Sparta*, is particularly great, as is alſo the deſcription of his perſon.

——— ——— ———He alone
Remains unſhaken. Riſing he diſplays
His godlike preſence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, join'd
With ſtrength *Herculean*. On his aſpect ſhines
Sublimeſt virtue, and deſire of fame,
Where juſtice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguiſhable ſpark, which fires
The ſouls of patriots; while his brow ſupports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he roſe, and thus addreſs'd the throng.
Why this aſtoniſhment on every face,
Ye men of *Sparta?* Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
Why do we labour thro' the arduous paths,
Which lead to virtue? Fruitleſs were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
The diſtant ſummit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our paſſage. But in vain
His blackeſt frowns and terrors he aſſumes
To ſhake the firmneſs of the mind, which knows
That wanting virtue life is pain and woe,
That wanting liberty ev'n virtue mourns,
And looks around for happineſs in vain.
Then ſpeak, O *Sparta*, and demand my life;
My heart exulting anſwers to thy call,
And ſmiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal luſtre, is a bleſſing, heav'n

Selects from all the choiceſt boons of fate,
And with a ſparing hand on few beſtows.

The ſame ſpirit breathes in the laconic anſwer which he returned to the *Perſian* ambaſſador who came to ſollicit his aid, and to offer him as a reward the ſovereignty of *Greece*.

Return to *Xerxes*; tell him, on this rock
The *Grecians*, faithful to their poſt, await
His choſen myriads; tell him, thou haſt ſeen,
How far the luſt of empire is below
A free-born mind: and tell him, to behold
A tyrant humbled, and by virtuous death
To ſeal my country's freedom, is a good
Surpaſſing all his boaſted pow'r can give.

That this behaviour is the effect of true greatneſs of ſoul, and not of raſh inſenſibility, is moſt evident from the manner in which he takes leave of his relations and friends. Here we find all his humanity awakened, and his mighty ſoul labouring between the love of his country and liberty, and the affection he bore to his dear wife and infant family. His anſwer to her tears and complaints on this occaſion is truly ſenſible and pathetic.

I ſee, I feel thy anguiſh, nor my ſoul
Has ever known the prevalence of love,
E'er prov'd a father's fondneſs, as this hour;
Nor, when moſt ardent to aſſert my fame,
Was once my heart inſenſible to thee.
How had it ſtain'd the honours of my name
To heſitate a moment, and ſuſpend
My country's fate, till ſhameful life prefer'd
By my inglorious colleague left no choice,
But what in me were infamy to ſhun,
Not virtue to accept? Then deem no more,
That of my love regardleſs, or thy tears,
I haſte uncall'd to death. The voice of fate,
The gods, my fame, my country bid me bleed.
—Oh! thou dear mourner, wherefore ſtreams afreſh
That flood of woe? Why heaves with ſighs renew'd
That tender breaſt? *Leonidas* muſt fall.
Alas! far heavier miſery impends
O'er thee and theſe, if ſoften'd by thy tears
I ſhamefully refuſe to yield that breath,
Which, juſtice, glory, liberty, and heaven

Claim for my country, for my ſons, and thee.
Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
On my paternal fondneſs. Has my heart
E'er known a pauſe of love, or pious care?
Now ſhall that care, that tenderneſs be prov'd
Moſt warm and faithful. When thy huſband dies
For *Lacedæmon*'s ſafety, thou wilt ſhare,
Thou and thy children, the diffuſive good.
Should I, thus ſingled from the reſt of men,
Alone intruſted by th' immortal gods
With pow'r to ſave a people, ſhould my ſoul
Deſert that ſacred cauſe, thee too I yield
To ſorrow and to ſhame; for thou muſt weep
With *Lacedæmon*, muſt with her ſuſtain
Thy painful portion of oppreſſion's weight.
Thy ſons behold now worthy of their names,
And *Spartan* birth. Their growing bloom muſt pine
In ſhame and bondage, and their youthful hearts
Beat at the ſound of liberty no more.
On their own virtue, and their father's fame,
When he the *Spartan* freedom hath confirm'd,
Before the world illuſtrious ſhall they riſe,
Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy.
HERE paus'd the patriot. With religious awe
Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
The ſolemn ſilence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow:
Ceas'd for a moment; ſoon again to ſtream.
For now in arms before the palace rang'd
His brave companions of the war demand
Their leader's preſence; then her griefs renew'd,
Too great for utt'rance, intercept her ſighs,
And freeze each accent on her fault'ring tongue.
In ſpeechleſs anguiſh on the hero's breaſt
She ſinks. On ev'ry ſide his children preſs,
Hang on his knees, and kiſs his honour'd hand.
His ſoul no longer ſtruggles to confine
Its ſtrong compunction. Down the hero's cheek,
Down flows the manly ſorrow. Great in woe,
Amid his children, who incloſe him round,
He ſtands indulging tenderneſs and love
In graceful tears; when thus with lifted eyes,
Addreſs'd to heaven: Thou ever-living power,

Look down propitious, ſire of gods and men!
And to this faithful woman, whoſe deſert
May claim thy favour, grant the hours of peace.
And thou, my great forefather, ſon of *Jove*,
O *Hercules*, neglect not theſe thy race!
But ſince that ſpirit I from thee derive,
Now bears me from them to reſiſtleſs fate,
Do thou ſupport their virtue! Be they taught,
Like thee, with glorious labour life to grace,
And from their father let them learn to die!

How different from that of *Leonidas* is the character of *Xerxes!* This prince has a little mind inflamed with pride, and impatient of contradiction or diſappointment. From the extenſiveneſs of his dominions, the abſolute power he had over his vaſſals and ſlaves who continually flattered him, and the prodigious army with which he was ſurrounded, he concluded that every thing muſt give way to his will; and that the *Grecians* would not dare to oppoſe him; yet, upon a little change of fortune, we ſee his reſolution ſhaken, and his haughty ſpirit ſo humbled that he meanly condeſcends to propoſe terms to *Leonidas*, which that hero nobly diſdains.

The poet, however, has judiciouſly made ſome of the *Perſian* leaders valiant and amiable characters, and by that means ſtill more exalted his favourite heroes, the *Greeks*. *Hyperanthes* is not only a valiant but a good man, and particularly kind to *Demaratus*, the exiled *Spartan* king, whoſe virtues and misfortunes excite much of our concern for him, tho' he violates the laws of hoſpitality by ſending private intelligence to the *Greeks*, while he was ſuccoured in the camp of *Xerxes* and treated as his friend.——The characters of *Teribazus* and *Ariana* are likewiſe ſo drawn as to captivate our affections.

Amid the van of *Perſia* was a youth
Nam'd *Teribazus*, not for golden ſtores,
Not for wide paſtures travers'd o'er with herds,
With bleating thouſands, or with bounding ſteeds,
Nor yet for pow'r, nor ſplendid honours, fam'd.
Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine,
And through the paths of ſcience had he walk'd
The votary of wiſdom. In the years,
When tender down inveſts the ruddy cheek,

He with the *Magi* turn'd the hallow'd page
Of *Zoroaſter*; then his tow'ring ſoul
High on the plumes of contemplation ſoar'd,
And from the lofty *Babylonian* fane
With learn'd *Chaldæans* trac'd the myſtic ſphere:
There number'd o'er the vivid fires, that gleam
Upon the duſky boſom of the night.
Nor on the ſands of *Ganges* were unheard
The *Indian* ſages from ſequeſter'd bow'rs,
While, as attention wonder'd, they diſclos'd
The pow'rs of nature; whether in the woods,
The fruitful glebe, or flow'r, or healing plant,
The limpid waters, or the ambient air,
Or in the purer element of fire.
The fertile plains where great *Seſoſtris* reign'd,
Myſterious *Ægypt*, next the youth ſurvey'd
From *Elephantis*, where impetuous *Nile*
Precipitates his waters to the ſea,
Which far below receives the ſev'nfold ſtream.
Thence o'er the *Ionic* coaſt he ſtray'd, nor paſs'd
Miletus by, which once inraptur'd heard
The tongue of *Thales*, nor *Priene*'s walls,
Where wiſdom dwelt with *Bias*, nor the ſeat
Of *Pittacus* along the *Leſbian* ſhore.
Here two melodious numbers charm'd his ears,
Which flow'd from *Orpheus*, and *Muſæus* old,
And thee, O father of immortal verſe,
Mæonides, whoſe ſtrains through ev'ry age
Time with his own eternal lip ſhall ſing.
Back to his native *Suſa* then he turn'd
His wand'ring ſteps. His merit ſoon was dear
To *Hyperanthes*, generous and good.
And *Ariana*, from *Darius* ſprung,
With *Hyperanthes*, of th' imperial race
Which rul'd th' extent of *Aſia*, in diſdain
Of all her greatneſs oft, an humble ear
To him would bend, and liſten to his voice.
Her charms, her mind, her virtue he explor'd
Admiring. Soon was admiration chang'd
To love, nor lov'd he ſooner, than deſpair'd.
But unreveal'd and ſilent was his pain;
Nor yet in ſolitary ſhades he roam'd,

Nor ſhun'd reſort: but o'er his ſorrows caſt
A ſickly dawn of gladneſs, and in ſmiles
Conceal'd his anguiſh; while the ſecret flame
Rag'd in his boſom, and its peace conſum'd.

The poet after this leads him into the heat of the battle, where he performs wonders, and is at laſt ſlain in ſingle combat by *Dithyrambus*; to whom, at the beginning of the action, he makes a ſpeech not much to his honour; for he tells him that he was wretched and ſought for death. And this is alſo confirmed in the confeſſion he made to *Hyperanthes*, of his paſſion for *Ariana* juſt before he expired; ſo that we are at a loſs whether we are to conſider his mighty deeds as the effect of heroic virtue, or of diſappointed love and deſperation. This however brings *Ariana* and *Polydorus* by night into the *Grecian* camp, which incident (as we have already obſerved) is not only in itſelf beautiful and intereſting, but affords great aid to the principal action of the poem.

In ſable pomp, with all her ſtarry train,
The night aſſum'd her throne. Recall'd from war,
Her long-protracted labours *Greece* forgets,
Diſſolv'd in ſilent ſlumber; all but thoſe,
Who watch'd th' uncertain perils of the dark,
An hundred warriors: *Agis* was their chief.
High on the wall intent the hero ſat,
As o'er the ſurface of the tranquil main
Along its undulating breaſt the wind
The various din of *Aſia*'s hoſt convey'd
In one deep murmur ſwelling in his ear:
When, by the ſound of footſteps down the paſs
Alarm'd, he calls aloud. What feet are thoſe,
Which beat the echoing pavement of the rock?
With ſpeed reply, nor tempt your inſtant fate.
He ſaid, and thus return'd a voice unknown.
Not with the feet of enemies we come,
But crave admittance with a friendly tongue.
The *Spartan* anſwers. Through the midnight ſhade
What purpoſe draws your wand'ring ſteps abroad?
To whom the ſtranger. We are friends to *Greece*,
And to the preſence of the *Spartan* king
Admiſſion we implore. The cautious chief
Of *Lacedæmon* heſitates again;

When thus with accents muſically ſweet
A tender voice his wond'ring ear allur'd.
O gen'rons *Grecian*, liſten to the pray'r
Of one diſtreſs'd! whom grief alone hath led
In this dark hour to theſe victorious tents,
A wretched woman, innocent of fraud.
The *Greek* deſcending through th' unfolded gates
Upheld a flaming brand. One firſt appear'd
In ſervile garb attir'd; but near his ſide
A woman graceful and majeſtic ſtood;
Not with an aſpect rivalling the pow'r
Of fatal *Helen*, or the wanton charms
Of love's ſoft queen; but ſuch as far excell'd;
Whate'er the lilly blending with the roſe
Paints on the cheek of beauty ſoon to fade;
Such as expreſs'd a mind, which wiſdom rul'd,
And ſweetneſs temper'd, virtue's pureſt light
Illumining the countenance divine,
Yet could not ſooth remorſeleſs fate, nor teach
Malignant fortune to revere the good,
Which oft with anguiſh rends the ſpotleſs heart,
And oft aſſociates wiſdom with deſpair.
In courteous phraſe began the chief humane.
Exalted fair, who thus adorn'ſt the night,
Forbear to blame the vigilance of war,
And to the laws of rigid *Mars* impute,
That I thus long unwilling have delay'd
Before the great *Leonidas* to place
This your apparent dignity and worth.
He ſpake, and gently to the lofty tent
Of *Sparta*'s king the lovely ſtranger guides.
At *Agis*' ſummons with a mantle broad
His mighty limbs *Leonidas* infolds,
And quits his couch. In wonder he ſurveys
Th' illuſtrious virgin, whom his preſence aw'd:
Her eye ſubmiſſive to the ground inclin'd
With veneration of the godlike man.
But ſoon his voice her anxious dread diſpell'd,
Benevolent and hoſpitable, thus.
Thy form alone, thus amiable and great,
Thy mind delineates, and from all commands
Supreme regard. Relate, thou noble dame,
By what relentleſs deſtiny compell'd,

Thy tender feet the paths of darkneſs tread.
Rehearſe th' afflictions, whence thy virtue mourns.
On her wan cheek a ſudden bluſh aroſe,
Like day's firſt dawn upon the twilight pale,
And wrapt in grief theſe words a paſſage broke.
If to be moſt unhappy, and to know,
That hope is irrecoverably fled;
If to be great and wretched may deſerve
Commiſeration from the good; behold,
Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,
Behold, deſcended from *Darius'* loins,
Th' afflicted *Ariana*, and my pray'r
Accept with pity, nor my tears diſdain!
Firſt, that I lov'd the beſt of human race,
By nature's hand with ev'ry virtue form'd,
Heroic, wiſe, adorn'd with ev'ry art;
Of ſhame unconſcious does my heart reveal.
This day in *Grecian* arms conſpicuous clad
He fought, he fell. A paſſion long conceal'd
For me, alas! within my brother's arms
His dying breath reſigning he diſclos'd.
——Oh I will ſtay my ſorrows! will forbid
My eyes to ſtream before thee, and my heart,
Thus full of anguiſh, will from ſighs reſtrain!
For why ſhould thy humanity be griev'd
With my diſtreſs, and learn from me to mourn
The lot of nature, doom'd to care and pain!
Hear then, O king, and grant my ſole requeſt,
To ſeek his body in the heaps of ſlain.
Thus to the *Spartan* ſu'd the regal maid,
Reſembling *Ceres* in majeſtic woe,
When ſupplicant, at *Jove's* reſplendent throne,
From dreary *Pluto*, and th' infernal gloom
Her lov'd and loſt *Proſerpina* ſhe ſought:
Fixd on the weeping queen with ſtedfaſt eyes,
Laconia's chief theſe tender thoughts recall'd.
Such are thy ſorrows, O for ever dear!
Who now at *Lacedæmon* doſt deplore
My everlaſting abſence! then inclin'd
His head, and ſigh'd; nor yet forgot to charge
His friend, the gentle *Agis*, through the ſtraits
The *Perſian* princeſs to attend and aid.
With careful ſteps they ſeek her lover's corſe.

The *Greeks* remember'd, where by fate repreſs'd
His arm firſt ceas'd to mow their legions down,
And from beneath a maſs of *Perſian* ſlain
Soon drew the hero by his armour known.
To *Agis'* high pavilion they reſort.
Now, *Ariana*, what tranſcending pangs
Thy ſoul involv'd? What horror claſp'd thy heart?
But love grew mightieſt, and her beauteous limbs
On the cold breaſt of *Teribazus* threw
The grief-diſtracted maid. The clotted gore
Deform'd her ſnowy boſom. O'er his wounds
Looſe flow'd her hair, and bubbling from her eyes
Impetuous ſorrow lav'd the purple clay.
When forth in groans her lamentations broke.
O torn for ever from my weeping eyes!
Thou, who deſpairing to obtain her heart,
Who then moſt lov'd thee, didſt untimely yield
Thy life to fate's inevitable dart
For her, who now in agony unfolds
Her tender boſom, and repeats her vows
To thy deaf ear, who fondly to her own
Now claſps thy breaſt inſenſible and cold.
Alas! do thoſe unmoving ghaſtly orbs
Perceive my guſhing anguiſh? Does that heart,
Which death's inanimating hand hath chill'd,
Share in my ſuff'rings, and return my ſighs!
——— Oh! bitter unſurmountable diſtreſs!
Lo! on thy breaſt is *Ariana* bow'd,
Hangs o'er thy face, unites her cheek to thine,
Not now to liſten with enchanted ears
To thy perſuaſive eloquence, no more
Charm'd with the wiſdom of thy copious mind!
She could no more. Invincible deſpair
Suppreſs'd her utt'rance. As a marble form
Fix'd on the ſolemn ſepulchre, unmov'd,
O'er ſome dead hero, whom his country lov'd,
Bends down the head with imitated woe:
So paus'd the princeſs o'er the breathleſs clay,
Intranc'd in ſorrow. On the dreary wound,
Where *Dithyrambus'* ſword was deepeſt plung'd,
Mute for a ſpace and motionleſs ſhe gaz'd;
Then, with a look unchang'd, nor trembling hand,

Drew forth a poniard, which her garment veil'd,
And ſheathing in her heart th' abhorred ſteel,
On her ſlain lover, ſilent ſinks in death.

The ſentiments in this poem are conſiſtent with the characters; always proper, and often ſublime. The language is, for the moſt part, elegant, expreſſive, and agreeably elevated; but the numbers are, in many places diſſonant and inharmonious. Little defects of this kind, however, (which are no more than flaws in the colouring of a fine picture) we may hope to ſee removed in the next edition; for we have the pleaſure to hear that this piece has been retouched by the author's own pencil, and that a new impreſſion of it will ſoon be publiſhed.

We cannot take leave of the reader without recommending the whole of the volumes, whence we have drawn our examples, to his careful and attentive peruſal; to which we muſt beg leave to ſubjoin the works of that miracle of genius *Shakeſpeare*, whoſe volumes are a repoſitory of true wit, and of the ſublimeſt beauties in compoſition; and whoſe numbers are, even at this time, as harmonious as thoſe of any other poet. His language is ſo elegant and polite, that he ſeems to have been conſidered as a ſtandard, from which men of ſenſe were unwilling to depart, and has precluded innovations, and fixed in ſome meaſure, the volatile fluctuations of a living language; to which the frequent repreſentation of his plays have not a little contributed.

That *Shakeſpeare* has ſucceeded ſo well in ſuch a number and variety of characters, and obtained ſuch power over the mind, is not altogether owing to the force of his wit and fancy; but in ſome meaſure to his perfect knowledge of human nature, or to his having in a greater proportion than other men, that power of feeling, or ſenſibility, reſulting from nature and accurate obſervation, which we call *good taſte*; and which enables a poet at firſt view to comprehend and diſtinguiſh every thing that is noble, elegant and proper.

Shakeſpeare pleaſes us more than any dramatic poet of his time; becauſe, as he has conſulted nature more than books, his thoughts are, for the moſt part, new and noble. He ſaw or felt the things he has deſcribed; whereas the

other poets had ancient authors too much in view, and, by frequent imitation, loſt the ſpirit of originality.

That *Shakeſpeare* has faults we do not deny. No book is without imperfections. But moſt of the defects complained of are owing, perhaps, to the careleſſneſs of tranſcribers, the vanity of players, or the miſapprehenſion of critics and commentators: Many of which we hope to ſee noted, and this great poet diſcharged from the errors of others, in the edition of his works prepared for the preſs by the ingenious and learned Mr. *Johnſon*.

We muſt remark, however, that the character of a book ought not to be eſtimated by the number of its defects, but of its beauties; and it is with a view of diſcovering the excellencies of the authors, that we would have our youth read thoſe we have here recommended to their conſideration.

It is in reading as in converſation——— he who frequents company to obſerve only the abſurd and vicious characters will obtain little benefit: All he can expect is to contract a licentious behaviour, or to become a good buffoon; whereas, he who diſtinctly and frequently notes and imitates thoſe amiable characters who win mankind by their virtue, good ſenſe, and graceful deportment, will inſenſibly poliſh his own manners, and in time become a fine gentleman.

F I N I S.

N. B. *As ſome knowledge of* APOLOGUE, *or the fables of antiquity, is abſolutely neceſſary to every one who is concerned in poetical compoſitions, we intended, by way of Appendix, to have given an epitome of the Pantheon or theology of the ancients, with the explications of ſuch Mythologiſts as we think have beſt elucidated thoſe dark and myſterious dreams and operations of the human fancy; but as the compaſs we have preſcribed to ourſelves will not admit of it, we muſt beg leave to recommend to their peruſal Mr.* BOYSE's Pantheon; *and the* Key to polite LITERATURE, *lately publiſhed, which, being printed in the manner of a dictionary, and in a ſmall pocket volume, may be more portable and commodious to the ſtudent.*

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